THE

Lay-Monaſtery.

Conſiſting of

ESSAYS, DISCOURSES, *&c.*

Publiſh'd ſingly under the Title

OF THE

LAY-MONK.

LONDON:

Printed by SAM. KEIMER, for FERDINANDO BURLEIGH, in *Amen-Corner*, M.DCC.XIV.

HARVARD COLLEGE
JUL 8 1902
LIBRARY.

Subscription fund of 1902.

PREFACE.

THE World has been oblig'd to an Author of diſtinguiſh'd Merit, now living, for having been the Inventor of a manner of Writing no leſs entertaining than any which had been eſtabliſh'd by the Practice of the moſt celebrated Ancients. The Form, into which the beſt Writer among the Romans generally choſe to caſt his Thoughts, was that of Dialogue, or of Converſations related, in which the Perſons introduc'd were all Philoſophers, and the Diſcourſes wholly ſerious; yet this he borrow'd from Plato, and others of the Greeks, whom he profeſs'd to imitate. But the introducing a Sett of Perſons of different Humours and Characters, acting on ſome imaginary Occaſion which might draw out a variety of Incidents and Diſcourſes, and in which every Paper ſhou'd be an intire Piece, at the ſame Time that it is a Part of the whole, is the Invention of the Writer already mention'd, who ſeems at once to have introduc'd it, and carried it to Perfection.

It

PREFACE.

It is no Wonder if the great Succeſs which thoſe Writings have met with, has produc'd ſome others of the like Nature. Some of the Eſſays in the following Sheets which had been written looſely at different Times, had perhaps never appear'd at all, or not in this Manner, if the prevailing Taſte of the Town had not ſeem'd to preſcribe this Faſhion of publiſhing them. It was never deſign'd to proceed further in it than a ſhort Attempt, during an Interval of other Papers of this kind; nor was there any other Motive to it, than that of laying ſome Thoughts in every Perſon's way, which might more innocently entertain the Reader than the Party-Papers, of which every one complains; and which by propagating mutual Scandal and Reſentment, have help'd to corrupt our Morals, while they have perplex'd our Politicks.

THE

THE INDEX.

A

ABſence *of Mind deſcrib'd.* Page 126
Advice, *on asking and giving it, an Eſſay.* p. 191
Advice *ask'd about Marriage; a humorous Scene of it from* MOLIERE. p. 193
AMORET, *her Letter, deſiring to be admitted a Member of the* LAY-NUNNERY. p. 176
Anchorites, *their Original.* p. 3
ANGELO (MICHAEL) *whence he deriv'd his Title* BUONOROTA. p. 47
Ape, *its Similitude to the human Species.* p. 29
Arts *beneficial to Life, preferable to idle Learning.* p. 46
Arts *and Sciences, their Ranks and Gradations.* p. 48
Atheiſt, *the Inconſiſtency between his Principles and his Purſuits.* p. 85
—Character *of an Atheiſt, well drawn, by* VIRGIL. p. 91

B

Beauty, *the Strength of Woman.* p. 76
Beef-Stake *Club, a Cure for Effeminacy.* p. 214
Bellamira (*Mr.* Ravenscroft's *Miſtreſs*) *her Irreſolution.* p. 18
Blaregnies, *Battle of, a Letter from thence of an Officer to his Miſtreſs juſt before the Engagement.* p. 162
Blockheads *crafty in a Bargain.* p. 199
Bookworm, *Sir* Gregory, *a Grammatical Blockhead.* p. 49
Brazier, Harry, *his frank and impudent Courtſhip.* p. 146
Breeches *of St.* Griffon, *a Popiſh Miracle* p. 59, *&c.*
Britons, *why they are more various in their Humour than any other Nation.* p. 134

C

Careleſs Tom. *his way of governing his Wife.* p. 192
Cartons *of* Raphael *commended.* p. 188
Captives, *a Comedy of* Plautus, *its Fable, and the Beauties of it repreſented.* p. 54, 55, 56
Chriſtmaſs-Cheer, *a Letter on it ſent to Mr.* Ravenscroft.

Colours, *Sir* Isaac Newton's *Notion of them.* p. 181, 234
Comedies *ſerious, a Diſcourſe on them.* 54.
Conſtitution *of Body, a Soil for Virtues or Vices.* 205
Corinthian *Tincture to prevent bluſhing.* p. 27
Courage, *difficult to aſcertain its natural Cauſes.* p. 73—*Acquir'd by Practice.* p. 74
Court-Life, *a ſhort Picture of it.* p. 17
Court-Friends, *their civil Excuſes.* Ib.
Credulity *of the* Engliſh. p. 22
Critick, *a generous one deſcrib'd.* p. 8
Criticks *Grammatical, rallied.* p. 48, 49

D

Deriſion, *a Diſcouragement to Virtue.* p. 222, *&c.*
Deſcriptions *in Poetry, the Reaſon why they pleaſe.* 227
Diſſimulation *in the Aſpect, an Eſſay on it.* p. 136
Don Sebastian, *a Scene in it commended* p. 109
Dryden, *his Verſes to Sir* Godfrey Kneller *commended.* p. 189

E

Elephant, *the chief of the Swine-Race.* p. 30

End *of every Action to be conſider'd, a moral Story on it.* p. 111
Engliſh, *their Credulity.* p. 22.
EPICURUS, *his ſenſual Principles.* p. 118.
Eſſenes, *a Sect among the* Jews, *a ſhort Account of them.* p. 2

F

Fame, *an Eſſay on it.* p. 65
——Deſire *of Fame after Death, argues the Belief of a future Exiſtence.* p. 68
Fate, *the Stoical Notion of it.* p. 216
Fear *in Women, an Eſſay on it.* p. 71
——The *Reaſon why it pleaſes.* p. 76
Flatterers, *the Eccho's to Great Men.* p. 192
FLORIO, *a modeſt Senator, his Character.* p. 26
Followers *of the Wits in Faſhion.* p. 200
Fools *Lunatick, an oppoſite Species to Lunatick Wits.* p. 198
—Several *kinds of them enumerated.* p. 199, 200
—Fool, *a Story of one heighten'd by a Fit of Madneſs into a Wit.* p. 155
Fortitude, *the Want of it in good Men expoſes them to vicious Compliances.* p. 205
FREEMAN (NED) *his careleſs Character.* p. 12. 91. 124. 209.
—His *Intelligence of a Deſign againſt the* LAY-MONASTERY. p. 37

—His *Wardrobe furniſhes a Dreſs for a Pope.* 38
—His *Eſſay on* Fear *in Women.* 71
—Makes *an Elopement from the* Lay-Monastery. 93
—His *Account of a* Lay-Nunnery. 94
—Choſen *Secretary for Female-Affairs.* p. 128
—His *Anſwer to a Lady, deſiring to be recommended to the* Lay-Nunnery.
—A *Letter to him from a learned Lady.* 177

G

Gradation *of Animals.* p. 28
Grammarians *and Commentators, their Learning mechanical.* p. 9.
Groteſque's *Painting, and humorous Poetry compar'd.* p. 184

H

Heroes, *their great Actions and Errors ſpring from the ſame Principle in their Complexion* p. 206
Hiſtory *Painters and Epick Poets compar'd.* 185
Husband *diſſolute, a Letter to one from his Wife.* p. 79

Hypocriſy *in the Countenance, an Eſſay on it.* p. 136

I

Impudence, *an Eſſay on it.* p. 21
Sometimes *taken for Courage.* p. 22.—*Knows not when it is anſwer'd.* p. 22

An *impudent Man qualify'd for any Employployment.* p. 23
—Letter *on Impudence from Don* JOHN RONQUILLO. p. 143
—JOHNSON (Mr.) *a Member of the* LAY-MONASTERY, *his Character.* p. 8, 9
Itinerants *Religious, a Deſcription of them.* p. 3.
Invalids *in Vice, a Deſcription of them* p. 121
Juſtice of Peace, *Character of an old faſhioned One.*

L

LACON (Dr.) *a Member of the* LAY-MONASTERY. p. 10
—His *Eſſay on the Variety and Gradation of Animals.* p. 27
Landskip *Painters compar'd with Writers of Paſtoral.* p. 184
LAY-MONASTERY, *its Inſtitution.* p. 4.

—Its *fundamental Statutes.* p. 6
—Reports *and Suſpicions concerning it.* p. 36
—Attack'd *by a Mob.* p. 38
LAY-NUNNERY, *an Account of one.* p. 94
—Letter *from a Lady, deſiring to be admitted a Member of it.* p. 127. 176
Larva, *a Hypocrite, his Character.* p. 138
Liberty *of the Will, an Eſſay on it.* p. 215
Libertine *acts like the Atheiſt, without his Principles.* p. 121
Light, *an Eſſay on it.* p. 234
Lyon, *a Creature of the Cat Nature* p. 30
LOCKER (Sir EUSTACE) *propoſes the founding a* LAY-MONASTERY. p. 1, 2. *&c.*
——His *Character.* p. 11
——His *Affection for* NED FREEMAN. p. 124
Long *Life, the Vanity of wiſhing for it.* p. 107
Love *at firſt ſight, a ſhort Deſcription of it.* p. 18
Love, *an Eſſay on it.* p. 159
—The *Effects of it on different Characters.* p. 160
LUCRETIUS, *his Notion of the Gods abſurd.* p. 112

M

Madman *and Fool, Mixtures of them in the ſame Complexion.* p. 154

MAIDENLY (FRANCIS) *his effeminate Education and Accomplishments.* p. 212
Marriage, *Advice ask'd about it by an old Fellow, a Scene from* MOLIERE. p. 193
Marriages *disagreeable, two Letters on them.* p. 148. 150
Metaphysical *Subtleties censur'd.* p. 11
Mirth, *the excessive Affectation of it censur'd.* p. 53
——Not *essential to Comedy.* p. 53.
Modesty, *several false Kinds of it.* p. 25
Monks, *a short History of their first Institution.* p. 2, 13
MORELIA, *a beautiful Hypocrite, describ'd.* p. 139
Morning, *the various Descriptions of it by Poets.* p. 227

N

NICOLI (*Father*) *his Amour, and Stratagem to cover it by a Miracle.* p. 59. *&c.*

O

Omnipotence *of the Divine Being, an Essay on it.* p. 112
OSCITANT (WILL.) *a lazy Fellow, his Character,* p. 166

P

Painting *and Poetry, the Parallel between them, an Eſſay.* p. 181. *&c.* 186
Painters *borrow their Deſigns from the Poets.* p. 186
—Agree *with them in repreſenting Virtues as Goddeſſes, and Vices as Furies.* p. 187
Pictures *improv'd by Time.* p. 189
——The *odd ranging of them in Collections.* p. 190
Pigmies, *a fabulous Nation; a Conjecture whence they were deriv'd.* p. 31
Pleaſure, SOLOMON's *ironical Invitation to it paraphras'd in Verſe.* p. 98
Pleaſures *of the Mind, an Eſſay on them.* p. 169
Prieſts (*Popiſh*) *their Care to conceal the Vices of their Order, a Story of it.* p. 59. *&c.*
Privacy, *the Pleaſures of it.* p. 14
PRUDENTIO, *his Character.* p. 168
PYTHAGORAS *founds a College in* Calabria. p. 2.
—His *Notion of the Tranſmigration of Souls.* p. 15
PONTEUS *the Mountebank, his Character of the* Engliſh. p. 22
Preſcience *Divine, how reconcil'd with human Freedom.* p. 220

R

RABEIRA, *a well-bred ill-natur'd Man.* p. 139
RANGER (TOM.) *a Country-Squire, his Diverſions and Character.* p. 168
RAPHAEL, *his Piece of* CONSTANTINE *and* MAXENTIUS, *reſembles the Battles in* VIRGIL. p. 185
——*A Conjecture on the Jupiter in his Cupid and Phſyche.* p. 186
RAVENSCROFT (JACOB) *choſen Secretary to the* LAY-MONASTERY. p. 7
—His *Character and Hiſtory.* p. 15, 16. *&c.*
—His *Studies in the Univerſity.* p. 40
Recreation, *an Eſſay on it.* p. 164. *&c.*
Renown, *the ſame Inſtinct of it excites Uſurpers and Heroes to oppoſe them.* p. 65
RONQUILLO (Don JOHN) *his Letter on Impudence.* p. 143

S

School-men *cenſur'd.* p. 11
SILVERSCARF (DIANA) *her Letter, deſiring to be recommended to the* LAY-NUNNERY. p. 127
—Her *ſecond Letter, renouncing the* NUNNERY, *and inſinuating a Reſpect for* NED FREEMAN. p. 210

The INDEX.

Simile-Maker, *a Character of one.* p. 53
Singularity *exposes a Man to Censure.* p. 35
Single (Mrs.) *her Letter, giving an Account of a* Lay-Nunnery. p. 94
Steel (Mr.) *a Scene in his* Grief-Alamode *commended.* p. 57
Species *of Beings, their Boundaries hard to be distinguish'd.* p. 29
Spleen, *an Essay on it, in four Discourses.* p. 129. 153. 197. 202
—A *due Proportion of it produces fine Genius's.* p. 131
—Different *Effects of it.* p. 135
—The *moral Effects of the Spleen consider'd.* p. 202

T

Transmigration *of Souls,* Pythagoras's *Notion of it.* p. 15
Tully, *his Vanity.* p. 66
Turkish *Tales, a Story out of them.* p. 111

U

Venter (Harry) *a superannuated Libertine, his Complaint.* p. 122
Vices *sometimes like Virtues.* p. 21

Vertue *and Vice, their various Mixtures and Combinations.* p. 204
Virtuoſo *in Books deſcrib'd.* p. 49. 50
Upholſterer *in Learning; a Character of one.* p. 49

W

Warnwell (Ralph) *his Letter concerning the* Lay-Nunnery. p. 129
Wimbleton (Sir Arthur) *a Member of the* Lay-Monastery, *his Character.* p. 11. 12 —*Saves the* Lay-Monastery *from being demoliſh'd.* p. 38, 39 —*His Story of the Intrigue of a Popiſh Prieſt.* p. 59—*His Complaint againſt diſſolute Husbands.* p. 78
Womaniſh *Man, a Character of one.* p. 212
Women, *Warlike, ſeveral Inſtances of them.* p. 75.—*A remarkable Story of one.* Ibid.
Wonder (Will) *fell in Love with his Miſtreſs in a Fright.* p. 77
Woodland *Gods and Nymphs, deriv'd from Apes and Monkeys.* p. 31

Y

Youth, *its Propenſions to Pleaſure dangerous.* p. 96, 97

THE
Lay-Monaſtery, &c.

NUMBER I.

Sine nunc meo me vivere interea modo. Ter.

MONDAY, *November.* 16. 1713.

ABOUT three Years ago, ſeveral Gentlemen of liberal Education, Perſons of Leiſure, eaſy in their Fortunes, and free from the Impediments of a Family, became acquainted; and growing intimate in Friendſhip, as Men of the ſame Taſte and Inclinations quickly do, held occaſional Meetings for their mutual Entertainment and Improvement, by a free Communication of their Sentiments on Subjects of Philoſophy and polite Learning. At length, at one of their Meetings, Sir

EUSTACE LOCKER, a Gentleman much eſteem'd by the reſt, acquainted them, that he had ſomething ſingular to propoſe to them; and the Expectation of the Company being rais'd to know what it was, he deliver'd himſelf at large, as follows:

'GENTLEMEN, You, who are converſant 'with Books, may remember as well as I, what 'we are told of *Pythagoras*; that when he had 'travell'd thro' *Egypt* and *Aſſyria*, and by ac-'quainting himſelf with the Doctrines and Cu-'ſtoms of their learned Sages, had enrich'd his 'Mind with Variety of Science, and collected the 'moſt excellent Precepts and Rules of Life, he 'founded a College in *Calabria*, for cultivating the 'Minds, and regulating the Manners of Youth; 'which was afterwards call'd the *Italick School*.

'Among other wiſe Inſtitutions, believing 'that Solitude much favour'd the Deſign of phi-'loſophical and contemplative Men, he initiated 'no Members into his Society, but ſuch as ab-'ſtracted themſelves from publick Affairs, aban-'don'd the meaner Purſuits of Profit and Plea-'ſure, and reſolv'd no longer to mingle with 'the World. And this was the firſt Inſtance 'recorded in Hiſtory of a *Monaſtick* Life.

'The *Eſſenes*, a Sect among the *Jews*, following 'this Example, for the more effectual Acquiſiti-'on of ſublime Knowledge and Vertue, deſerted 'Towns and populous Cities; and relinquiſh-'ing all Commerce with the buſy Part of Man-'kind, had their ſeparate Abodes in remote and 'unfrequented Places.

'In Imitation of this retir'd Life, about the 'third Century, ſeveral Chriſtians that expreſs'd 'the higheſt Veneration of Religion, and aim'd

at

'at an exalted Degree of Sanctity and Devotion, 'to diſtinguiſh themſelves from others, who in 'their Judgment, by looſe and diſorderly Man- 'ners, debas'd the Dignity, and ſullied the di- 'vine Character of a Chriſtian, withdrawing 'from Towns and Places of Concourſe, re- 'nounc'd the Converſation of their Species; 'whence they deriv'd the Appellation of *An- 'chorites.*

'Theſe Religious Itinerants, deſtitute of Ha- 'bitations, and without any Rules and Inſtitu- 'tions to form their Manners, and regulate their 'Lives, rov'd about the World vagous and un- 'confin'd, or repair'd to wild and unpractis'd 'Mountains, vaſt Woods or ſolitary Plains, 'where they underwent innumerable Hard- 'ſhips and painful Auſterities, and freely choſe 'the Curſe of *Nebuchadnezzar.* We muſt 'imagine them in very whimſical Circumſtan- 'ces, if not wholly govern'd by the ſecret In- 'fluence of the Moon, who preferring Rags to 'clean and decent Garments, and loneſome 'Caves to convenient Houſes, were contented 'to live like wild Beaſts, whilſt they pretended 'to be exalted above the Race of Men. At 'length ſome of theſe erratick Saints were firſt 'collected into a Body by St. *Benedict*, enclos'd 'in conſecrated Walls, and reſcu'd from the 'Wilderneſs, to be civiliz'd by regular Diſci- 'pline and prudent Inſtitutions.

'After this Model, numerous *Monaſteries* were 'ſoon erected; and the *Monks* of various Or- 'ders (a fertile Race of Men) encreas'd and 'propagated their Species ſo faſt, that they ſoon 'peopled all *Chriſtendom.* Many Things, 'tis 'true, are juſtly objected to the Orders and Sta-

'tutes of theſe Religious Societies; yet when I 'have reflected on the great Advantages and 'Opportunities afforded by a retir'd Life, to 'inſpire the Soul with generous Sentiments and 'divine Paſſions, to augment and refine our 'Ideas, and elevate the Mind to the greateſt 'Heights of Science and Vertue, I have often 'wiſh'd to be a Member of a LAY-MONASTERY, 'that ſhould not be liable to any juſt Objection; 'where the Fraternity might be Gentlemen diſ-'engag'd from Buſineſs, zealous in the Intereſts 'of Learning and Morality, and, in ſhort, a-'dorn'd with the Qualifications, which (my 'ſelf excepted) all the Individuals of this Com-'pany eminently poſſeſs. For this Reaſon my 'Propoſal is, That we ſhould form our ſelves 'into ſuch a *Monaſtick* Society; that being ſepa-'rated from the Crowd, and deliver'd from the 'Noiſe and Strife of the Buſy, we may with 'greater Succeſs purſue our Improvements, and 'enjoy the elegant Satisfaction of Friendſhip in 'Retirement.

'I do not, continu'd Sir EUSTACE, expect a 'preſent Anſwer, but recommend what I have 'now offer'd, to be conſider'd, and will wait till 'our next Meeting for your deliberate Opi-'nion; at which Time, if you approve the 'Propoſal, you will ſuggeſt ſuch Statutes and 'Rules as you think proper for our LAY-CON-'VENT.

At another Meeting, not long after, Sir EU-STACE reſuming his Diſcourſe, continu'd: 'I 'preſume, GENTLEMEN, you have well weigh'd 'the Project I propos'd to you, when we were 'laſt aſſembled: And, methinks, if ever there

'was

'was a Seaſon that invited to a ſolitary Life, it 'is this: For, beſides the Charms that, in my 'Opinion, are always to be found in Quiet and 'Retirement, you ſee how the Freedom of 'Converſation is at preſent ſuſpended, and every 'where perplex'd with Party-Diſputes; ſo that 'a Man can hardly go into a promiſcuous Com-'pany, but he will either ſee them look upon 'one another with Coldneſs and Suſpicion, or 'whiſpering to know who that ſtrange Gentle-'man is before they will open their Minds; or 'elſe they are all inflam'd, and in a Ferment, 'and the whole Company appears as if you 'ſhou'd go into the Theatre at the laſt Act of a 'Tragedy, and without knowing what paſs'd 'before ſhould think, as any Man wou'd, that 'the Actors all talk'd like Men out of their 'Senſes. This is ſo much our Caſe, that I hope 'it is your Opinion as well as mine, that our 'Intereſt engages us to retreat from ſuch diſa-'greeable Company, and form a private Socie-'ty, where we may keep an undiſturb'd Poſ-'ſeſſion of our ſelves, enjoy each other's Friend-'ſhip, and the inexpreſſible Advantages of un-'interrupted Freedom. I have a Houſe not far 'from the Town, which ſeems every way con-'venient for this Purpoſe, and which (if your 'Sentiments agree with mine) is at your Ser-'vice.

After a little Diſcourſe, the whole Company expreſs'd their Approbation of this Propoſal, and thank'd the Knight for his generous Offer. The Laws and Orders for the new CONVENT came next under Deliberation; and the princi-pal Inſtitutions agreed upon were theſe that follow.

I. That the Fraternity be aſſembled twice a Week; and that every Member prepare in his Turn an Eſſay in Writing on any Subject himſelf ſhall chuſe, for the promoting of Learning, Morality, Politeneſs, or the Knowledge of human Nature, to be communicated to the reſt, of which one ſhall be read at every Meeting; and when the Members have deſcanted upon it, it ſhall be corrected where the Majority think fit; and when written out fair, be committed to the Cuſtody of the Secretary, and repoſited in the Archives of the CONVENT.

II. That none ſhall enter into any Diſcourſes or Debates about Affairs of State, nor communicate to the Aſſembly any Eſſay upon Politicks and Government. The Gentlemen being of different Opinions in theſe Points, this Order was made to prevent Diſputes and Party-Animoſities, that at leaſt one *Britiſh* Society might live in Tranquility, and not be diſtracted and divided againſt it ſelf.

III. All the Members are to live a ſingle Life, tho' a Vow of Celibacy is impos'd on none; but if any one is pleas'd to marry, his Relation to the Fraternity ceaſes, and another is to be choſen in his Room.

IV. That no Member ſhall lie under any Conſtraint to continue in the Fraternity, but ſhall have his Diſmiſſion whenever he deſires it; this Society being declar'd free and voluntary.

V. That a new Member ſhall be elected, upon the Deceaſe or Diſmiſſion of any of the old, within Ten Days.

Theſe general Rules being eſtabliſh'd, they proceeded to the Choice of a Secretary; which Honour fell upon me, the leaſt worthy of the Number.

In a ſhort Time we repair'd to our LAY-CONVENT, where Apartments and all Conveniences were provided for our Reception. Here we purſu'd with Alacrity and Pleaſure the End of our Society, till about Ten Days ſince Sir EUSTACE at one of our Conventions mov'd, That for the Entertainment of others, ſome of our Eſſays ſhould go abroad. I made ſome Objections to it; but the Motion was well receiv'd by the major Part; and after a ſhort Debate, the Fraternity came to the following Reſolution.

Reſolv'd,

That Mr. JACOB RAVENSCROFT, *one of the Members, and Secretary of this Society, be empower'd, and he is hereby empower'd, to print and publiſh, or cauſe to be printed and publiſh'd, every Week three of our Eſſays either in Proſe or Verſe, and any Conferences that ſhall paſs in the Society, or any Papers that ſhall be ſent to it, as he ſhall judge fit.*

And this Reſolution was Enter'd and Regiſter'd accordingly.

The

NUMBER II.

Ut in corporibus magnæ diſſimilitudines ſunt, ſic in animis exiſtunt majores varietates.
Tull.

WEDNESDAY, *November* 18. 1713.

MY former Paper gave an Account of a LAY-MONASTERY lately inſtituted, and that the Gentlemen of this voluntary Society were engag'd in it out of a Deſire of Living after their own Humour, and enjoying a Freedom of Converſation, as well on Topicks of Natural and Moral Philoſophy, as on Subjects of Polite Learning; I am now to inform the Reader who the Perſons are, that compoſe this Fraternity.

The firſt I ſhall name is Mr. JOHNSON, a Gentleman that owes to Nature excellent Faculties and an elevated Genius, and to Induſtry and Application many acquir'd Accompliſhments. His Taſte is diſtinguiſhing, juſt and delicate; his Judgment clear, and his Reaſon ſtrong, accompany'd with an Imagination full of Spirit, of great Compaſs, and ſtor'd with refin'd Ideas. He is a Critick of the firſt Rank; and, what is his peculiar Ornament, he is deliver'd from the Oſtentation, Malevolence and ſupercilious Temper, that ſo often blemiſh Men of that Character.

cter. His Remarks reſult from the Nature and Reaſon of Things, and are form'd by a Judgment free, and unbiaſs'd by the Authority of thoſe who have lazily followed each other in the ſame beaten Track of Thinking, and are arriv'd only at the Reputation of acute Grammarians and Commentators; Men, who have been copying one another many Hundred Years, without any Improvement; or, if they have ventur'd farther, have only apply'd in a mechanical Manner the Rules of ancient Criticks to modern Writings, and with great Labour diſcover'd nothing, but their own Want of Judgment and Capacity. As Mr. JOHNSON penetrates to the Bottom of his Subject, by which Means his Obſervations are ſolid and natural, as well as delicate, ſo his Deſign is always to bring to Light ſomething uſeful and ornamental; whence his Character is the Reverſe to theirs, who have eminent Abilities in inſignificant Knowledge, and a great Felicity in finding out Trifles. He is no leſs induſtrious to ſearch out the Merit of an Author, than ſagacious in diſcerning his Errors and Defects; and takes more Pleaſure in commending the Beauties, than expoſing the Blemiſhes of a laudable Writing: Like *Horace*, in a long Work, he can bear ſome Deformities, and juſtly lay them on the Imperfection of Human Nature, which is incapable of faultleſs Productions. When an excellent *Drama* appears in Publick, and by its intrinſick Worth attracts a general Applauſe, he is not ſtung with Envy and Spleen; nor does he expreſs a ſavage Nature, in faſtening upon the celebrated Author, dwelling upon his imaginary Defects, and paſſing over his conſpicuous Excellences. He treats all Writers upon the ſame inpartial Foot; and is not, like the little

little Criticks, taken up entirely in finding out only the Beauties of the ancient, and nothing but the Errors of the modern Writers. Never did any one expreſs more Kindneſs and good Nature to young and unfiniſh'd Authors; he promotes their Intereſts, protects their Reputation, extenuates their Faults, and ſets off their Vertues, and by his Candor guards them from the Severity of his Judgment. He is not like thoſe dry Criticks, who are moroſe becauſe they cannot write themſelves, but is himſelf Maſter of a good Vein in Poetry; and tho' he does not often employ it, yet he has ſometimes entertain'd his Friends with his unpubliſh'd Performances.

Dr. LACON, a Phyſician, is another Member of this Society. The Doctor had but newly enter'd on the Practice of his Art, when a plentiful Fortune fell to him by the Death of an Uncle. This took of the Edge of his Zeal from engaging far in a Profeſſion ſo full of Care and Anxiety; a Profeſſion that obliges a Man to converſe perpetually with melancholly Objects, exhauſts him with wakeful Nights and laborious Days, and makes Submiſſion to Paſſion and Impertinence, and mean Condeſcenſions, hard to be born by Men of Senſe and Spirit, ſo often neceſſary. He therefore choſe not entirely to throw off, nor to follow the Profeſſion with eager Application, that by this middle Way he might purſue his Deſign of improving his Underſtanding by a general Knowledge of Nature. He is, beſides this, a great Lover of Claſſical Learning; and upon this Occaſion he quitted his uſual Reſidence, to become a Member of our *Lay-Monaſtick* Body.

Si

Sir EUSTACE LOCKER is a Gentleman, to whom the whole Society pays a particular Veneration. If Erudition, Candor and Humanity, if being acquainted with the moſt celebrated Authors ancient and modern, a Knowledge of the dead, and the moſt uſeful living Languages, and being vers'd in the Antiquities of his own and foreign Countries, are Accompliſhments, this Gentleman poſſeſſes them in a laudable Degree. But his principal Talents are metaphyſical Science and Theology. He has freed the ſpeculative Knowledge of univerſal Notions and preciſe Ideas from the Incumbrance of perplexing Subtilties, and numberleſs and often unintelligible Diſtinctions, by which great Scholars for many Ages, with the Air and Authority of Philoſophers, have been gravely trifling in the Colleges of Learning. Metaphyſical Science thus deliver'd, is recommended by him in its native Beauty to the Approbation of Men of Taſte and Judgment. From one Evening's Converſation with Sir EUSTACE on theſe Subjects, I learn more than from any Lucubrations of the Schoolmen, the voluminous Productions of indefatigable Idleneſs. But above all, Theology is his favourite Study; and it is to be hop'd, that our Divines will not diſapprove the ſucceſsful Application of a Lay-Man to that Study, who admire *Eraſmus*, *Vives*, *Grotius*, and others, who were eminent Divines, tho' not of the Clergy.

We have likewiſe Sir ARTHUR WIMBLETON, a Gentleman of a middle Age, a ſedate Temper and uncommon Humanity. He liv'd formerly in the County-Palatine of *Durham*, where he had a plentiful Eſtate, but remov'd from his Seat on the Death of his Lady, to whom he was a tender

tender and affectionate Husband. He loſt her in about Three Years after their Marriage by a ſudden Death, and was ſo affected with this Miſfortune, that his Houſe grew uneaſy to him: He therefore ſold his Eſtate, came up to Town, and employ'd his Money in the Funds. In the Country he divided his Time between Exerciſes and Reading, eſpecially Hiſtory. He was in great Eſteem for being charitable and beneficent, and always labour'd to extinguiſh publick Heats, and compoſe the Differences of litigious Neighbours. He has often brought People to a right Underſtanding by only asking a lucky Queſtion; and excels in a peculiar Manner of inſtructing his Acquaintance, and correcting the Faults and Follies commited in his Company by Fables and Apologues of his own Invention. This has often given Occaſion to injudicious and undiſtinguiſhing Perſons to cenſure him, tho' a Gentleman of great Honour and Veracity, as a Relater of incredible Stories and Romances.

Steele.

NED FREEMAN, as he is always familiarly call'd, is another Member of our Society, and a great Favourite of us all. This Gentleman is very entertaining to us by a good humour'd Careleſneſs, which in any other Man wou'd be a Fault, but in him has ſomething difficult to be deſcrib'd, yet particularly engaging. He is naturally gay and gallant, and nothing but his Perſonal Affection to us cou'd have engag'd him to follow us to the CONVENT. At the ſame Time he is a good Scholar, and able both to judge and write well, but does not care much for the Trouble of the latter; his Humour is exactly that of Sir *John Suckling*, who ſays of himſelf, that

He

He priz'd black Eyes, and a lucky Hit
At Bowls, beyond all the Trophies of Wit.

This is ſo true of NED FREEMAN, that formerly when the Society had their Weekly Meetings, NED was always look'd upon as a ſlippery Member; and when he has been ſometimes examin'd for the Reaſon of his Abſence, has ingenuouſly own'd he ſpent that whole Evening at Picquet with a She-Friend, or at the *Opera*; from whence, to make us amends, he always brings us the neweſt Airs, and ſings them with a Voice agreeable enough, but not with much Art. We have from him the Hiſtory of Gallantry and of the Town; and as he is a very odd Mixture of the Scholar and the Beau, it is diverting enough to ſee how he is divided between theſe two Characters; ſo that in the midſt of a learned Diſcourſe, in which he has born his Part to our general Satisfaction, we have loſt him on a ſudden, and upon Enquiry have afterwards found that his Barber had been waiting in the next Room with his full-bottom Wig. NED has frequently ſerv'd us ſo; and it has been uſual with him upon ſuch Occaſions to ſlip away in a Chair to ſome Ball, or private Dancing, in which Exerciſe he is a great Proficient. We have All our Eyes upon him at preſent; and it is a Matter of much Mirth to us to think how he will be hamper'd by the Rules of our new Inſtitution. But I muſt not diſmiſs this Gentleman's Character, without obſerving, that he has a moſt obliging good Humour, which makes him bear all our Raillery without Offence; and that as his good Qualities are many, ſo his Faults are rather Levities than Vices.

NUMBER III.

Animam ſic ſemper eandem
Eſſe, ſed in varias doceo migrare Figuras.
Ovid.

FRIDAY, *November* 20. 1713.

IT has been a common Obſervation, that few Men have ſequeſter'd themſelves from the World, but ſuch as were no longer fit to live in it. The Reader will judge by the Characters I have given in my laſt Paper, whether or no this is our Caſe. Our little College of LAY-MONKS is made up of Gentlemen: We are all Lovers of Eaſe and Freedom, hearty Friends to each other, and Enemies to the Spleen. It is plain by our ſetting up this Correſpondence with the World, that we do not intend to paſs our Lives in a lazy Indolence, nor in a Contempt of whatever is tranſacted without the Walls of our Convent. In ſhort, we are like a Set of Acquaintance, who having met by Chance in ſome publick Garden, have choſe out to themſelves a By-Walk, where they may at once enjoy the Pleaſure of the Place with Privacy, and have a diſtant Proſpect of the reſt of the Company.

I have already, as I ſaid, given an Account of the other Gentleman of the Fraternity; it will now

now be expected I ſhould ſay ſomething of my ſelf; and the rather, becauſe in the Courſe of theſe Papers I ſhall often addreſs the Publick in my own Name, and endeavour to entertain them with my own Thoughts, when I am not better ſupply'd by the reſt of the Society. There is, indeed, ſomething very particular in my Character and Story; and therefore, to begin my Acquaintance with my gentle Readers, I am now going to fit to my ſelf for my own Picture, of which, ſuch as it is, I here make them a Preſent.

I have determin'd to reſerve the Account of my Genealogy for another Opportunity; tho' I muſt immediately begin my Story as high as *Pythagorus*, a Philoſopher already mention'd by Sir EUSTACE LOCKER, and in great Eſteem with our Society. There are few who have not heard of that learned Ancient, and of his peculiar Notion of the *Tranſmigration of Souls*. According to that renown'd Sage, the Soul of Man was a kind of wandering Spirit, which at its Separation from the Body, paſs'd immediately into ſome other Body, either of a Man, or of any other Animal; and thus was capable, in a Courſe of Time, of travelling ſucceſſively thro' as great a Variety of Forms, as Matter is ſeen to do in the Furnace of a Chymiſt. You are therefore to imagine it ſometimes exerting the Wiſdom and Follies of a Man, and ſometimes the Inſtincts of a Brute; now animating a Prince, and at other times a Beggar. It might now triumph in a beautiful Woman, and afterwards ſport in a Squirrel, or talk in a Parrot. Sometimes it hunted the Woods in a Lyon, then wing'd the Air in a Bird, or inhabited the Rivers in a Swan; and

after all this Circulation of Being, it might return to animate a human Frame, as before. It was neceſſary to confirm this ſurprizing Doctrine by ſome Example, for which the Philoſopher produc'd himſelf; and tho' he could not recollect that he had ever been a Brute, he plainly remember'd he had exiſted at different Times in ſeveral very conſiderable Men. His Soul, as he affirm'd, was firſt in *Æthalides*, then in *Euphorbus*, afterwards in *Hermotimus*, then in *Pyrrhus*, and then in *Pythagoras*; and by a particular Gift of the God *Mercury*, it was enabled to remember all its *Tranſmigrations*, and whatever it had acted or ſuffered in each of theſe Forms ſucceſſively.

To return to my ſelf: My Reader may perhaps after this Diſcourſe ſuſpect, that I am going to ſet up for the Reverſion of the Soul of *Pythagoras*, and to pretend that I have got it into my Poſſeſſion. But I ſhall not have the Vanity to make my ſelf ſo conſiderable. I have, indeed, often figur'd in my Imagination ſuch a Vagrant as I have here deſcrib'd, and amus'd my ſelf with thinking what an Entertainment he wou'd be to his Friends, if he publiſh'd his Itinerary, and could draw together all that Variety of Ideas which muſt have paſs'd thro' his Mind in ſuch a Train of ſucceſſive Beings. There is ſomething in that Diverſity of Fortune, Employments, and Scenes of Life thro' which I have paſs'd, which ſeems to bear ſome diſtant Reſemblance of this; for which Reaſon, my Friends, and particularly the Gentleman of the Society that know my Story, have given me the Name of the PYTHAGOREAN.

I was educated at the Univerſity, where I paſs'd ſome Years of my Youth with the utmoſt Satisfaction

faction: The Tranquility of the Place pleas'd me, and the Love of Books, which I found growing upon me there, was ſooth'd by the many beautiful Paſſages I met with in the Writings of Poets and Philoſophers, who, perhaps, are ſomewhat partial in the Praiſe of a Contemplative Life: But I was awaken'd out of theſe amuſing Dreams, by a Letter which ſummon'd me up to Town on the Death of a Relation; who, together with a very handſome Legacy, had left me the Hopes of an Employment he had for ſome Years enjoy'd at Court, and for which, foreſeeing his own Death, he had uſed his Endeavours that I might ſucceed him.

This threw me into a very different Scheme of Life, from what I had mark'd out to my ſelf before: I began now to feel the Gaiety of Youth; I dreſs'd well, ſhook off the Ruſt of the Scholar, learn'd the Exerciſes of a Gentleman, and went into faſhionable Company; my Heart was full of Vanity, and rais'd with the moſt ſanguine Hopes and Expectations; I often pity'd my Fellow-Students, whom I had left poring on Books at the Univerſity: You are to imagine me now familiar in the Apartments at Court, frequenting Levees and Drawing-Rooms, dining ſometimes with with the Gentlemen of the *Green-Cloth*, or the Grooms of the *Bed-Chamber*; and at other Times, ſpending my Money in the Company of *Place-Mongers*, and Undertakers for great Mens Favours. It is impoſſible to expreſs how much I was ſurpriz'd with this new World of Civility; what a Pleaſure it was to obſerve how many Friends I was ſurrounded with; what handſome Reaſons were given me every Day, why my Affair did not proceed; and in

ſhort, how ready (tho' I never carry'd my Point) every one I apply'd to was to be my humble Servant.

Here I am to acquaint my Reader with an Incident of my Life, I cannot reflect upon without a ſenſible Diſorder. *Bellamira!* I never before ſaw ſuch bewitching Eyes! I well remember how ſhe look'd on me the firſt Time I ſpoke to her, with what an agreeable Manner ſhe accepted my Hand to help her thro' the Croud, and how ſhe ſmiled at my Zeal, which made me unknowingly affront her Siſter, for preſſing after her too cloſely! I ſhould have ſaid it was at a Birth-night at Court; this was my firſt Acquaintance with her: I grew from that Moment a paſſionate Lover of this Lady, who, as I afterwards found, was Miſtreſs of no inconſiderable Fortune, and wholly at her own Diſpoſal; ſhe receiv'd my Addreſſes with a Kind of Sympathy, which encreas'd my Paſſion. Love animated me into a Poet, and I courted her in Verſe, but with the ſame Fate, tho' not with the ſame Genius, that *Waller* courted his *Sachariſſa:* In ſhort, I cou'd never gain any Thing more of her than her Heart; ſhe was juſt ready to put me into the Poſſeſſion of my Wiſhes, when ſhe ſuddenly made a Pauſe; ſhe was ſcrupulous whether ſhe ought to follow her own Inclinations, and thought it leſs Trouble to reſign her ſelf to the Conduct of a She-Friend, who very prudently married her to a Man with whom ſhe might live in a perfect Indifference, and be wholly at Liberty to the Enjoyments of Show and Equipage, with which ſhe ſeem'd to be chiefly delighted.

This ſudden Diſappointment was the Source of many Adventures that befel me in the following

ing Courſe of my Life. I had now loſt both my Pretenſions at Court, and to my Miſtreſs: It may well be believ'd I was affected with both very ſenſibly: At firſt, I fell into a profound Melancholy, which was afterwards ſucceeded by as extravagant a Gaiety; I grew laviſh in my Expences, laugh'd at Marriage, wore fantaſtical Dreſſes; and ſome other peculiar Symptoms breaking out upon me, my Friends took a proper Opportunity, and convey'd me into the Houſe of a skilful Phyſician; where I employ'd about a Twelve-Month in writing Satyrs on the Sex, and fixing them up on my Chamber-Walls, 'till the Humour having ſpent it ſelf this Way, I was once more thought fit to be truſted with my Liberty.

I was now qualify'd for a Fit of Knight-Errantry; and from a Life of Confinement, I immediately ſtarted into that of a Wanderer. A War was then on foot between the *Emperor* and the *Turks*; I haſten'd to the Scene of Action, put my ſelf a Volunteer under the gallant Duke of *Lorain*, and was preſent at the memorable Siege of *Buda*. I ſhall not ſtay to acquaint my Reader with the particular Time and Occaſion of my leaving the Army, but only tell him that when I laid down the Soldier, I took up the Traveller. This new Courſe of Life was extreamly pleaſant; I paſs'd thro' Variety of Countries, often changing my Habit, for the greater Opportunity of making Diſcoveries, and asking every odd Fellow I met with in my way, Whether he had not been in Love?

Some Years after the *Revolution*, I return'd to my native Country, which by this Time was grown a new Scene to me: My Court-Acquaintance

ance were all vaniſh'd; and finding my ſelf out of Faſhion, and my Friends either dead or diſpers'd, I reſolv'd to take the Opportunity, and keep my ſelf unknown, except to a few, with whom I enjoy'd all the Pleaſures of private Converſation. I have ſeen enough of the World, and have therefore determin'd to paſs the Remainder of my Days in an agreeable Obſcurity, and in the Studies of Learning and Morality, in which I was firſt initiated. Yet that I might ſtill indulge the Varieties of my Life, I have very often mingled in Company, without diſcovering my ſelf: I am no Stranger to the *Theatres*, tho' the Box-keepers never knew my Name; and I have ſometimes drop'd in at *Will*'s and *Button*'s Coffee-Houſes in an Evening, and gone away again with much Satisfaction, in the Suppoſition that no Body has thought me worth enquiring after: The general Notion which I hear is entertain'd of me in Places where I have been ſeen is, That I am a *Chymiſt*, and that I ſtudy privately; and ſome will have it, that I am an Adept in the *Roſicrucian* Philoſophy.

The Reader will ſee by this ſhort Sketch what a Variety of Circumſtances I have ran thro', and for what Reaſon it is that my few familiar Friends have humourouſly named me the PYTHAGOREAN: He may conſider me, if he pleaſes, at different Stations of Life, as a *Scholar*, a *Courtier*, a *Lover*, a *Poet*, a *Lunatick*, a *Soldier*, a *Traveller*, and a LAY-MONK. Tho' I am not ſuperannuated, I am now arriv'd at that ſedate Part of Life, which if it taſtes leaſt Pleaſure, yet enjoys moſt Repoſe: I look upon all the Ideas which I have laid into my Mind in this Multiplicity of Fortunes, as ſo many Flowers laid before

fore a Hive, and am now endeavouring to work them up into Honey.

NUMBER IV.

Qui ſemel Verecundiæ limites tranſierit, eum bene & naviter oportet eſſe impudentem.
Tull.

MONDAY, *November.* 23. 1713.

I Shall make no other Introduction to the following moral Eſſay, than to inform the Reader, that it is written by Sir EUSTACE LOCKER, the Founder of our Society.

'Tis the Province of true Judgment, to diſcern the Diſſimilitude and different Natures of Things, that having a near Agreement and Reſemblance to each other, are apt to impoſe upon undiſtinguiſhing and weak-ſighted Men, and appear to them the ſame: Parſimony and Avarice are endow'd with a Complexion and Features ſo like to Frugality; and Luxury and Profuſion carry ſuch a lively Appearance of Magnificence and Generoſity; and, in ſhort, every Vertue lying in the midſt between two Extreams, has ſo much in common with each, that to the leſs Diſcerning 'tis difficult to abſtract and ſeparate their Ideas; a thouſand times we miſtake one for

for the other, and beſtow that Applauſe upon pretended Vertue, which is only due to the genuine and real.

Impudence is ſo nearly ally'd to Fortitude and a praiſe-worthy Aſſurance, that it often paſſes upon the Vulgar for thoſe laudable Qualifications. The heroick Boldneſs and Conſtancy, that in a great Man reſult from the Conſciouſneſs of his Merit and Integrity, is often ſo well counterfeited by a daring Criminal, who by the moſt unwarrantable Means purſues the blackeſt Deſigns, that the Difference is not eaſily diſcover'd. Since a generous Fire and a dauntleſs Reſolution uſually accompany the Actions of brave and elevated Spirits, engag'd in the Purſuits of ſome honourable End, wherever Spectators ſee the like Ardor and Firmneſs, they are ready to conclude it muſt ariſe from the ſame Principle, and is employ'd for the like worthy Purpoſes; and for this Reaſon Impudence is ſo often prevalent and ſucceſsful, without any ſolid Merit to ſupport it. When it appears at the Bar, it hangs eternally on a Cauſe, and never knowing when 'tis anſwer'd, with a Torrent of Words and falſe Eloquence bears down all Learning, Law and Senſe: Among the Profeſſors of Phyſick, it ſupplies the Want of Judgment, Experience and Induſtry. *Pontæus*, the famous *Charletan*, uſed to declare, That of all the various Countries, thro' which he had travell'd, he found the greateſt Stock of Credulity in *England*. We have Numbers of People among us, who cannot imagine that any Man ſhould confidently aſſume to himſelf the Power of Life and Death, and at the ſame time be very ignorant and illiterate; and tho' they ſee perpetual Inſtances of his Incapacity,

city, and are deceiv'd every Day by his vain and ineffectual Promiſes, they will ſtill believe, and ſtill be deceiv'd.

Impudence emboldens a Man to undertake any Task, tho' ever ſo unequal to his Abilities, and carries him thro' it with Spirit and Alacrity; it enlivens his Hopes, diminiſhes the Difficulties that obſtruct, and magnifies the Means in his Hands, that promote his Deſigns. This ſingle Qualification will fit a Man, in his own Opinion, for any Poſt of Truſt or Buſineſs. It will make him a Politician without Sagacity, or the Knowledge of human Nature; 'twill inſpire him with Geography, and teach him the Situation of Cities and Countries, tho' he never before had ſeen a Map: A Man adorn'd with this Vertue, is qualified indifferently to be a Colonel of Horſe, a Flag-Officer, or a Judge. In Converſation he has great Advantages, where he claims an Inſight into the Depths of Philoſophy, is acquainted with the Secrets and Springs of Government, arrogates a refin'd Taſte in Wit and Criticiſm, and puts all Learning and good Senſe out of Countenance.

This unbluſhing Quality is likewiſe the moſt effectual Means to procure Power, Wealth and Honour: 'Tis craving, inſinuating, importunate, and receives no Denial: It ſupplies the Place of Merit of all Kinds, and *no Vertue is wanting, if Impudence is preſent.* 'Tis the ſhorteſt Way to be excellent in Science or Buſineſs; and one would think that the preſent Age had generally found out the Secret; and had therefore, in the Views of Profit, apply'd themſelves more to the Improvement of their Foreheads, than to the Cultivating of their Underſtandings.

A frontleſs Man is never to be diſturb'd in his Opinion of his own Worth and Capacity; is hard and inſenſible to Reproaches, and entirely regardleſs of his Character: He's unconcern'd at his proſtituted Honour, and mindleſs of every Thing but his main Point in View, which he purſues by Means of any Denomination. In Company, he inveighs againſt thoſe pretended Crimes in others which are really his own; Falſhood and Impudence are the Faults he charges upon his Enemies with the utmoſt Expreſſion of Deteſtation, that weak People, on whoſe Credulity he relies as his principal Support, may be induc'd to believe that he can never be guilty of any Offence of which he ſhews ſo great an Abhorrence.

This inflexible Aſſurance, of ſo much Value and extenſive Uſefulneſs, which not only covers, but cures the Defects of Mankind, and adorns them with every Excellence, is not, however, of ſuch eaſy Acquiſition, as ſome People may imagine.

To form an impudent Man of the firſt Claſs, muſt conſpire as well extraordinary native Genius, and a Mind well turn'd for this Perfection, as great Induſtry and unweary'd Application. Some indeed have that Felicity of Complexion, that being eaſy to be inſtructed, they come forward apace, and make aſtoniſhing Improvements in a little Time. But the greateſt Part of Men muſt take Pains, and undergo with Patience repeated Practice, before they can attain this Qualification in an eminent Degree, and ſubdue the laſt Efforts of expiring Baſhfulneſs. Before they become fix'd and obdurate, they will often feel great Strife and Contention within; and, perhaps,

haps, in ſome unguarded Hour, ſeduc'd by the Charms and Allurements of Modeſty, they will yield to the ſudden Temptation, be ſurpriz'd with a Bluſh, and relapſe into a Fit of Shame. The Caſe of theſe Men is like that of young Women, who are yet Novices in Vice; they muſt go thro' a Courſe of Iniquity, that they may at length ſubdue all Diffidence, and get a compleat Conqueſt over all Remorſe.

And ſome of theſe, after long Endeavours to fix and determine their fluctuating Temper, will perhaps ſtill find themſelves diſappointed, and acknowledge they are unable to extinguiſh all Remains of Baſhfulneſs.

In the other Extream there are ſeveral Kinds of falſe Modeſty; one of which I ſhall mention that has not, I think, been taken Notice of in Writing.

It is no genuine Modeſty, for any Man to have a far worſe Opinion of his Underſtanding, Wit and Vertue, than they really deſerve; this would be Ingratitude to our great Benefactor, Injuſtice to our ſelves, and Falſhood in our Conceptions. Since Truth is a Conformity in our Ideas to the Objects they repreſent, we ought always to have a juſt Perception of our own good Qualities. To ſet too high a Value on our Merit, or entertain an injurious Opinion of our ſelves, is equally erroneous; ſince by one and the other we equally deviate from the Rule of Judging right. Should a beautiful Woman (which 'tis ſuppos'd may never happen) believe her ſelf Deform'd, or an accompliſh'd Gentleman think himſelf a Clown; or ſhould a Man of Learning, Senſe and Wit, think contemptibly of his

Endowments, this would be a culpable Diminution of their Merit: Nor would it only imply a falſe Conception, but 'tis a very hurtful Error. This falſe Modeſty reſtrains a Man from attempting and purſuing generous Deſigns: From a faulty Diffidence and Diſtruſt of his Talents and Abilities, he forbears to employ them; and thus his Judgment, good Senſe, and Capacity for Buſineſs, are in a great Meaſure uſeleſs to the World.

I lament the ill Effects of this falſe Modeſty no where more than in the Senate. *Florio* has all the Qualities requir'd in a great Man. His Head is clear, his Apprehenſion quick, and his Judgment ſolid. No Senator has a deeper Inſight into publick Affairs, or a truer Zeal for the Good of his Country. He has, beſides this, by his great Probity and Decency, and his fine Accompliſhments, obtain'd the Good-will of oppoſite Parties. He is a diſtinguiſh'd Maſter of polite Learning, and an excellent Writer; and is defective in nothing to make him ſhine as an Orator, but ſufficient Aſſurance. For want of this, his admirable Faculties, which his Modeſty will not ſuffer him to exert in Speaking, are in this Place almoſt loſt. Would he apply himſelf, by Degrees, to cure his Diffidence, what eminent Services might he do his Country, and what Glory would redound to himſelf? The Honour that *Cicero* gain'd, in aſſerting the Rights and Liberties of the *Romans*, by his Eloquence in the Senate, was not inferior to that of their Heroes, who defended their Nation in the Field.

N. B. *There is lately arriv'd from* Germany, *a famous* Chymiſt; *who in his unſucceſsful Purſuit of*

the

the Philoſopher's Stone, *after many Years, has found out a Liquor of no leſs Importance, than the yet undiſcover'd* ALKAHEST; *he calls it his* CORINTHIAN TINCTURE: *Its Vertue is to take off all ſoft and tender Infirmities of the Forehead, and to preſerve the Cheeks from Red'ning upon any Surprize: Taken inwardly to twenty Drops, twice a Day, it gives ſudden Eaſe to any ſecret Pains in the Breaſt, imparts Boldneſs and Reſolution to go thro' any Difficulty and Danger, and effectually kills the Worm in the Heart. His Price is Moderate. The Doctor lodges at the* BRASEN-HEAD *in the Minories.*

NUMBER V.

Deos qui novit agreſtes
Panaque, Silvanumque ſenem, Nymphaſque ſorores. Virg.
Ad ſubitas Thracum volucres nubemque ſonoram
Pigmæus parvis currit bellator in armis. Juv.

WEDNESDAY, *November* 25. 1713.

THE Reader of this Diſcourſe will not, I imagine, want to be inform'd that the Author of it is Dr. LACON, a Member of our Fraternity.

When we contemplate the admirable Fertility of Nature, that has produc'd ſuch an immenſe

Stock of Beings endow'd with Life and Senſe in this narrow Planet, where every Plant and Animal breeds numberleſs Inſects, every Drop of Water and Piece of Earth is a Neſt of minute living Creatures, and a little Pepper-Corn is crouded, like a populous City, with Inhabitants, we cannot but conclude that the Regions above are equally peopled; unleſs we can conceive that the bright and ſpacious Globes of Heaven were only made for the Service of this little obſcure Spot, or that the Author was not able, or was unwilling to exert more Power and Goodneſs in creating proper Animals, to fill the nobleſt, as well as the meaneſt Parts of the Creation.

As the innumerable Multitudes of living Creatures that repleniſh the wide Frame of Nature, demonſtrate the Power of the Divine Author, ſo his Wiſdom and free Principle of Activity ſhine in the endleſs Variety of Brute and Intelligent Beings, that in a regular and beautiful Subordination gradually deſcend from the higheſt Angel to the baſeſt Inſect. He might, had he pleas'd, have form'd all his Creatures of the moſt perfect Order. It is as eaſy for the ſupreme Cauſe to make a Sun, as a Glow-worm; at the Beck of his Will a Seraph is as ready to break away from Darkneſs and Nothing, and ſpring up into Exiſtence, as the meaneſt Fly. But he acted like a prudent arbitrary Cauſe, and conſulted Order, Harmony and Beauty, by making ſo many Creatures of ſuch various Ranks and Degrees of Excellence.

Nothing is more ſurprizing and delightful, than to obſerve the Scale or gradual Aſcent from Minerals to Plants, from Plants to Animals, and from Animals to human Nature. 'Tis eaſy to diſtin-

diſtinguiſh theſe Kinds, till you come to the higheſt of one, and the loweſt of that next above it; and then the Difference is ſo nice, that the Limits and Boundaries of their Species ſeem left unſettled by Nature, to perplex the curious, and to humble the proud Philoſopher.

As Man, who approaches neareſt to the loweſt Claſs of Celeſtial Spirits (for we may juſtly ſuppoſe a Subordination in that excellent Order) being half Body and half Spirit, becomes the *Æquator*, that divides in the Middle the whole Creation, and diſtinguiſhes the Corporeal from the Inviſible Intellectual World; ſo the Ape or Monkey, that bears the greateſt Similitude to Man, is the next Order of Animals below him. Nor is the Diſagreement between the baſeſt Individuals of our Species and the Ape or Monkey ſo great, but that were the latter endow'd with the Faculty of Speech, they might perhaps as juſtly claim the Rank and Dignity of the human Race, as the Salvage *Hotentot*, or ſtupid Native of *Nova Zembla*.

I ſhall obſerve one Thing here, which perhaps has not been taken Notice of, that is, the Variety of many Species included in one, which at once ſeem diſtinct and the ſame. If the Idea of a Lion or a Bear are compar'd, they are immediately pronounc'd to be of a different Species, there being no intermediate Degrees of like Animals, to ſuſpend the Mind's Determination. But if we compare a Lion with a Cat, and obſerve the Similitude between them in their external Figure, and inward Structure of Parts, which in both is the ſame; together with their Inſtincts and Actions, 'tis hard to tell if their Difference is eſſential. How does the Author, upon

one ſimple Ground of the Cat-Nature, vary and run curious Diviſions thro' the *Domeſtick*, the *Civet*, and *Mountain* Cat, to the Leopard, the Panther, and the Tyger, 'till we come to the King of Beaſts. Nor is the Climax or Gradation leſs ſurprizing, while our Contemplation riſes from the Hedge-hog or Guinea-Pig, thro' ſeveral ſorts of Swine, to the *Chæmois*, whoſe Snout is extended to a Proboſcis of ſuch Length, that the Animal takes up his Meat, and feeds himſelf with it, and from thence to the Elephant, the Prince of the Swine Race.

But this ſeeming Indiſtinction and Confuſion of Species is no where more remarkable than in the Ape; wonderful is the Variety of theſe Creatures, which are ſo like to one another, and yet ſo different, that 'tis hard to determine whether their Species are diſtinct or not.

The moſt perfect of this Order of Beings, the *Orang Outang*, as he is call'd by the Natives of *Angola*, that is, the Wild Man, or Man of the Woods, has the Honour of bearing the neareſt Reſemblance to human Nature. Tho' all that Species have ſome Agreement with us in our Features, many Inſtances being found of Men of Monkey-Faces; yet this has the greateſt Likeneſs, not only in his Countenance, but in the Structure of his Body, his Ability to walk upright, as well as on all four; his Organs of Speech, his ready Apprehenſion, and his gentle and tender Paſſions, which are not found in any of the Ape Kind, and in various other Reſpects.

This Contemplation has led me on to reflect, how a particular Race of Gods, and another of Men,

Men, have deriv'd their imaginary Exiſtence from the wild Animals laſt mention'd.

The Prieſts, Poets, and fabulous Hiſtorians among the ancient Pagans, conſpiring to practiſe upon the Ignorance, Credulity, and ſuperſtitious Fears of the People, impos'd upon 'em numerous God, Creatures of their own Fancy; and having firſt plentifully fill'd the Skies with a choice Collection of imagin'd Deities, they provided Country Gods of a low and ordinary Rank, for the Forreſts, Fields, and Mountains, which they borrow'd from the Ape or Monkey Nation: There is the higheſt Probability, that the *Fauni*, and the *Dryades*, the *Satyr* and the *Sphinx*, *Sylvanus*, *Silenus*, and *Pan* himſelf, and all the reſt of their ſacred Elfs, and woodland Divinities, aswell as the Nymphs, the Fairy-like Goddeſſes of the Lakes and Rivers, who are of no higher Station and Authority than our King *Oberon* and Queen *Mab*, were nothing elſe than ſome of theſe Manlike Inhabitants of the Wood, conſecrated by deſigning Men, and complemented with religious Worſhip.

And as this inferior Order of Deities were probably only Apes and Monkeys, dignify'd with divine Titles; ſo a Race of Men, call'd *Pigmies*, in whom the Frame of human Bodies is abridg'd, and expreſs'd in Miniature, ſeem to owe their imaginary Being to the ſame Original. *Homer*, having deſcrib'd the Shouts and Clamours of the *Trojan* Army falling on the *Greeks*, from the Noiſe made by the *Cranes* ready to engage their Enemies, in an elegant Figure calls their Foes, ἀνδράσι πυγμαίοισι, that is, *Pygmæan Men*.

The firſt *Greek* Hiſtorians, who often broke thro' the Bounds of Modeſty, Decency, and Credi-

Credibility, to propagate a fabulous Story, which they embelliſh'd with all the Ornaments that a wanton and fertile Fancy could ſuggeſt, took and improv'd this Hint of the Poet, and rais'd from it a diminitive Nation, where each Individual was a little Epitome or Abreviation of Man; which, as ſaid before, they call'd *Pigmies*: They repreſented them as Perſons of a ſtomachful Diſpoſition and martial Inclinations, tho' but a Cubit and a half or two Cubits in Stature; and to gratify their Military Genius, they engag'd them in endleſs Quarrels and bloody Wars, with their implacable Enemies the *Cranes*: I do not find there were any Infantry in their Armies, which were wholly compos'd of theſe little Troopers: When the fierce Generals lead them forth to Battle, ſome Authors mount them on Partridges, which ſure muſt have been as exceſſive in Bigneſs, as the Riders were defective; but other Hiſtorians have, in my Opinion, with more Judgment, ſet 'em on the Backs of Rams and Goats: Theſe Authors, no doubt, were mightily pleas'd to give the Relation of their Campaigns and heroick Atchievments; and it would be diverting enough, to ſee an Engagement between this dwarfiſh Race of Men, and the long-neck'd Squadrons of the Enemy. upon ſuch a Deſcription, the Reader could not but be delighted to figure in his Imagination how here a wing'd Battalion of *Cranes* were put into Diſorder, and there a *Pygmæan* Squadron, with great Slaughter, routed and put to Flight; ſometimes to ſee a wounded *Crane* fall dead at the Feet of the little Conqueror, and ſometimes a Pigmy Officer caught up, like a Chicken by a Kite,

Kite, and carry'd thro' the Air, wrything and ſtrugling in the Pounces of his Enemy: But to this Day, the Country where this ſmall body'd Nation inhabits, has not been found out by any Travellers. No *Columbus* ever yet diſcover'd this World of human Animals of ſuch a contracted Size. 'Tis true, as there have been Giants, or Men exceeding the ordinary Bulk and Stature, ſo there have in all Ages been Dwarfs of an incredible Smalneſs, that look'd like moving Puppets, tho' they were really a conciſe Abſtract of our Species: But as there never was known in any Age a whole Nation of Giants, ſo there was never diſcover'd a Country wholly inhabited by Dwarfs, theſe not being the ordinary Productions, but either the Sport of Nature, or Deviations from her cuſtomary Courſe.

It muſt be allow'd there was a real Foundation, that gave Birth to this ludicrous Fable. The Cranes coming in numerous Flights, as *Ariſtotle* affirms, from the Regions of *Scythia* every Winter to the Lakes in *Egypt*, near the *Nile*, the Apes and Monkeys, not out of Thirſt of Glory, or to enlarge their Dominions, but from a natural warrantable Inſtinct to ſatisfy their Hunger, made Incurſions on them to rob their Neſts of their Eggs, and devour their Young; the Cranes on the other Hand, as Nature furniſhes all Creatures with Courage, even thoſe who exert none upon any other Provocation, to defend their tender Offspring, made a vigorous Reſiſtance, and many a ſharp Action might enſue upon ſuch Occaſions; and *Homer*, as I ſaid before, alluding to theſe Fights of the Cranes and Monkeys, and expreſſing the Noiſe of an Army eager to engage, by the Cries of theſe Birds when

when they attack'd their Foes, which by an agreeable and beautiful Figure he call'd *Pygmæan* Men, gave an Occaſion to the Prolifick Wit of *Greece*, to produce this fabulous Nation. This therefore is no Fiction of *Homer*, as ſome believe: His *Pigmies* were Apes like Men, and probably of the moſt perfect Order above deſcrib'd; but were improv'd to real Men by Romantick Writers. If this Account be allow'd, all the Diſputes of the Learned about this diminutive Race are reconcil'd.

N. B. *It being one End propos'd by the Society in this Paper, to cultivate a Converſation with the Abſent, by which Means, they may at once relieve and improve their Retirements, all Gentlemen who will be pleas'd to communicate their Thoughts for the promoting of our Deſign, are deſir'd to direct their Letters to* Mr. Jacob Ravenſcroft, *to be left at* Mrs. Baldwin's *in* Warwick-Lane.

Note, *Mr.* Freeman *makes the ſame Invitation to the Ladies.*

NUMBER VI.

Ac veluti magno in populo cum ſæpe coorta eſt
Seditio, ſævitq; animis ignobile vulgus,
Jamq; faces & ſaxa volant, furor arma miniſtrat:
Tum pietate gravem ac meritis ſi forte virum quem
Conſpexere, ſilent, arrectiſq; auribus adſtant.
Ille regit dictis animos, & pectora mulcet.

Virg.

FRIDAY, *November* 27. 1713.

IT is almoſt impoſſible for a Man to go out of the common Road of Life, or to appear in the World with any Singularity, without incurring a thouſand Cenſures. A new Suit of Cloaths made out of the Faſhion, tho' ever ſo convenient, ſhall expoſe the Perſon that wears it, to be follow'd thro' the Streets for a Madman. I remember, when I was newly return'd from my Travels, I had my Lodgings ſearch'd, and was in the Cuſtody of a Meſſenger for two Days; the Occaſion of it was, that ſome honeſt Citizens at a Coffee-houſe, which I frequented, cou'd not diſcover my Name, or Employment, but took Notice, that I often call'd for Pen Ink and Paper, and ſat in a Back-Room by my ſelf, writing;

writing; at other Times, I have been ſuſpected for a Popiſh Prieſt, only becauſe I wore a black Wig, had a thoughtful Look, and could ſpeak *Latin.*

Since our ſettling in our new-form'd Society, it is not to be imagin'd what a Number of Reports have been rais'd concerning us. Whether our Printer, who often attended us for about a Week before the publiſhing of theſe Papers, had been under Examination, and unwarily diſcover'd the Place of our Reſidence, or by whatever Means we were firſt traced out, it is certain that the Name of the LAY-MONASTERY has been for ſome Time ſpread abroad in the Neighbourhood, and has occaſion'd innumerable Speculations.

The Houſe in which we live has nothing in it remarkable, excepting that it is ſaid to have been formerly the Seat of a Prior. But it is uſual now for Gentlemen, as they are riding by in Company, to ſtop, and point up to it, as if in that Place there were ſomething extraordinary. The People that bring Proviſions from the neighbouring Markets ask a thouſand odd Queſtions of our Servants: We never paſs in nor out, but we find Spies at every Corner of the Houſe; and Sir, EUSTACE has over-heard them ſaying ſoftly to one another, as he walk'd under the Trees before his Door----*There goes the* Lay-Monk.

Some of our zealous but ignorant Neighbours are afraid that we are Plotters againſt the Government, and that we have taken a whimſical Name, to conceal ſome dark Deſign: Others have heard, that we have a *Chymiſt* among us, and give it out, that the Houſe is turn'd into an Elaboratory, and that we are employ'd in a Pro-

jeſt

ject for diſcovering the Philoſopher's Stone; a Juſtice of the Peace, within half a Mile of us, goes deeper, and has found out that we are a Knot of *Jeſuits*; who, he believes, act by Commiſſion from the *Pope*, and are ſettling a Plan for the recovering of the *Abby-Lands:* But others, who have ſeen ſeveral Hampers of Wine brought into the Houſe, report, with more Charity, That we are a Set of jolly Fellows, and good Companions, come hither on Purpoſe to keep our *Chriſtmas*; only they perceive we intend to begin it a Month ſooner than the reſt of the Pariſh, and are reſolv'd to live as well as if we were *Monks* indeed.

Theſe various Gueſſes and Suſpicions had for ſome Time afforded much Diverſion to the Society, till NED FREEMAN returning Home from one of his Morning Rambles, the very Day that our firſt Paper was publiſh'd, call'd out haſtily for Sir EUSTACE; and upon our asking what was the Matter, told us, *We were all blown up. You have made a fine Hand on't*, ſays he, *with your Lay-Convent!* PYTHAGOREAN, *you muſt get ready for another Tranſmigration: In ſhort, we muſt all turn out; for I can tell you, our Hive will be ſmoak'd.* He concluded his Raillery, with informing us that the next Day was Queen *Elizabeth*'s Birthday, and that we were to expect a Viſit from the Mob.

NED's Intelligence carry'd ſo much Probability in it, that it was by no Means to be deſpis'd. We therefore took the Alarm, and conſider'd in what Manner we ſhould prepare to withſtand the Aſſault. There was no Time to be loſt: I immediately propos'd that we ſhould provide a Pope and a Bonfire, as the moſt likely Means to

ſecure us in this Extremity; as Travellers light Fires in a Wood, when they are afraid of being ſet upon by wild Beaſts. This was agreed to. We diſpatch'd a Servant in all Haſte to Town to procure ſome Part of the Equipage; and NED FREEMAN's Wardrobe being ſearch'd, furniſh'd us very commodiouſly with a rich Maſquerading Habit, which made up the reſt, and which we thought could not be employ'd on a better Occaſion.

The next Day our Proteſtant Friends came ſomewhat earlier than we expected. The Houſe was now beſet, and Stones began to fly in at the Windows, when Sir ARTHUR WIMBLETON ſlipping out at the Back-Door of the Garden, mingled with the Croud, and taking their Leader by the Hand, ſaid, he had an honeſt Countenance, and his Zeal was good; but do you conſider, ſays he, what you are doing? The Fellow was going to return a rough Anſwer, when Sir ARTHUR begg'd their Silence for a Moment There is an obliging Condeſcenſion in this Gentleman's Manner of Speaking, which ſeldom fails to gain him Attention. *My good Friends*, ſaid he, *let me tell you a fooliſh Story of my ſelf. When I had the Honour to lead a Troop of Horſe to join the Prince of* Orange *at his Landing*, (tho' by the way the Knight was not then in *England*) *as we were marching to* Exeter, *we were overtaken by another Party of Horſe on the Road; we were ſo full of Courage, and ſo hearty in the Cauſe, that without asking who they were, we immediately fir'd upon 'em; but upon Enquiry we found they were Friends, and that they were going up on the ſame Deſign with us.* Sir ARTHUR ended his Speech, by telling them frankly, that he was one of our Society, and that we were all good Church-men, and in the Intereſt of the Proteſtant Succeſſion.

Succeſſion; that Mr. FREEMAN, one of our Number, was a Member of the *Hanover*-Club; that himſelf had narrowly eſcap'd the *Inquiſition* in *Italy*, for telling unlucky Stories of their Prieſts; and that, to ſum up all in a Word, we had provided a Pope, and a Barrel of good Liquor to make them welcome, and to conclude the Solemnity of the Day. The Name of the *Lay-Monaſtery* was ſtill a Difficulty with them; but Sir ARTHUR got over that as well as he cou'd, by referring them to a Paſſage in the *Book of Martyrs*; he had forgot the Page, but ſuppos'd they had all read it in the Pariſh-Church, and they might depend upon it, the Word *Lay-Monaſtery* had a very innocent Meaning, and ſignify'd in Reality no Monaſtery at all.

The Tumult was now pretty well abated, when to perform what Sir ARTHUR had ſtipulated for us, we produc'd our Pope and our Barrel of Ale. This ſoon brought us to a right Underſtanding. A Bonfire was immediately rais'd and lighted before the *Lay-Convent*; and, in ſhort, every Thing concluded peaceably, and to our mutual Satisfaction.

The next Day the Society came to the follow- Reſolutions.

Order'd,

That the Thanks of this Fraternity be given to Sir ARTHUR WIMBLETON *for his prudent Conduct, by which he has ſav'd the* Lay-Monaſtery *from being demoliſh'd.*

That every Member of the Society do immediately repair to the Juſtice of the Peace, who was pleas'd to reflect upon us, and before him take the Oaths of Abjuration, *and of* Allegiance *and* Supremacy.

That the further Part of the old Garden-Wall, on which, to the Road-ſide, there is the Form of a Croſs in Blue Brick, be taken down, and rebuilt without any ſuch Figure.

And, *That the Fraternity conſider, at their next Sitting, of inviting ſome Perſon of ſufficient Merit, Years and Authority, to be* Viſitor *to the* Lay-Convent.

NUMBER VII.

Nec quod fuimuſq; ſumuſq;
Cras erimus. Ovid.

MONDAY, *November* 30. 1713.

MY Third Paper gave the Reader a general Account of my Stor , and of the chief Incidents and Revolutions of my Life, in Alluſion to which I am call'd the PYTHAGOREAN. I ſhall now give him a Draught of my Humour, and of the Frame of my Mind; by which he will obſerve, that there is a ſurprizing Agreement between the Variety of my Fortunes and of my Inclinations, and that it is very much owing to my native Genius, as well as to Accidents in my Life, that I have been hurried thro' ſo great a Diverſity of *Tranſmigrations*.

I am deſcended from the *Ravenſcrofts*, an ancient Family in *Norfolk*. My Father was *Rowland Ravenſcroft*, a Gentleman neither rich nor indigent;

gent; well eſteem'd in the Country for his vertuous Life and Charitable Diſpoſition. He was a Field-Officer in the King's Army in the Civil Wars, and behav'd like a Man of Conduct and Courage; and tho' he often reflected with ſome Reſentment on his unrewarded Service after the *Reſtoration*, while ſome of his worthleſs unmilitary Neighbours, who never had a Shed plunder'd, or a Hen-roaſt robb'd in the Cauſe, were promoted to Poſts of great Profit and Honour; yet he inflexibly adher'd to the Intereſt of the Crown, and continu'd a zealous Royaliſt to his dying Day. My Mother was a *Barker*, a Perſon of great Probity, Oeconomy, and domeſtick Diligence. The Affairs of her Family engroſs'd all her Time and Concern. But that which obſcur'd her excellent Qualities, and made her Life leſs comfortable to her ſelf, and leſs agreeable to others, was too ſtrong an Infuſion of Spleen in her Conſtitution.

Hence perhaps I derive my native Levity and Irreſolution, which was remarkable in my Behaviour from a Child; when, as I have been told, I was preſently weary of my Play-Things, and continually call'd for a new Toy, and a different Hobby-horſe. At Nine Years old, I liſten'd, unobſerv'd, and heard my Mother ſpeaking of me, ſay to a Friend, *'Tis a notable ſhrewd Boy! You can't imagine what Queſtions he'll ſtart, what apt and ready Anſwers he'll make, and what ſurprizing Thoughts will come into his Head; but withal he has a rambling Brain and a ſtrange Fickleneſs of Temper; he aims at every thing, but ſticks to nothing; we hope he'll be ſettled by Years and Experience, but at preſent he's an odd out-of-the-way whimſical Child.*

My Parents being dead, I was continu'd for ſome time at a Country School, and at the Age of Fourteen ſent by my Uncle and Guardian, Mr. *Humphry Ravenſcroft*, to *Oxford*, where I ſoon acquir'd ſuch Logical Abilities, that I form'd Syllogiſms to a Miracle, and apply'd Diſtinctions with the greateſt Acuteneſs in the World. I diſcern'd the Difference between Demonſtration and a probable Argument, between Certainty and Opinion; grew very ſharp in impoſing or detecting a Fallacy, and was in a fair way to have maſter'd all the ſubtle Notions of Metaphyſicks: But falling into Company with ſome ingenious Students of a pleaſanter Turn, I was ſo charm'd with their Converſation, that I quickly deſpis'd the heavy Logician, and the Men of *Queen*'s, and reſolv'd to ſet up for a Wit. In order to this, I turn'd *Ariſtotle* and his dull Commentators adrift, and fill'd my Study with Novels, Plays, and the polite Writings of the fineſt Spirits of the Age. But this Humour did not laſt long, I ſoon grew weary of ſpending my Life like a Comedian, in Raillery and Ridicule: I broke of from my merry Friends, having diſcover'd that the greateſt Part of them were by no Means Nature's Wits, but that their Ingenuity was either the Creature of the Bottle, forc'd like crude and early Fruits by foreign Heat, or the Production of Labour and wretched Affectation.

In this Juncture, when I had taſted to Satiety, theſe ingenious Entertainments, which were too luſcious for my weak Stomach, a Friend of mine carry'd me to *Aſhmole's Muſæum*, where I was delighted with an infinite Variety of Natural and Mechanical Curioſities, amaſs'd with great Induſtry

ſtry and Expence. I was charm'd with the inеſtimable Treaſure of Coins, Medals, Oars, oddly figur'd Stones, and uncommon Minerals; and mightily pleas'd with the wonderful Collection of rare Shells, Beetles, Graſhopers, Butterflies, and many other curious and beautiful little Animals. I preſently reſolv'd to furniſh a Cloſet with the like Rarities, and to accompliſh my Deſign, form'd a Scheme of Correſpondence, as well with foreign Countries, as the Provinces of *Britain:* I had not long been a Virtuoſo in Foſſiles and Inſects, when, either out of Levity, or from an Apprehenſion that the Labour was too great for my Temper, and the Expence for my Pocket, my Fancy grew cool and untaſtful of this Amuſement; and beſides, I perceiv'd at laſt, that if I continu'd this Purſuit, I ſhould be perpetually employ'd in gathering, and ſhewing with Solemnity a Heap of Trifles, and paſs all my Days in a great Toy-Shop.

My Appetite being pall'd to theſe Entertainments, by which many diligent Men, ſtudious of natural Hiſtory, have propagated their Fame; an Antiquary, by Chance, led me to the Court of the *Theatre*, and walking round it, read learnedly upon a Piece of an old Wall, preſerv'd with great Care, then upon a Fragment of *Porphyry*, which he aſſur'd me was part of a God of the firſt Rank among the ancient *Indians*; in one Place, he ſhew'd me ſeveral odd Characters, which he call'd Emblems and *Egyptian* Hieroglyphicks, and explain'd them till they were perfectly paſt my Underſtanding; in another, he pointed to an ill figur'd Marble, in which there had been many engraven Marks and Sentences, but the Teeth of Time had gnaw'd out the Words,

Words, only ſome half Letters remain'd, by Means of which, the learned Sage made out the Myſtery, and decipher'd the whole Inſcription: This was the only Species of Learning, of which I had no manner of Reliſh.

At another Time, I attended with great Pleaſure to a *German* Adept, who related, in the common Room of our College, the Powers and Wonders of Chymiſtry; this preſently ſtarted a new Paſſion, and ſet me agog after the untaſted Satisfaction of ſeeing the amazing Operations of the Fire: Determin'd to gratify this Inclination, I ſpent more Time and Money in this bewitching Amuſement, than I am willing to own. I was once, as I verily believed, within an Ace of the *Grand Elixir*, and after a diligent Proceſs of four Years, an Inſtance of Conſtancy I never ſhew'd before, if we may give any Credit to Adepts, or depend on the unerring Rules of this profound Art, I brought the Philoſopher's Stone into half a Pint of Liquor; and then, as my Manner is, I grew weary even of Succeſs, and neglected my good Fortune: This precious Liquor however I ſtill preſerve, and when I find a Genius worthy of ſo valuable a Secret, I intend to beſtow it upon him as a Preſent. If none ſuch appear in my Life-time, I ſhall leave it by my Will in the Hands of Truſtees, to be given to any Publick ſpirited Perſon, who ſhall have found out the Longitude, or ſhall have reconcil'd the different Parties and Intereſts that divide this Nation.

Thus my Inclination carry'd me to all Kinds of Learning, but chiefly to thoſe out of the common Way: I gain'd a ſuperficial Smattering in each, but following every Thing by Fits and Starts,

Starts, I was never ſedate and fix'd enough to become a Maſter in any.

My Fancy being ſo deſultory, my Taſte ſo changeable, and my Diſpoſition of Mind ſo ill adapted to Labour, I amus'd my ſelf only in forming Sketches and imperfect Draughts of Science; and if ever I expreſs'd Beauty and Symmetry, it was by delineating particular Parts unconnected with the Whole: Suppoſe a Painter ſhould fill his Room with *Tableaus*, in ſome of which he had drawn nothing but Eyes and Ears, in ſome only Mouths and Noſes, and in others none but Legs and Arms, and had never united theſe Parts to make one finiſh'd Figure, this would be ſome Reſemblance of my Imagination, which is fill'd with numerous diſunited Branches, but is not adorn'd with one compleat Syſtem.

When I arriv'd at my Forty-ſecond Year, I began to ſettle into a more conſiſtent Diſpoſition of Mind and Regularity of Judgment; then my Life became more equal and uniform, which was not a little owing to the wiſe Counſel and frequent Converſation of Sir EUSTACE LOCKER, to whom at that Time I had the Honour to be known: It was he that introduc'd and recommended me to the Favour and Friendſhip of his ingenious and learned Acquaintance, and firſt propos'd me as Secretary to our Society, of which my former Papers have given an Account.

NUMBER VIII.

Neſcio quid meditans nugarum; totus in illis.
(Hor.

WEDNESDAY, *December* 2. 1713.

GOodneſs and not Truth is the ultimate Object of our Wiſhes, in the Enjoyment of which the Perfection and Felicity of intelligent Natures conſiſt: Knowledge therefore cannot be deſirable for its own Sake, and meerly as it ſtocks the Imagination with Ideas, and adorns the Mind with Schemes of Speculation, but is valuable only as it is beneficial to the Poſſeſſor, and as it enables him to be uſeful to Mankind.

This our Forefathers, in the eldeſt Ages of the World, well underſtood, before good Senſe and Simplicity of Manners were corrupted by the degenerate and falſe Wiſdom of vain Philoſophers, who ſtudious only to know, and not to act, ſpent all their Time in idle Contemplation. The firſt Men paid the greateſt Veneration to thoſe, who invented Arts or Sciences that brought any ſolid Good to the Publick. Thoſe who by any Diſcoveries had deſerv'd well of their Country, were applauded while alive, and ador'd after Death. Not only *Ceres*, the Inventor

tor of Agriculture; *Pacchus*, of planting the Vine; *Vulcan*, of working in Iron; and others for the like Reaſons, were deify'd and worſhip'd by the People; but even *Æſculapius*, who found out the Art of drawing Teeth, and preſcribing a purging Medicine, as *Cicero* relates, was highly reverenc'd, and after his Deceaſe was rais'd to the Dignity of a Demi-God, and provided with a Temple, Altar, and Prieſts. So great a Value was then put upon Men, that had diſcover'd any Thing of general Benefit. For this Reaſon I perſwade my ſelf, that if any eminent Operator for cutting Corns, and giving Eaſe to afflicted Toes, had liv'd in thoſe Primitive Ages, he had ſooner been conſecrated after his Death, and enroll'd among inferior Deities, than any idle Compilers of Philoſophical Romances, who might have amus'd the People with empty Speculations, but not have procur'd them any real Good.

'Tis worthy of Obſervation, that in After-Times the great *Michael Angelo* deriv'd his Sirname *Buonorota*, from inventing a Cart of a new Faſhion, which might be drawn by one Horſe, in pity to a poor Man who had but one left; tho' this great Artiſt never had an Apellation of Honour given him for any of the ſtately Palaces he had built, nor for his wonderful Dome conſecrated to St. *Peter*; and by the Deciſion of right Reaſon, the Title *Buonorota* ariſing from an Act of Compaſſion and Benevolence redounded more to his Glory, than that of *Germanicus* or *Aſiaticus* would have done, had he procur'd either of them by hoſtile Invaſions, and by the Deſtruction of Mankind.

Since therefore Arts and Sciences are only valuable, as they are beneficial, the Rank of their Merit

Merit and Excellence muſt be ſettled by the different Degrees of their Uſefulneſs. Hence Divine and Moral Knowledge, that ennobles and extends the Soul, multiplies and exalts our Ideas, and improves our ſuperior Faculties, as directly tending to promote the Perfection and Felicity of human Nature, claims the higheſt Place among Intellectual Endowments. Next to this, I place the Contemplation of the wiſe and admirable Turns of Providence in the Government of the Moral World, conſpicuous in the ſurprizing Changes of States and Kingdoms, and the various Fates of Families and Perſons, but eſpecially in ſo over-ruling and guiding the Enterprizes of Princes, as to make them often produce contrary Events to thoſe they had deſign'd. The Knowledge of Policy and Oeconomy, which regard the Happineſs of Man as a Member of a Civil Society, or of a Family, then Agriculture, Phyſick and Mechanical Arts take their Place, in the ſubordinate Gradations of Honour. The Accompliſhments of a meer Grammatical Critick, and a Commentator on the Claſſick Authors or the ancient Philoſophers, tho' they may in ſome ſort be beneficial, yet muſt be contented with the loweſt Rank, becauſe Mankind may be very happy without them.

A Man may enjoy good Health, be eſteem'd and lov'd by his Neighbours, have the Poſſeſſion of himſelf, and live comfortably with his Family, tho' he is not ſatisfy'd which of the diſputed Syllables or Stops is the true Reading in an ancient Writer. Should the Controverſies of Criticks continue undecided till Doomſday, I cannot ſee what great Detriment would befall Mankind: They are not of that Importance, that the Events of

of War, the Revolutions of States and Empires, or any weighty Affairs of Families or Perſons, ſhould turn upon their Determination.

Theſe Reflections have been occaſion'd by a Letter communicated to me by my Bookſeller, which he receiv'd from the Chaplain of Sir *Gregory Bookworm*, a Country Gentleman of a great Eſtate.

To Mr. -------- *Bookſeller in* London.

Nov. 12. 1713.

SIR,

'A Gentleman of your Town, whoſe Name 'I ſhall conceal, lately din'd with Sir 'Gregory; his Converſation at firſt turn'd upon 'the ſurprizing Curioſities and wonderful Pro-'ductions of Nature, which he exemplify'd in 'the admirable Structure and Variety of Cockle-'ſhells; and the numerous Kinds of Graſs, 'which, as I remember, he ſaid were Four-'ſcore. He next expatiated on the Hiſtory of Muſhrooms, and the Properties of that peculiar Worm or Inſect bred in this dubious Species, whoſe Volatile Salt, as he ſaid, made it ſuch an agreeable Sauce. Here he made a Digreſſion, and inſtructed the Company in the Nature and Kinds of Sauces, by learned Remarks from *Apicius* and Dr. *L*------. At length he began to ſhine forth, and ſhew his Erudition: He deſcrib'd his own, and ſome other noble Libraries, and told how admirably they were contriv'd, fitted up and adorn'd with Folio's, and other ſubordinate Sizes, all gilt and rang'd in beautiful Order, till I began to conſider him as an Upholſterer in Learning,

'that hangs and furniſhes large Rooms with 'Writers of all ſorts, but eſpecially thoſe of no 'uſe: If he he is any thing more, it muſt be 'only a Virtuoſo in Books, who amaſſes the 'Works of the Learned and Unlearned, with-'out Diſtinction, not to peruſe them, but only 'to outvie all Pretenders to the Science of col-'lecting Authors. By his Diſcourſe, which was 'wholly about the Hiſtory of Learning, and 'the Editions of Writers, he ſeem'd to me to 'have more the Air of the Bookſeller, than the 'Scholar. However, he gain'd ſo upon my Pa-'tron, who has a Head turn'd that Way, that 'he has reſolv'd to augment his Library with ſe-'veral Shelves, and to add new Levies to each 'Regiment of Authors. In purſuance of this 'Deſign, he has commanded me to write to you, 'to furniſh his empty Spaces with Three Yards 'of *myſtick Theology*, and as many of the ſubtile 'and profound Labours of the *Schoolmen*; he 'deſires ſeven Foot in Folio of the beſt *Civil 'Law*; but if you can procure him the *Tractatus Tractatuum*, he'll build a Place on purpoſe 'to receive thoſe numerous Volumes.

'Being determin'd to ſearch the Depths of 'Philoſophy, and having all Modern Writers in 'Contempt, compar'd with the ancient Sages, 'he deſires you to ſend him *Ariſtotle*'s Philoſo-'phical Works, and an entire Collection of his 'Commentators.

'He deſires likewiſe all Authors whatſoever, 'that have been long out of Print, and are 'found in very few Hands; ſuch as the *Bible of 'Sixtus Quintus*, *Avicenne of the Soul*; and, in 'ſhort, if you ſee in any Catalogue to be ſold by 'Auction, the Title of a Book with this Paren-

'theſis

'theſis at the End *(Liber variſſimus)* be it what 'it will, buy it, and as to the Price, your Com-'miſſion is unlimited. He had given Order for 'Sir *Iſaac Newton*'s Philoſophy, which he 'thought was ſcarce, but recall'd it, having 'heard that it is newly reprinted.

'I propos'd to him *Tillotſon*'s Works; but he 'rejected them with an Air of Contempt, and 'ſaid, That Author by lying in every Book-ſel-'ler's Shop, and every Gentleman's Cloſet, had 'loſt his Credit.

'You are commiſſion'd to procure all Philoſo-'phical Romances, ſuch as *The Syſtem of Carte-'ſius*, *Gaſſendus on Epicurus*, *Burnet's Theory of the 'Earth*, which he is told are entertaining, and 'writ in a high Taſte of Scholaſtick Errantry; 'any Eſſays of the Students in *Occult Philoſophy*, 'and of *Roſicrucian* Adepts on the Philoſopher's 'Stone, and Tranſmutation of Metals; all 'Pieces of Cabbaliſtical and Hieroglyphic 'Learning, and the Writers on Taliſmans, Ma-'gick, Dreams and Divination, will mightily 'oblige him. He has heard that many of theſe 'Authors were found in the Collection of the 'late Learned Smallcole-Man; if you can pro-'cure any of them from thoſe who bought 'them, he values no Coſt. He has nine Edi-'tions of *Boethius de Conſolatione*, and hears there 'is yet a Tenth printed at *Frankfort*; you muſt 'by all means get it, to compleat his Set. The 'ſcarce Editions of *Aldus*, the *Juntæ*, *Harry Ste-'phens*, *Vaſcocan*, and *Macæus*, are perfectly 'agreeable to his Taſte. My Commiſſion at this 'time ends ends, when I have told you that you 'muſt take care to ſend him the *French* Epick

'Poets, and the ingenious and Learned Labours 'of that Nation on Mottos and Devices.

I am your Humble Servant,

W--- B---.

Hujuſmodi paucas Poetæ reperiunt Comœ-
(dias
Ubi boni meliores fiant. Plaut.

NUMBER IX.

FRIDAY, *December* 4. 1713.

SIR *William Temple* ſpeaking, in ſome of his Writings, of ſuch Perſons as affect rather to be diſtinguiſh'd by the Briskneſs of their Imaginations, than by any proper Application of their Abilities, ſays, He knew a Stateſman that had rather have ſaid a Witty Thing, than done a Wiſe One; and had rather have made the Company laugh, than the Nation rejoyce.

The deſcribing this Affectation in a Grave Character, places it in a very ſtrong Light. Every one is immediately ſhock'd with the Notion of a Merry Judge, or a Facetious Divine; and yet

yet it would be proportionably ridiculous in any Perſon whatſoever, who ſhould ſeem to make Mirth the principal Buſineſs of his Life; as if Man were to be diſtinguiſh'd from Brute Animals by Riſibility only, and not by Reaſon.

I might mention the Immoralities which an exceſſive Affectation of raiſing Mirth is apt to betray Men into, ſuch as ſacrificing a Worthy Character, a Friend, and ſometimes a Man's Self, and his greateſt Intereſts to the petulant Pleaſure of a Jeſt; but my Deſign is only to conſider it here as a Fault of the Underſtanding. And in this View it is the Parent of a World of falſe Wit, and forc'd Conceits, and more frequently diſturbs Converſation than enlivens it. I remember a Fellow of this Turn, who was famous about Town for making Similies; he had turn'd all the Powers of his Mind to this ſingle Attainment; and it was the whole Employment of his Life, to tell you with a ridiculous Vivacity of Imagination what any Thing which was mention'd or done in his Company was like. To the ſame Spring we owe many Writings of forc'd Humour and Raillery, ſuch Writers deſigning nothing but to raiſe a Laugh, and not conſidering that miſ-apply'd Raillery is only Ill-Nature, and that Humour without a Moral is Buffoonery.

If ever Mirth can lay claim to a full Scope and Indulgence, it is in the Buſineſs of Comedy; and yet I will venture to ſay, that a Comick Poet who ſhou'd only propoſe to himſelf the raiſing of Laughter, whatever might be his Succeſs in that, wou'd be but a wretched Writer. It is this

that has given occaſion to diſtinguiſh ſuch low Performances by the Name of *Farce*. It is not the lively Jeſt, the ſmart Repartee, or the witty Conceit; but the natural Views of Life, the moral Painting, the Manners, the Paſſions, the Follies, the Singularities, and Humours; in a Word, it is the Human Heart in all its odd Variety, pleaſantly repreſented, that makes up the elegant Entertainment of Comedy. In this the Author preſents Mankind to his Audience; in the other Way of Writing he only exhibits *Himſelf*.

I was never better pleas'd than with an uncommon Obſervation made by a celebrated modern Writer, concerning the *Heautontimorumenos* of *Terence*; namely, that *in that excellent Comedy there are Paſſages which wou'd draw Tears from a Man of Senſe, but not one that will provoke his Laughter*. I believe the Reader will not be diſſatisfy'd to ſee this Remark further exemplify'd by Two very fine Inſtances, the laſt of which that ingenious Writer would never have mention'd. The Firſt is an Ancient Comedy of *Plautus*, the other is a Scene in the *Funeral*, or *Grief Alamode*, by Mr. *Steele*.

The whole Fable of the Comedy of the *Captives* in *Plautus* is of a ſerious Caſt, and has ſomething in it wonderfully amuſing, *Hægio* had Two Sons, and had been depriv'd of them both: The Firſt was ſtolen away when an Infant, by a perfidious Servant, who had ſold him, but the Father did not know where. The other, whoſe Name was *Philopolemus*, was many Years afterwards taken in the Wars, and carry'd to *Elis*.

Hægio

Hægio lays out great Sums in the Purchaſe of ſeveral Captives taken by his Countrymen from the People of *Elis*, in Hopes he might meet with ſome one of Condition, who might be a Ranſom for his Son. Among others he purchaſes a Maſter and his Servant; the Firſt named *Philocrates*, the other *Tyndarus*. *Philocrates* was Son to a conſiderable Citizen of *Elis*; and to favour his obtaining his Liberty, the Maſter and Servant agree, on this Occaſion, to exchange their Names. The Quality and Wealth of *Philocrates* are therefore own'd to *Hægio*, but the true Perſon conceal'd; and *Tyndarus*, who repreſents him, prevails with the old Man to ſend the other, who he pretends is his Servant, to *Elis*, to procure the Exchange of *Hægio*'s Son *Philopolemus*; and at the ſame time ſtipulates to pay a Price, if the Meſſenger ſhould not return. *Hægio* agrees to the Propoſal, and *Philocrates* by this Means obtains his Liberty.

The Gratitude of a Servant to an indulgent Maſter, with whom he had long liv'd in great mutual Kindneſs, is wrought up in this Scene with the moſt beautiful Elegance. *Hægio* himſelf hearing the two Captives ſpeak to one another with ſo much Affection in their common Calamity, breaks out into theſe Expreſſions, *Good Gods! what generous Minds have theſe Men! I cannot hearken to them without Tears.* At their Parting, *Tyndarus* begs *Philocrates* not to forget him when he was gone, but to remember that his Life ſtood engag'd for him; and that he muſt expect to be put to Death, if he deſerted him, or if the Negotiation prov'd unſucceſsful.

Philo-

Philocrates is no ſooner gone, than *Ariſtophontes*, another Captive of *Elis*, whom *Hægio* had formerly bought, and who was a Kinſman of *Philocrates*, being brought to *Tyndarus*, to ſee if he knew him, diſcovers the Impoſture. *Hægio* thinking himſelf now abuſed and cheated, ſends *Tyndarus* among his other Slaves to hard Labour, and to ſuffer Chaſtiſement. The Poet has given *Tyndarus* on this Occaſion very noble Sentiments. He comforts himſelf in the Thought, that the Memory of his Gratitude to his Maſter will be perpetuated hereafter; and that, whatever may be his Lot, *he does not die that gives up his Life for Vertue.* The Slave that had diſcover'd him, when he ſees on what Principles *Tyndarus* had acted, is touch'd, and cries out, He is glad *Philocrates* is at Liberty, but ſorry that his Words had brought Puniſhment on the Man who had freed him.

In the Concluſion, *Philocrates* returns, and brings with him *Hægio*'s Son *Philopolemus*, and likewiſe that falſe Servant who had formerly robb'd him. By Means of the latter, *Tyndarus*, who had been repreſented by the Poet with ſo liberal a Mind, is diſcover'd to be that Son of *Hægio* whom he had loſt when a Child, and whoſe true Name was *Pægnium*, who being ſold at that Time to the Father of *Philocrates*, was by him beſtow'd on his Son, and bred with him from their Infancy. This beautiful Diſcovery concludes the Fable. It is plain that there is little in the whole to raiſe Mirth, excepting the inconſiderable Part of the Sycophant; and the Poet, in his Epilogue, Part of which is placed as the Motto of this Paper, values himſelf upon this

Enter-

Entertainment, as of a more rais'd and elegant Kind than is to be met with in vulgar Comedies.

Of the ſame Kind is the Part of *Truſty* the Steward, in the Comedy of *Grief Alamode*. Every own will own, that in this Play there are many lively Strokes of Wit and Humour; but I muſt confeſs I am more pleas'd with the fine Touches of Humanity in it, than with any other Part of the Entertainment. When the honeſt Steward comes to the Lodgings of his diſinherited young Lord, whom for many Years he had not ſeen; the fond Reflections he makes there, his Digreſſions from his Purpoſe, his embracing him with Tears, and running over every little Circumſtance of the Family that cou'd feed his Tenderneſs, till he had loſt himſelf in his Diſcourſe; and then his recovering, begging Pardon, and coming to his preſent Buſineſs, are imagin'd with the utmoſt Delicacy. How natural and agreeable is that little Ramble of Thought, while he is waiting for him, *I was, I think, Three and Twenty when this young Lord was chriſten'd; what ado was there about calling him* Francis!---- *Theſe are but poor Lodgings for him; I cannot bear the Joy to think I ſhall ſave the Family from which I have had my Bread.*---- I might tranſcribe his whole Speech afterwards, on his ſeeing his young Lord. But as it is ſo well known on the Stage, that there is no need of it, I ſhall conclude with obſerving, that this is not only Nature, but Nature of the moſt beautiful Kind; or, to borrow *Plautus*'s own Remark, by the Repreſentation of ſuch Plays even *good Men may be made better.*

NUMBER X.

Diſcincta tunica fugiendum eſt, ac pede nudo.
(Hor.

MONDAY, *December* 7. 1713.

THE Danger which our little *Lay-Monaſtery* ſo lately eſcap'd of being plunder'd, has been a frequent Subject of Diſcourſe among us. Sir ARTHUR WIMBLETON now takes his Seat at Sir EUSTACE's Right Hand at the Table. We have all agreed to place him the next in Honour to our Founder; and in caſe of another Aſſault, he is already minuted in our Books as Governor of the *Lay-Convent*. We often commend his artful Way of applying to the Mob. Mr. JOHNSON ſays, He is an admirable Expoſitor of Words; and NED FREEMAN the other Day ask'd him pleaſantly, What thoſe unlucky Stories were, that had like to have brought him into the *Inquiſition* in *Italy*?

The Knight was rais'd to the Height of good Humour at our Praiſes, and at the Diſtinction we all pay him; and to ſhew at the ſame time that he was not unprovided of an Anſwer to NED FREEMAN, he related the following Story, which he aſſured us was well known in *Italy*, and which diverted us ſo much, that I was order'd to take

take it down in Writing, and publiſh it for the Paper of this Day.

Father *Nicolo* of *Narni* was a celebrated Preacher, and had generally a quick Eye in the Pulpit over the Female Part of his Audience. He was one Day preaching at *Catanea* in *Sicily*, when among the reſt of his Auditory, he ſpy'd out a very agreeable young Woman, nam'd *Agatha*, Wife to one *Ruggieri*, a Phyſician, and was immediately enamour'd with her Beauty. The Lady was ſo devout, as to have her Eye conſtantly fix'd on the Preacher, and could not help perceiving that he was handſome, nor wiſhing ſecretly that her Husband were no leſs agreeable. After Sermon ſhe addreſs'd her ſelf to Father *Nicolo* for Confeſſion, who was overjoy'd at this lucky Opportunity of diſcovering his Paſſion. *Agatha* had ſoon diſpatch'd the Account of her own Sins; after which ſhe very generouſly confeſs'd for her Husband too, and asked the Holy Man, If he had no Cure for an old Man's Jealouſy? The Father reply'd, That Jealouſy was a Paſſion not to be avoided by the happy Perſon who poſſeſs'd ſo divine a Creature. *Agatha* ſmil'd, and thinking it time to return to ſome Female Friends who were waiting for her, deſir'd Abſolution. The Confeſſor ſigh'd, and leering on her with a languiſhing Look, My fair Daughter, ſays he, who can free another that is bound himſelf? I'm chain'd by the irreſiſtible Power of your Beauty; and without your Aſſiſtance I can neither abſolve my ſelf nor you. *Agatha* was young and unexperienc'd, yet by the Help of a good natural Apprehenſion ſhe was not at a Loſs to unravel the Meaning of theſe Words: She had beſides, to quicken

quicken her Wit, been ſtrictly guarded and ill uſed by Doctor *Ruggieri*. She therefore ſoon let the Father ſee that ſhe underſtood him, and that ſhe was not diſpleas'd to find, notwithſtanding the Sanctity of his Character, that he was Fleſh and Blood. The Buſineſs of the Abſolution was now forgot: Father *Nicolo* preſſed his Paſſion; and at his earneſt Requeſt, the Lady undertook to find Means that he ſhould make her a Viſit. After a ſhort Pauſe, ſhe acquainted him, in order to this, that ſhe was troubled with Fits, and that all the Medicines her Husband could adminiſter, procur'd her no Eaſe; therefore, ſaid ſhe, the next time he is ſent for into the Country, I'll feign my ſelf ſeiz'd with my uſual Diſtemper, and ſend to you to bring ſome Relick of St. *Griffon* for my Relief. You will, I ſuppoſe, comply with the Summons, and one of my faithful Maids ſhall be ready to conduct you to my Chamber. The Father applauded her Wit, pronounc'd a thouſand Bleſſings on her for this happy Invention, embrac'd her rapturouſly in his Arms, and thus they parted.

Honeſt *Ruggieri*, who dreamt nothing of what had paſs'd, went very opportunely out of Town the next Morning. The Lady was immediately ſeiz'd with a terrible Fit, and in the midſt of her Attendants, who were officious in helping her, frequently call'd on the Name of St. *Griffon*, for Aſſiſtance. The crafty Confident that ſtood by, and was intruſted with the Secret, took the Hint, and preſs'd her to ſend for the Relicks of that Saint, which ſhe ſaid were famous for their miraculous Virtue and wonderful Cures. The Miſtreſs, who ſeem'd ſcarce able to utter her Words, bid her do as ſhe thought fit. Father

Nicolo

Nicolo preſently had Notice, and obey'd the Summons with the utmoſt Expedition.

The Father now arrived, and following his Female Guide, enter'd the Room where the afflicted Lady lay, and drew near her Bed-ſide with a becoming Gravity. *Agatha* receiv'd him with profound Reverence, and begg'd the Charity of his prevailing Prayers to Heaven, and to St. *Griffon*. He exhorted her to prepare her ſelf, that ſhe might be qualified to receive the Benefit of the ſacred Relicks he had brought; in order to which, ſays he, it is firſt neceſſary that with a contrite Heart you have Recourſe to Confeſſion, that ſo your Soul being heal'd, your Body may more eaſily be cured. The Lady reply'd, She deſired nothing more. This was a Signal to the reſt who were in the Room to depart, which they preſently obey'd, and left the the Two Lovers to their private Devotion.

The good Father had not long apply'd the Relicks of St. *Griffon* for the Recovery of the devout *Agatha*, when *Ruggieri* was diſcover'd at the Entrance of the Street, who return'd ſooner than he was either deſired or expected. The Lovers were immediately alarm'd, and the Fryar leap'd upon the Floor in ſuch a Fright, that he forgot to take his Breeches, which upon that occaſion he had thrown by, as an unneceſſary Garment, at the Beds-head.

The Wench who was in the Secret, open'd the Door, and crying out that by the Favour of Heaven and of St. *Griffon*, her Lady was almoſt wholly recover'd, call'd in the reſt of the Attendants. *Ruggieri* arriv'd at the ſame inſtant, but was not well pleas'd to obſerve, that a Fryar had found the Way to his Houſe; nor

was he leſs diſturb'd at this new Illneſs of his Wife. *Agatha* perceiv'd his Diſorder by the Change of his Countenance, and immediately told him, that ſhe had been infinitely oblig'd to that Holy Father, by whoſe Prayers, together with the Application of the Relicks of St. *Griffon*, ſhe had been ſnatch'd from the Grave. The good Man was overjoy'd to hear it was no worſe, and correcting himſelf in his own Thoughts for his former Suſpicions, very heartily thank'd the Fryar, who after ſome pious Diſcourſe was glad to withdraw.

Father *Nicolo* was not gone far, before he recover'd out of his Fright, and the ſame Moment perceiv'd he had left his Breeches behind him. This put him into a new Concern; he durſt not go back, but comforted himſelf as well as he cou'd in the Hope that *Agatha* or her Maid wou'd find them firſt, and take care to prevent further Miſchief. Honeſt *Ruggieri* was now ſitting on the Bed-ſide by his Wife, and ſaying a Thouſand kind Things to her, when unluckily putting his Hand to adjuſt the Pillow under her Head, he laid hold on one of the Strings, and drew out the Breeches. This threw him into a worſe Fit than any his Wife was accuſtom'd to fall into; he ſtorm'd like a Mad-man, and ask'd how that Appurtenance of the Fryar came there? *Agatha*, who had all her Wits awaken'd by her new Amour, reply'd, without the leaſt Heſitation, that it was what ſhe had told him of. It is to this, ſays ſhe, I owe my Cure. This is the miraculous Garment of St. *Griffon*, which the Holy Father brought, and he has left it here for my greater Security, till the Evening, at which Time he will ſend for it, or fetch it himſelf.

Poor

Poor *Ruggieri*, hearing ſo ready and unexpected an Anſwer, believ'd, or pretended to believe her, and retired. The truſty Wench was now diſpatch'd on a new Errand, to deſire the Father to ſend for his Relicks. She underſtood her Buſineſs, and acquainted Fryar *Nicolo* with all that had paſs'd. The Fryar, preſs'd by the Neceſſity of the Affair, went to the Warden of the Houſe, and confeſſing the whole Intrigue, begged that he would help him out in this Extremity. The Warden ſharply reprov'd him for his Negligence; but ſaid there was no time to be loſt, and ſomething muſt be thought of to ſave the Reputation of the Order. He therefore caus'd the Chapter-Bell to be rung, and the Fryars being all aſſembled, he inform'd them, that Heaven had that Day wrought a moſt remarkable Miracle, by Virtue of St. *Griffon*'s Breeches, in the Houſe of *Ruggieri*, the Phyſician. In ſhort, he related to them the Particulars, and perſwaded them to go and fetch back the Holy Garment, in a ſolemn Proceſſion.

The Fryars were now drawn up in order, and with a Croſs carry'd before them, and the Warden at their Head, holding the Tabernacle of the Altar in his Hand, march'd two and two in profound Silence to *Ruggieri*'s Houſe. The Doctor met them at the Door, and demanded the Reaſon of this ſolemn Viſit. The Warden told him, they were oblig'd by the Rules of their Order, to ſend their Relicks privately to ſuch diſtreſs'd Perſons as demanded the Uſe of them; that if thro' the Sins of the Patient, the Relicks had no Effect, they were to fetch them as privately back; but when a manifeſt Miracle was wrought, they were to bring them home with

decent Ceremony, to publiſh the Miracle, and finally to record it in Form in the Regiſter of their Convent. *Ruggieri* now underſtood their Buſineſs, and expreſs'd himſelf overjoy'd at the Honour which was done him. He told the Fathers they were all welcome, and deſiring the Warden, and Father *Nicolo* to follow him, he led them to his Wife's Chamber. The good Lady who, it may be ſuppos'd, was not aſleep in this Juncture, held the Breeches in her Hand, bound decently up in a perfum'd Napkin, which the Warden having open'd, kiſs'd them with profound Reverence; and having caus'd them to be kiſs'd in like manner by all who were in the Room, he put them in the Tabernacle he had brought for that purpoſe, and gave the Signal to his Fraternity to return in the ſame Order.

The Fathers ſet forward in greater Solemnity than before, and ſinging an Anthem, march'd round the City, accompany'd with a numberleſs Croud, and then placing the Relick on the Altar of their Chappel, left it there, as an Object of Devotion. *Ruggieri* was zealous to promote the Reverence of the People to this pious Order, and with no little Oſtentation, acquainted all Perſons, where-ever he came, of the aſtoniſhing Miracle wrought on his Wife, by the Breeches of St. *Griffon*.

NUMBER XI.

Trahimur omnes laudis ſtudio, & optimus quiſque maxime gloria ducitur; Philoſophi etiam in libris, quos de contemnenda gloria ſcribunt, nomen ſuum inſcribunt. Tull.

WEDNESDAY, *December* 9. 1713.

FAme, which is the Opinion the World expreſſes of any Man's excellent Endowments, is the Idol to which the fineſt Spirits have in all Ages burnt their Incenſe; and the more generous and elevated any Genius is, the more vehement is his Thirſt, and the more eager are his Purſuits after this alluring Object. Whatever Power is invok'd, this is the real Muſe that inſpires the Poet, ſtocks his Imagination with beautiful Ideas, and kindles in his Breaſt the Divine Rapture. This glorious Prize at once dazles and animates the Warriour: 'Tis the Applauſe, the Triumph, the Pleaſure of being deafen'd with Acclamations, and diſtinguiſh'd and pointed at by the People, that makes him ſo patient of Toil, and puſhes him amidſt a Thouſand Dangers. As the powerful Inſtincts of Renown excite an ambitious Monarch to repeat his Conqueſts, and enlarge his Empire, ſo they raiſe up

Heroes to oppoſe his Arms, and check his Encroachments: Thus from the ſame Spring and Principle of Action, Nations are ſometimes enſlav'd, and ſometimes deliver'd.

This warms the Patriot with Zeal, and makes him think he is only ſerving his Country, while he is pleaſing himſelf with Purſuits of Popularity. This ſmooths the Tongue of the Senator, and makes it flow with Eloquence; and it were to be wiſh'd, that none of the venerable Men, who diſpence from the Pulpit Divine Inſtruction, had their Lips touch'd by a Coal from this Foreign Altar. Man is naturally a proud Animal, and is fond of nothing more than the Breath of Fame, to ſooth his Vanity, and flatter his Self-Admiration.

Tho' moſt of the celebrated Authors among the Ancients wrote by the Impulſe of Vain-glory, and Praiſe was the chief Reward they panted after, yet none ſo frankly own this Paſſion to be the Principle that inſpired them, as *Horace* and *Cicero:* What Exultation and Rapture does the former expreſs upon the Proſpect of imaginary Immortality? How has *Tully* blemiſh'd his Character, and obſcur'd his excellent Qualities by Self-Admiration, and by an open Acknowledgment, that he look'd on Praiſe and Honour as the chief Reward of Vertue, and of illuſtrious Actions. I bluſh for this Great Man, as often as I read the intemperate Expreſſions of his Thirſt of Glory, which ſo frequently blemiſh his admirable Writings.

'Tis ſurprizing and painful, to think that a Perſon of his excellent Facuities, Learning and Wit, ſhould be ſo extravagantly tranſported with this Paſſion. When he ſpoke his Invectives againſt

gainſt *Anthony*, Who would have thought he was only flattering himſelf, and pronouncing a Panegyrick upon his own Eloquence and Zeal for his Country; That when he defended *Roſcius*, he took upon him a Theatrical Perſon, as much as his Client had ever done, and only acted the Friend in great Perfection; and that when he accus'd *Cataline*, he only applauded the vigilant Conſul, magnify'd the Patriot, and entertain'd the Senate with his own Praiſe? And yet, 'tis evident, that ſuch was his inſatiable Thirſt after Applauſe, that whether he aſſum'd the Character of a Patriot or an Orator; whether he arraign'd the Criminal, or vindicated the Innocent, he had always the ſame View, and meant nothing but by various Means to procure Glory to himſelf.

A Writer in love with himſelf is ſo puff'd up with Applauſe and Popularity, that the Miſer does not enjoy more Satisfaction in ſurveying his Heaps of Treaſure, than the Author who ecchoes to himſelf the Encomiums of the People, gives in to the general Opinion of his Merit, and approves the Taſte and Judgment of his Admirers. Hence he draws in his Imagination his own Picture, with ſuch amiable Features, and ſets it off with ſuch beautiful Colours, that he is raviſh'd with the Reflection; and no Sycophant can ſooth an aſpiriring Prince with more artful Touches of Adulation, than thoſe, with which ſuch an Author feeds his own Vanity; no Man being ſo hearty and finiſh'd a Flatterer, as he that is making his Court to himſelf.

Nor is the Merit of a great Warrior, in the Purſuit of Glory, unlike to that of a ſelf-admiring Author. Fame, however thin and airy,

is

is the Food of great Minds, that are not endow'd with a more ſublime and generous Principle; and to the Deſire of this inferior Immortality, however empty and imaginary, are owing for the moſt part the Atchievements of Heroes and Patriots: Theſe flatter themſelves, that after Death they ſhall live by the Breath of Fame, and be carry'd up and down the World, like the airy Phantoms or Apparitions of *Epicurus*. 'Tis true, in this they confeſs the Belief of a future State; for it cannot be imagin'd why they ſhould deſire to be ſpoken of with Honour after their Deceaſe, if they did not believe they ſhould ſtill exiſt, and enjoy the Encomiums beſtow'd by Poſterity on their Names: Yet this will not deſerve the Apellation of Vertue; for if the fine Writer or brave Warrior terminate all their Views upon themſelves, if the Author only contemplates the bright Emanations of his Mind, as reflected and coming back to himſelf in Glory and Praiſe; and the Soldier takes the Field, and performs Wonders, chiefly for Laurels and Admiration; tho' this approaches the neareſt to true Merit of any thing that is ſhort of it, yet their Actions ſpringing from a wrong Principle, and being directed to an unwarrantable End, are but ſplendid Illuſions, and Faults diſguis'd under the beautiful Appearance of Vertue.

It is the incommunicable Prerogative of the ſupreme Being to ſearch the ſecret Thoughts, and diſcern the Bent and Inclination of the Mind, and therefore no Man by immediate Inſpection into the Receſſes of the Soul, can charge upon another the Guilt of acting upon the Principle of Vain-glory: But there is one certain diſtinguiſhing Mark, that diſcovers this irregular

regular Spring to one's ſelf and to others, and that is, if the Hero or Patriot, the Philoſopher or Poet, who pretend the good of their City, their Country and of Mankind, ſhould in other Inſtances expreſs a Contempt of Moral Obligation, and become Practiſers of Vice, and Patrons of Impiety. 'Tis impoſſible ſuch Men can be govern'd by a genuine Principle of Vertue, which never fails to produce an equal and uniform Series of good and generous Actions.

Theſe Reflections cannot but elevate our Conceptions, and engage the Mind in the Contemplation of the admirable Conduct of Providence, which makes uſe of culpable Paſſions and irregular Principles, ſubſtituted by Men in the Place of ſincere Merit, to bring about Ends of the greateſt Importance and Benefit to Mankind. If no great or illuſtrious Actions, in which the Common Good and the Happineſs of Societies are concern'd, were to be perform'd by any but Diſintereſted Men who act from a Motive of real Vertue, How often would States and Kingdoms be involv'd in Confuſion and Ruin, while no Warriors would be found to defend, nor Statesmen to direct and rule them? But when Principles of Vertue are wanting, as apparently they are in the Maſs of Mankind, the deſire of Popularity and falſe Glory, by the wiſe Adminiſtration of the Moderator of the World, in a great Meaſure ſupplies their Abſence.

By what ſtrong Impulſe anxious Mortals ſtrive
That their own Funerals they may long ſurvive?
Charm'd with its Splendor, all at Glory *aim,*
And ardent climb the tempting Heights of Fame.

Behold

Behold, for this imaginary Good,
Intrepid Warriors wade thro' Seas of Blood!
Sages for this, with painful Labour ſpent,
Subvert old Syſtems, and new Schemes invent.
Now dive to view the Wonders of the Main,
Then range the Meteors, curious to explain
The Birth of infant Storms, and ſecret Springs of Rain.
While others, ſtudious 'midſt the ſtarry Skies,
Explore new Worlds with late invented Eyes;
Deſcribe the Empire which the Sun controuls,
And how each Planet round its Centre rowls.
The Poets own their reſtleſs Aims aſpire
To laſting Fame; for this they ſtring the Lyre,
Exert their Genius, and exhauſt their Fire.
And yet their Atoms, ſcatter'd by the Wind
Thro' the wide Void, or to the Tomb confin'd,
Of all we ſay, unconſcious ſtill remain,
They taſte no Pleaſure, as they feel no Pain!
Does MARO *ſmile, when we extol his Lays,*
Or TULLY *liſten, in his Urn, to Praiſe?*
Do Shouts of Triumph ſooth great CÆSAR's *Ear*
Or Fame, young AMMON, *thy cold Aſhes cheer?*
While fooliſh Men, with vain Ambition try
To live in Sound, and Names that never die;
Exalted Minds ſhould Toil ſuperior bear,
More Hazards run, and warmer Zeal declare,
Whoſe generous Thoughts, inſpir'd by Vertue, aim
At bliſsful Life and true immortal Fame.

NUMBER XII.

——Vellem haud correpta fuiſſet
Militia tali—— Virg.
Inq; tuo Vultu ſigna timentis habe. Ovid.

FRIDAY, *December* 11. 1713.

NED FREEMAN, who, as I have already inform'd the Reader, is more inclin'd to Converſation than to Writing, was call'd upon by the Society at their laſt ſitting, for his *Quota* towards the Entertainment we had promis'd to the Publick; and after his careleſs Manner, puting his Hand into his Coat-Pocket, he threw a folded Paper upon the Table, without ſaying a Word of what it was, or introducing it with any Speech. The whole Company ſmiled, and own'd themſelves not a little ſurpriz'd at NED's Readineſs in anſwering their Demand, when they expected to have been put off with ſome pleaſant Excuſe. I took up the Paper, by Order, and was going to read it, when Sir ARTHUR WIMBLETON call'd to me to hold.---- And now, Gentlemen, ſays he, before Mr. RAVENSCROFT begins, I'll venture a good Wager, it is ſomething other about the Ladies. This rais'd a good deal

deal of Mirth, when upon my reading the very first Words, it appear'd to be as Sir ARTHUR had gueſs'd; for the Title of it was, *On* Fear *in Women.* The Society reſolv'd to let it paſs in NED's free Way of Writing, without making any Amendments. The Doctor ſaid he always took Mr. FREEMAN for a good Judge of Female Human Nature. Mr. JOHNSON fancy'd, by ſome few Touches in it, that he wou'd ſucceed in Good-humour'd Satyr, if he had not too much Gallantry to indulge his Vein in it. Sir EUSTACE expreſs'd himſelf well enough entertain'd, but ſhook his Head with a Smile at one or two Paſſages, and cry'd----NED's *a Wag*, NED's *a Wag*. The Paper is as follows.

MILTON has given us a fine Diſtinction of the Two Sexes in his Deſcription of the firſt Pair in Paradiſe.

For Contemplation He and Valour form'd,
For Softneſs She, and ſweet attractive Grace.

And afterwards:

His fair large Front and Eye ſublime declar'd
Abſolute Rule----
She, as a Veil, down to her Shoulders broad
Her unadorned Golden Treſſes wore,
Diſhevell'd, but in wanton Ringlets wav'd,
As the Vine curls her Tendrils, which imply'd
Subjection----

Here Contemplation, Courage, and Dominion are aſſerted as Prerogatives of Man; and Softneſs and Subjection as proper to Women: It muſt

muſt be own'd that this Diſtinction in particular Inſtances, is ſometimes loſt. The *French* Ladies have often rivall'd their Husbands, in Philoſophy and *Latin*; and ours, as we are a valiant People, and addicted to Diſpute about Matters of Government, have now and then the upper-hand of their Spouſes in the Articles of Courage and Dominion. Yet I have never heard of any Univerſities of Learned Ladies, nor of any Nations of Valiant Females, except the fabulous Nation of the *Amazons*.

It is generally thought, according to *Milton*'s Deſcription, that Nature only has made this Difference in the Sexes: That the Strength of Man diſpoſes him to Boldneſs in Danger, and that the tender Apprehenſions of the Fair Sex ariſe from the delicate Frame of their Bodies. But tho' Courage may depend much upon natural Conſtitution, it is hard to ſay what that Conſtitution is. Strength does not ſupply it, becauſe many ſtrong Perſons have little Courage; one wou'd rather think it ſhou'd ariſe from an abundant Supply of Animal Spirits; yet if this were true, the Ladies wou'd have the Advantage, and wou'd be as frequently an Over-match for us in Action, as they are in Diſcourſe.

Leaving it therefore to natural Philoſophers to enquire how far, and in what manner Conſtitution of Body furniſhes Courage; there are, I think, other Cauſes into which this Difference in the Sexes may be reſolv'd, ſuch as Cuſtom, Education, and a different Manner of Life. And perhaps I need not have named any thing more than Cuſtom, or the Faſhion. The Expectation of the World, and the Eyes of the Two Sexes turn'd upon each other, might, for

ought I know, be ſufficient to keep up this Diſtinction; for Valour in Man, is often no more than the Shame of ſhewing Fear: And Fear in Woman, is look'd upon by us as a Grace; and is, beſides, a kind of ſilent Call upon Man for his Aſſiſtance and Protection.

I ſuppoſe then, that notwithſtanding any natural Diſtinction, if it were not for Cuſtom and Education, this Diſtinction wou'd very often be loſt. That Courage is to be acquir'd by Practice, like other Habits, is certain, and has been prov'd by many Examples: Danger, when it grows a familiar Acquaintance, loſes much of its Terror; and ſome Captains have become very enterprizing Men, who have at firſt been terrify'd at every Fire in a Battle. The Buſineſs of the World without Doors, lies on the Men, and the Trouble and Hazard it expoſes them to, is the Fine they pay for their Ambition of governing it. The Women are excus'd from this. Domeſtick Rule may perhaps fall to their Share; but it is that they exerciſe their Power at a leſs Expence. And when they are abroad in the World, the Civility that is generally paid them, protects them from the Inſults to which Men are expos'd; for moſt of our Sex have Knight-Errantry enough to fence off any Danger that threatens them: So that they are accuſtom'd to depend on the Guard of others, like effeminate Princes, that never fight but by Proxy.

But where Cuſtom and Education have been different from this, we ſee the Effects are different too: As in *France* it is a Faſhion for Ladies of the better Rank to learn *Latin* and *Greek*; ſo in many Parts of *Germany*, the Women, among the Common People, are inured to bear Fatigue and

and Hazards, like the Men; and I do not know why a ſturdy *Palatine* Wife, who cou'd work and carry Burthens for her Husband, might not upon Occaſion fight for him too, if ſhe thought he deſerv'd it. The famous Maid of *Orleans*, that commanded the *French* Army, and ſo valiantly defended her Country in the Time of our King *Henry* VI. was the Daughter of a Shepherd, and probably ow'd her Courage to a Life of Labour, Hardſhip and Extreme Poverty. I might produce other modern Examples of Female Courage. Several *Swediſh* Women are ſaid to have put themſelves in Diſguiſe, and to have fought under General *Torſtenſon*, in the War with the *Germans*, about the Year 1645. and were diſcover'd by ſtripping of the dead Bodies. And in the War of 1672. between *France* and the *Netherlands*, the Women of a Town in *Holland* made a bold Sally, and beat off the Beſiegers; but inſtead of ſearching Hiſtory for Inſtances, I ſhall entertain my Reader with one which is very remarkable, and which I ſet down here from the Report of ſuch Perſons as were Witneſſes to the Truth of it.

At the Siege of *Namur*, by King *William*, an Enſign call'd *Robert Cornelius*, was obſerv'd to ſhew a more than common Bravery. This Perſon, after having receiv'd ſeveral Wounds, being carried to be dreſt by the Surgeons, was diſcover'd to be a Woman. The Novelty was ſo great, and ſo ſurprizing to many in the Army, who had ſeen her Bravery on that and other Occaſions, that it ſoon came to the King's Ear, who had the Curioſity to go to ſee ſo extraordinary a Warrior. The Account ſhe gave of her ſelf was very particular: She affirm'd that ſhe was born of *Dutch*

Parents, who to prevent the Loſs of a ſmall Annuity which they were to enjoy on the Birth of a Male-Child, had caus'd her to be chriſten'd as a Boy, and bred her up as ſuch to an advanc'd Age, before they thought fit to entruſt even her ſelf with the Secret. Among other Diverſions ſuitable to her ſuppos'd Sex, ſhe had learn'd to beat a Drum, and at laſt liſted her ſelf for a Soldier. This adventrous Female, who began, it ſeems, with taking a Fancy to that Inſtrument of Noiſe, was ſoon after made a Serjeant, and after that an Enſign. She had been in many Actions, undiſcover'd, as ſhe ſaid, till this Occaſion. After the Peace of *Reſwick*, ſhe had a Penſion given her in *England*; ſhe was at that Time married to one of her former Comrades, and was not many Years ago together with her Husband in *Chelſea* College.

But Inſtances of this kind are not frequent, and tho' we may be ſurpriz'd at them we are always ſhock'd at them too. Courage does not ſit well upon Female Modeſty, nor appear ſo agreeable to that Softneſs that makes them the Objects of Love; and I have a ſhrewd Suſpicion that none of the Virago's, who have ſignaliz'd themſelves in the Field, had any Domeſtick Charms. Beauty, according to the *Greek* Epigram, is Woman's Strength; or her Arms, as *Anacreon* has repreſented it; and where that is wanting, Courage is a much weaker Supply.

Fear, on the contrary, is ſo far from being look'd on as a Weakneſs in Women, that it is a kind of additional Charm; perhaps we conſider it as ſuch, becauſe it flatters us with an Idea of our Superiority, and places them in a kind of Dependence on us. But whatever be the Reaſon,

Reaſon, I appeal to all my Male Readers, who are acquainted with *Plutarch* and *Virgil*, whether they are not more touch'd, when they ſee the beautiful *Cleopatra* confeſs her Fear, and fly from the Battle of *Actium*, tho' it loſt *Anthony* the World, who was ſo puſillanimous as to follow her, to his Ruin; than when they behold the *Amazon Camilla*, ſo admirably deſcrib'd in *Virgil*, flying like a Fury among her Enemies, and ſpreading the Ground with Blood, Brains, an dmangled Bodies?

Fear ſoftens a lovely Face, and makes a handſome Woman appear handſomer. The Ladies ſeem ſenſible of this, and I have obſerv'd that great Beauties are the ſooneſt put into a Confuſion. A Thouſand nameleſs Graces are in ſuch an Inſtant kindled up in every Feature, and *Will. Wonder* has own'd to me, that he firſt fell in love with his Miſtreſs in a Fright; for which he often quotes that of *Waller*:

So Lightnings which in Storms appear,
Scorch more than when the Skies are clear.

How partial has Nature been to that Sex, if it has made their very Weakneſs Beautiful?

NUMBER

NUMBER XIII.

Tantos illa ſuo rumpebat Pectore quæſtus.
Virg.

MONDAY, *December* 14. 1713.

SIR ARTHUR WIMBLETON, who abounds with Friendſhip and Humanity, often does me the Honour to ſingle me out for a private Converſation. I was the other Day with this Gentleman, in his own Chamber, when I obſerv'd that He, who us'd to expreſs in his Aſpect a great Deal of Spirit and Alacrity, appear'd with an Air very thoughtful and dejected. I ask'd him the Reaſon of it, and he told me he had juſt then received News of the Death of a Niece of his, who was his particular Favourite, a Woman of great Vertue, Beauty and Diſcretion. She had been married about Twenty Years to a Gentleman of a plentiful Fortune; but his Manner of Life for the greateſt Part of the Time had been ſo extravagant and expenſive, that he had waſted his Eſtate, and brought his Family into a ſad Proſpect of Poverty and Contempt. It is now, ſays SIR ARTHUR, as I fear'd; He has broke the poor Woman's Heart. Here is a Letter ſhe wrote to him about ſix Months ago, when he was at a Friend's Houſe in the Country. She ſent

ſent me a Copy of it for my Approbation; and I now put it into your Hands to make it publick, for the Sake of ſuch diſſolute Heads of Families who have no Regard either to their Wives or their Poſterity.

To N----- B---- *Eſq;*

MY DEAR,

'FOR the firſt Years after our Marriage, it is 'impoſſible to deſcribe a State of greater 'Tranquility and Delight than you and I en-'joy'd. I do not remember that any haſty Ex-'preſſion, or any croſs Accident ever ruffled our 'Tempers, or created the leaſt Uneaſineſs. I, 'for my Part, thought it a Heaven upon Earth. 'I reflected on the Happineſs of my Condition 'with the utmoſt Joy and Gratitude to Provi-'dence. Where-ever I came, all Perſons ad-'mir'd and extoll'd your extraordinary Quali-'ties; and while I attended to them, I often 'betray'd in my Looks and Words the Pleaſure I 'felt in hearing your repeated Praiſes. I was 'the Envy of the Women, who us'd to expreſs 'the greateſt Eſteem of your Perſon and Endow-'ments, and with an Air that ſeem'd to ſpeak 'ſomething more than a bare Commendation. 'Such was the Sweetneſs and Vivacity, the 'Chearfulneſs and Equality of your Diſpoſition, 'ſo entertaining your Converſation, and ſo agree-'able your conſtant good Humour, that every 'Body heard you with Delight or Envy. I am 'ſure I always liſtned to your Diſcourſe with 'the utmoſt Pleaſure, but never to Satiety. Add 'to this the Marks that you gave me of an ar-

'dent

'dent Affection, and the Satisfaction you always 'expreſs'd in my Company, and it will not ſeem 'ſtrange that I eſteem'd my ſelf the moſt happy 'of Women.

'But O how ſoon were theſe joyful Days 'chang'd! After five Years, your own natural 'good Senſe began to be perverted by the Con-'verſation of looſe Perſons, with whom you 'then became acquainted, who ſeduc'd you from 'your Vertue and Innocence into a Way of Life, 'by which you have greatly diminiſh'd your 'Eſtate, and involv'd your ſelf in Debt; and to 'prevent our entire Deſtruction, I, who have 'earneſtly ſpoke to you in vain, have determi-'ned to write to you this Letter, as the laſt Way 'I have left of entreating you to conſider what 'you are doing.

'It is with great Satisfaction I acknowledge 'you ſtill retain your pleaſant Converſation and 'excellent Humour. I cannot complain of any 'Decay of Conjugal Affection on your Part, as 'I know there is none on mine. I wiſh your 'Happineſs as I do that of my own Soul. I 'have ſhewn how much I love you, and how 'little I am able to bear your Diſgrace, or ſee 'you uneaſy, by parting firſt with my Jointure, 'then with my Jewels, and at laſt with my 'Plate. I have liv'd, even without Neceſſaries, 'that I might prevent the Conſequences of your 'Profuſeneſs. I have laid down my Coach, 'turn'd off half my Servants, and neither make 'nor receive Viſits. I keep my ſelf and Chil-'dren bare of Clothes, and with cheap and 'ſpare Diet, and retrench all the Expences I am 'able. If the Children are ever ſo ſick, I have 'no Fee to give the Doctor, ſo I nurſe them as

'well

'well as I can, and we take our Turns to help 'one another.

'While you grow familiar every Day with 'new Acquaintance, you are alienated from your 'own Family: Tho' you lodge at home, you 'ſpend the greateſt part of your Time abroad; 'you ſeldom return till One or Two in the 'Morning, when you rap at the Door, and in-'form your Neighbours what Hours you keep; 'when you go to Bed you are ſo full of Wine, 'that your Reſt is very unquiet, and diſturb'd. 'I lye weeping by you, and tell the Clock ma-'ny Hours, while you are faſt aſleep; for you 'grone ſo, that I often ſtart up, and ſit in my 'Bed-gown to watch you; and ſometimes I 'think your Breath is quite gone, and am forc'd 'to awake you, for fear you ſhould be ſtrangled, 'and dye in your Intemperance.

'Conſider how much you are in Debt; the 'Baker, the Brewer, the Butcher, and many 'others, come every Day to receive their Bills, 'and it grieves me to the Heart, that I have no-'thing to give them but repeated Excuſes. I 'went Two Days ſince to your Friend Mr. *M*---, 'with your eldeſt Daughter, to buy her a Petti-'coat; when I had pitch'd upon the Silk, he 'told me he could not part with his Goods with-'out ready Money; that Expreſſion ſtruck, like 'a Dagger, to my Heart. I went home aſham'd 'and overwhelm'd with Grief, and the tender-'hearted Child obſerving it, fell into a Paſſion, 'and wept bitterly.

'*Betty* is a great Girl, and *Jenny* comes for-'ward apace, and, if all my Neighbours do not 'flatter me, and the Mother has not prejudic'd 'me, too much in their favour, they are Two as

'pretty,

'pretty, ſenſible, ſweet temper'd Children, as 'can be ſeen in any Family. My Dear, conſider 'theſe unhappy Girls, in a few Years, for want 'of Fortunes, muſt go out to Service, and earn 'their Bread with the Labour of their Hands. 'How can you, who once liv'd in Plenty and 'Splendor, bear the Thoughts of ſeeing your 'Daughters come home to viſit you in the old 'lac'd Shoes and caſt Mantua's of their Miſtreſ-'ſes? Is it not more deſirable to follow them to 'the Grave, than to ſee them reduc'd to ſuch a 'Condition?

'*Jack*, in half a Year, will be out of his Time, 'and the poor Boy will have nothing to ſet him 'up; he muſt become a Journey-Man, or an un-'der-Writer to one of the Companies of Trade, 'if his Diſappointment does not tempt him to 'ſeek his Fortune at Sea, or enter upon worſe 'Courſes by Land.

'You ſay you love me, and I believe you do; 'you expreſs a Fondneſs of your Children, and 'I am ſatisfy'd you are ſincere; Why then do 'you cruelly abandon us to Shame and Sorrow, 'and all the Calamities of Want and Poverty?

'Allow me, my Dear, to ſpeak freely to you; 'ſince it is perhaps the laſt Time I ſhall trouble 'you on this Subject. You know I love you, 'and that I can have no Deſign to upbraid or re-'proach you, but only to make you ſenſible of 'the approaching Ruin of your Family, which 'you may poſſibly yet prevent. Suffer me to 'unburden my Soul, and to expoſtulate with 'you in the bitter Anguiſh of my Heart. No 'Body will be ſo faithful and ſo importunate, or 'is under ſuch Obligations of Duty and Intereſt 'to deal ſo plainly with you, as the Wife that

'loves

'loves you, and that you love. My Boſom is 'ſo full I am ready to burſt; my Tears, while 'I write, flow down upon the Paper. Imagine 'then you ſaw me upon my Knees, praying to 'you thus; "I beſeech you, my Dear, I en-'treat, I conjure you by all our paſt Endear-'ments and ſolemn Vows, by your Intereſt and 'Duty, by the Love of a Husband, and the 'tender Bowels of a Father, alter your Courſe 'of Life, and ſave yet your Family, that muſt 'otherwiſe unavoidably periſh."

'If you are regardleſs of my Comfort and 'Welfare, what have your Innocent Children 'done to offend and provoke you to give them 'up to Want and Miſery? Should it not touch 'your Heart, and melt your very Soul, to conſi-'der that you have given Being to theſe unhap-'py Creatures; unhappy, by the profuſe Life of 'a good natur'd and indulgent Father? Nor is 'the Calamity like to ſtop here; for with their 'Kind they will perhaps propagate their Miſery, 'and produce a Train of indigent and abject 'Creatures, that ſhall feel the ſad Effects of your 'Faults to late Poſterity. Theſe will be told 'what a plentiful Eſtate you ſquander'd away, 'which brought them into their low Condition. 'Oh! my Breaſt ſwells, and my Heart will 'break by theſe Reflections! I am in an Ago-'ny of Trouble: Heaven grant I do not loſe 'my Senſes! -----If you are not mov'd by the 'ſad Fate that is ready to fall upon your Family, 'have ſome Mercy on your ſelf. When you have 'ſpent all, What muſt ſupport and comfort you 'under the Infirmities of Age? A Man in Years, 'reduc'd from a plentiful Condition to Poverty, 'is a ſad Spectacle; an Object of Pity to his

'Friends,

'Friends, and of Deriſion to his Enemies. 'Should it not pierce your Heart, to think that 'in all probability you will be brought ſo low, 'as to be glad to meet with a good natur'd Ac- 'quaintance, who out of Compaſſion to your 'Wants, yet with Modeſty and Tenderneſs, 'ſhall ſteal ſome ſmall Gift into your Hand, to 'help buy you Bread?

'I do not deſpair that theſe Lines may leave 'ſome Impreſſion on the Heart of one that poſ- 'ſeſſes ſo much Goodneſs of Nature, and whoſe 'eaſy Temper has been the chief Occaſion of 'his Errors. If you would take up, and enter 'upon a frugal Life, while ſomething is left for 'our Support, our Fortune might yet be retrie- 'ved. Both you and I have Relations of Inte- 'reſt and Wealth, who declare they will ſtand 'by you, and generouſly offer to procure you 'ſome Place of Profit, if you would apply your 'Thoughts to Buſineſs, and abandon your fatal 'Company. I am, my Dear,

Your moſt Affectionate
but afflicted Wife ----

NUMBER XIV.

Nil fuit unquam
Sic impar ſibi. Hor.

WEDNESDAY, *December* 16. 1713.

SO great is the Repugnancy between the Sentiments and Actions, the Principles and Purſuits of irreligious Men, that no two Things can be more contradictory in their Nature, or inconſiſtent in their Operations, than an Atheiſt is with himſelf. He declares it his ſettled Opinion that there is no Eternal Omnipotent Mind, the ſelf-exiſtent Cauſe of Beings, and the Fountain of all Motion in the Univerſe; That therefore there is no Supreme Governour of the World, who has made Laws to conſtitute the Duty of Man, or reſtrain the Liberty he has by Nature to act according to his Inclinations, and that hence Man is not an accountable Being, nor capable of contracting any Guilt: For where there is no Rule of Action, there can be no Diſobedience. If the Atheiſt ſays he has not an arbitrary and unlimited Power over his Actions, ſince he acknowledges he is bound to obſerve the Laws of his Country, 'tis plain that acknowledgement *does* not proceed from his Conſciouſneſs of any moral

Obligation to obey the Magiſtrate; for whence can he imagine any ſuch Obligation can ariſe? If there be no divine Legiſlator, the Civil Magiſtrate may make what Laws he pleaſes; but what ſhall infuſe any moral binding Force into thoſe Commands? 'Tis evident there is no Authority to animate thoſe Precepts, that can affect the Mind; but the Atheiſt ſubmits out of Fear of Diſgrace or Puniſhment, and owes all his Obedience to the Jail and the Gibbet.

Theſe are the Maxims and the Creed of the Atheiſt; and if we compare them with the Actions of his Life, nothing will appear more abſurd and inconſiſtent. For Inſtance; He is induſtrious, even to Biggotry, to proſelite others to his Opinions; which is very idle and unreaſonable; for this is to act without an End, and to propagate Profaneneſs and Irreligion, only for the Sake of doing ſo: What can any Man propoſe to himſelf, in becoming an Apoſtle of Atheiſm, a Planter and Spreader of Impiety? Suppoſe he could accompliſh this Deſign; that he could reform the World from all Senſe of Vertue, free Men from the Prejudices of Education, and extirpate from their Minds the Belief of a GOD: Suppoſe he had convinc'd them that their Actions ſhall never be brought before any Sovereign Tribunal, and that there is no future State of Retribution, what has he done but introduc'd Confuſion among Men, by ſetting them at Liberty from all moral Obligation and Notions of Duty to each other? What has he atchiev'd, but arm'd each Man againſt his Neighbour, and given to every one a Right to every Thing he can ſeize, and has Power to defend.

The

The good this Anti-Evangeliſt has produc'd to his Diſciples, is that he has elevated their Nature to the Dignity of Brute Animals in this Life, and plac'd them in the comfortable View of roaming after Death in looſe Atoms, thro' the infinite Void; or becoming, if collected, a Weed of the Field, or the Ingredients of a Pebble. Should the Atheiſt ſpare his Pains, and let his Neighbour continue unconverted, till he grew impenitent in Morality, and obdurate in Religion, what harm can thoſe Principles do him, while he entertains himſelf with agreeable Reflections on his Vertues here, and the delightful Expectation of Bliſs hereafter? Let it be ſuppos'd, that theſe are meer imaginary Scenes of Pleaſure, that have no Foundation to ſupport them; yet ſtill they are Pleaſures, and, as the Poſſeſſor ſays, very great ones: And ſince they cannot hurt or diſquiet him in this Life, and at his Death his Being is extinguiſh'd, when he cannot be conſcious of his Error, nor regret his Diſappointment, 'tis invidious to endeavour to diſpoſſeſs him of his Enjoyments. Whence it appears that the Atheiſt takes a great deal of Satisfaction away from the Minds of Men, and leaves nothing to recompence the Loſs.

Nor is his Practice leſs abſurd, while he takes great Care to enlighten others, and adorn their Minds by his Ideas of Religion, but denies thoſe Happy Inſtructions to his deareſt Relations. While he labours to convert others, ſhould he ſhew no Juſtice or Charity at Home? Why is he ſo unnatural as to rob his Family of their Birthright, and not acquaint them with that unbounded Power they all have over their own Actions? That there is no Diſtinction of Good or Evil, no

Divine Lawgiver, no Providence, no Judge, nor any future State of Immortality, and therefore whatever Appetites and Paſſions they indulge, or whatever Actions they do, let them be ever ſo enormous or deteſtable in the Opinion of others, are in their own Nature innocent and inoffenſive. That they may reflect upon them without the leaſt Shame and Remorſe, and have nothing to fear but the Magiſtrate, and the idle Cenſure of Perſons infatuated with ſuperſtitious Principles, with the imaginary Idea of a Deity, and the groundleſs Phantom of a future Life.

The Atheiſt equally contradicts his Principles, by owning that Vertue can exiſt without Religion. He recommends Juſtice, Friendſhip, Gratitude and Generoſity, and applauds the Love of one's Country, and Goodwill to Mankind, and on the contrary condemns Injuſtice, Oppreſſion, Fraud, Breach of Faith and Ingratitude. I have heard a profeſt Atheiſt in a Rage call a Man a Villain, who indeed deſerv'd that Name, but not from an Atheiſt, who muſt renounce his Principles, before he can fix a Name of Reproach upon the worſt of Men; none according to his Scheme being capable of Wickedneſs. I have likewiſe been ſurpriz'd to hear a Man entirely Irreligious, reproach another as Immoral and Unjuſt; I would fain know what Idea they form in their Minds of Immortality, who allow of no Divine Law or Natural Obligation. For by this, as is very evident, all Foundations of Diſtinction between Good and Evil, Moral and Immoral, are utterly deſtroy'd.

Thus the Atheiſt in Speculation is the Reverſe to one in Practice. This confeſſes a Deity in his Words, and denies him in his Life; the other confeſſes

confeſſes a Deity by his Actions, and denies him in his Words. The practical Atheiſt is much worſe than his Principles, and the Speculative much better. One takes a great deal of Liberty, which his Opinions do not allow; and the other does much good, which his Principles do not enjoyn. The Reaſon of it is, that no Man is in this Life perfectly wicked, as no Man is perfectly good; and the Atheiſt is not able by his utmoſt Endeavours ſo far to eradicate the Diſtinction of Good and Evil from his Mind, to extinguiſh the Light of Nature, and ſuppreſs the Dictates of Reaſon, as to acquire a Diſpoſition capable of enjoying the Fruits of Atheiſtical Liberty in its full Latitude; and therefore in deſpight of his Notions, that give him an unlimited Extent, he ſtill retains ſome good Inſtinct, and does many uſeful, and as to the Matter of them, praiſe-worthy Actions.

The Diſtruſt and Terror when alone by Night, and the timorous Apprehenſions of Death, which have been remarkable in great Patrons and Promoters of Atheiſm, cannot with good Reaſon be accounted for from irreligious Maxims. No more can the ſordid Avarice and Deſire of immenſe Poſſeſſions, in purſuit of which ſome great Leaders of the impious Sect deny themſelves not only the Pleaſures, but the Conveniences of Life, unleſs they are procur'd at another's Coſt. For theſe Men ſhould rather draw this Concluſion from their Premiſes, 'Since Death will ex-'tinguiſh all Delights and Enjoyments for ever, 'let us improve the preſent Hour, *Let us eat and 'drink, for to morrow we ſhall die.* And this indeed is the Deduction, which the greateſt Part draw from their Principles, and act in Conformity to it.

The vehement Desire of Esteem and Reputation, of being well spoken of, and applauded for their Learning, Penetration, and superior Wit, and what is yet more absurd, for their Vertue too, of which by their Doctrines they are utterly uncapable, confirms the Truth of what I have asserted.

But what more than all demonstrates the Atheist to be inconsistent with himself is his Solicitousness to extend his Fame beyond the Grave, and to be mention'd with Honour after Death. Let an Atheist ask himself, Whether he is contented to be transmitted to Posterity, under the Character of a senseless stupid Animal, a Man of no Honour or Probity, an infamous Lyar, a Traytor to his Prince, a Hater of his Country, and, in short, a consummate Villain? If he is not willing to be thus represented after Death, this Concern for his Fame and Credit, when his Nature is dissolv'd, and he, as he believes, shall be dispers'd in common Air, is by no Means reconcileable to his irreligious Maxims.

Nor does he act less in Contradiction to his Opinions, in the Care he takes about the Decency of his Interment, and a due Respect to be paid to his Dead Body. I cannot think an Atheist would be unconcern'd, if he were assur'd that, after his Death, his Body would be dragg'd naked through the Streets, and then expos'd to be eaten by Dogs, or lye rotting on a Dunghill. *Mezentius* is introduc'd by *Virgil* into his Poem, under the Character of an Atheist, a Contemner of the Gods, and a Derider of Religious Rites. When he was conquer'd by *Æneas*, and lay on the Ground expecting the Stroke of Death he thus entreats him; "If any Request may be

" granted to a vanquiſh'd Enemy, this only I " ask: Suffer my Body to be Buried. I am " odious to my own Nation, that ſurround me; " defend me from their Fury, and let me be laid " in the ſame Sepulchre with my Son." Had *Virgil* form'd the Maxims and Opinions of an Atheiſt, and drawn the Manners accordingly, it had been a manifeſt Error to have made him ſo much concern'd about his Dead Body, his Decent Funeral, and his lying in the ſame Tomb with *Lauſus*; but this Judicious Writer copy'd the Original as it is, and not what in reaſon it ſhould be; and therefore obſerving that irreligious Men were thus abſurd and inconſiſtent with themſelves, he drew an Atheiſt as he found him in his Manners, contradictory to his own Tenets.

Number XV.

Ubi, ubi eſt,
Diu celari non poteſt. Ter.

Friday, *December* 18. 1713.

I Have already acquainted my Reader, that from the firſt Inſtitution of our Society, we have all had a watchful Eye upon Ned Freeman. It is wonderful to us, as often as we think of it, how this Gentleman came firſt to enter him-

himſelf a Member of the *Lay-Monaſtery*. His Humour is airy, free, and volatile; He is always ſure of giving Pleaſure to the Company he is in, but never ſure of being long pleas'd in it himſelf. This makes him very agreeable, but ſomewhat inconſtant.

We were ſcarce ſettled in our *Lay-Convent*, when NED began to enlarge his Freedom, by making ſhort Excurſions in the Neighbourhood. At the ſame time he was frequently nibling at the Orders of our Fraternity. He was content to ſpend Hours with us every Day, but did not care to be oblig'd to ſit with us twice a Week. What need is there, ſays he, that you ſhou'd appoint ſet Days for Buſineſs, when we are all in the ſame Houſe, and can at any time, over a Bottle after Dinner, read Papers, or ſtart a Subject for a new Eſſay, and, in ſhort, be as wiſe, and yet as ſociable as we pleaſe?

The Society being willing to oblige ſo lively a Member, came immediately to the following Reſolution.

Order'd, *That when Pen Ink and Paper ſhall be call'd for, in order to the Secretary's taking Minutes for any future Eſſays, a Flask of Champaign ſhall be ſet on the Table at the ſame time; but no Member ſhall be at Liberty to call for a ſecond Flask, except Sir* EUSTACE LOCKER.

It was deſir'd at the ſame time, that for the future Mr. FREEMAN wou'd ſend for his Lace and Linnen, by his own Servant, the Society having been inform'd that a handſome young Girl had been twice to enquire for him (ſuppos'd from his Sempſtreſs) and that ſhe had *Black Eyes*, and a good Complexion.

NED

NED FREEMAN, after this laſt Order, was pretty regular for a Week. He then reliev'd himſelf by a Coffee-houſe, which he found out about half a Mile diſtant. Here NED uſed to ſpend much of his Time; and from hence it was that he brought us the firſt Intelligence of the Juſtice of Peace, who had ſlander'd us, and of the Deſign of plundering the *Lay-Monaſtery*, of which I have given an Account in a former Paper.

In the mean time, it is not to be ſuppos'd but that a Perſon of NED's Gayety has had many Temptations to leave us. We no ſooner publiſh'd a Direction where Letters might be left for the Society, but we receiv'd every Day Diſpatches for Mr. FREEMAN. His whole Male and Female Acquaintance ſeem'd to have taken the Alarm, and were reſolv'd to raiſe a Hue and Cry after him. He was ſo ingenuous as to communicate many of theſe Letters to the Society. Some of them reproach him very ſeverely for breaking his Word at certain Appointments for Cards and Dancing. Another from Two Siſters threatens him with a Viſit; they rally him for turning Anchorite; deſire an Account of the Rules of his Order, his Exerciſes, Penances, and Mortifications, and long to ſee him in his *Lay-Monaſtick* Habit.

The Society, finding theſe Enquiries multiply daily, have had ſome Thoughts of putting forth an *Advertiſement*, deſiring all Perſons who had any Claim upon Mr. FREEMAN, to ſend in their Demands by a certain Day. But while this Matter was under Debate, NED made an Elopement, and was not heard of by any of the Society for four Days. He is now return'd, and ſays he has only

only been ranging like a Bee, to gather Honey for the Hive: He tells us, That in his Abſence he has made a notable Diſcovery of a *Lay-Nunnery*, which is newly erected. We were extremely well diverted with his Account of this new Foundation, but took it only for Raillery, and a pleaſant way of excuſing his Abſence, till the following Letter confirm'd the Truth of NED's Intelligence.

To Mr. JACOB RAVENSCROFT.

SIR,

'WIthout any Preliminary Diſcourſe to acquaint you with the Deſign of this Letter, you muſt know at once that I am one of a new Order, who diſtinguiſh themſelves by the Title of *Lay-Nuns*. As you have given the World an Account of your Inſtitution and Way of Living, ſo we thought it not amiſs to inform you of ours, and to give you to underſtand that we can and have prohibited the Converſation of Men, with as ſtedfaſt a Reſolution as you ſeem or ought to have done that of Women, only with this Difference, that as we fancy you exclude us, according to the old Saying, *becauſe the Grapes are four*, ſo we proteſt againſt you, becauſe they are ſweet; which ſhews a greater Self-denial in us, and conſequently, that we are greater Philoſophers. As we aſſert a Superiority in this, ſo we do alſo in the Strictneſs and Severity of our Lives; we don't even admit the Sight of a Man; nay, we had the Superſtition the other Day, to toſs a Cat from the Garret Window, becauſe it had the Misfortune to be of the Male Kind. We

are

are not inſenſible of the wicked Conſtruction you will put upon our Siſterhood; that you will be apt to tell us, we are only the Leavings of Five and Thirty or Forty Years; and that from a Diſtaſte which Men naturally bear to that Age, we have, to avoid their Coldneſs, taken this Opportunity of withdrawing our ſelves from the World: To convince you of which Error, I muſt tell you, that there lately came a Lady to us, who deſired to be admitted as a Probationer, before ſhe would take upon her the Vows of our Order. She had not paſs'd above two Days with us, when we diſcover'd an unuſual Roughneſs about her Face, which made us violently ſuſpect her to be an Impoſtor. At length ſome undeniable Symptoms confirming our Suſpicion, we diſcover'd this pretended Lay-Siſter of ours to be your dear Lay-Brother NED FREEMAN: He made ſeveral Excuſes and Apologies for himſelf, and at laſt own'd that it was powerful Love which put him upon this Adventure; and would have given a great many Inſtances of ſeveral who made uſe of the like Stratagems, and particularly he talk'd of one *Jupiter*, who had play'd many Pranks of the ſame Nature. We do therefore ſtrictly forbid your Sex any Communication with us for the future, except by Letter; and we deſire the Paper may not be gilt. As we have not fully reſolv'd upon all our Orders, we ſhall content our ſelves by only telling you, that 'tis in our Power to be as ſelf-denying as you Men: If you ſpeak in favour of us in your next, we ſhall proceed to give you a more ample Account of what has been

'been transacted among us. We reſt your Af-
'fectionate Siſters.

REBECCA SINGLE, *Secretary.*

'*Note*, The Two North Country Maiden
'Siſters, who appear'd laſt Summer at *Hamſtead*,
'may be admitted among us, provided they will
'bring Certificates that they are not yet Forty.

I muſt not conclude this Paper without acquainting our dear Lay-Siſters, that NED FREEMAN denies the Adventure charg'd upon him in the foregoing Letter; and ſays, it was ſome ſly Youth that took upon him to perſonate him. However, as he has own'd he is no Stranger to the *Lay-Nunnery*, we ſhall take Care to examine further into this Matter.

NUMBER XVI.

Dux Vitæ Dia Voluptas. Lucret.

MONDAY, *December* 21. 1713.

THE Innocence and towardly Qualities ſo often ſeen in Childhood, are ſo far from certainly preſaging a Wiſe and Vertuous Man, that I am ſurpriz'd why Sir *William Temple* ſhould affirm, That he always obſerv'd that a good or a bad Boy made a good or a bad Man. 'Tis evident that baſhful Vertue in tender Years loſes Ground

Ground by encreaſe of Age, when the Allurements of Pleaſure grow ſtronger, and the Appetites more craving. It was the Saying of a Man of diſtinguiſh'd Wit and Humour in the laſt Age, and one who was a good Judge of Human Nature, that in the Progreſs of Life you very often ſee a pretty promiſing Child, next a fine hopeful Youth, then a terrible lewd Fellow, and at laſt a diſtemper'd old Knave. It frequently happens that a Perſon, at firſt regular and ſober, loſes his Character as he grows up and feels thoſe Paſſions, to which he had not before been obnoxious. Then while his Inclinations to Pleaſure are vehement, and the Efforts of Reaſon feeble, either by the Power of his own Inſtincts, or the Contagion of looſe Company, he ſoon ſubdues his Modeſty, breaks thro' the Reſtraints of Education, and plunges into Vice and Immorality; as on the contrary it ſometimes falls out, that a diſorderly Youth, by his own Reflection, aſſiſted with proper Inſtruction, becomes at laſt a Perſon of eminent Merit. When *Socrates* obſerv'd that the Phyſiognomiſt was derided by the People for pronouncing him a very bad Man, the Philoſopher reprov'd them, and allow'd the Artiſt was right in his Obſervation; for my Native Temper and Propenſions, ſaid he, led me to all thoſe Vices he mentions, and from which I am reſtrain'd only by the Power of Philoſophy, and the Dictates of Vertue.

Till a Man has eſcap'd the Storms and Rocks, which agitate or break the Tide of Life, and threaten the utmoſt Danger, between the Age of fifteen and Twenty five, his Vertue can't be look'd on as fix'd and ſafe.

If theſe inconſiderate Perſons would not cut off in their Thoughts the Connexion of this Life with that to come; would they ſometimes exerciſe their Reaſon and Reflection, and allow themſelves a cool Interval to contemplate the Conſequences which attend unwarrantable Delights, 'tis probable they would not live in ſuch a difformity to, and at ſuch variance with themſelves; but would expreſs in their Lives the Power of their Convictions, and reconcile their Practice to their Principles.

I am led to theſe Reflections by a Copy of Verſes lately ſhew'd to the Society by Mr. JOHNSON, one of our Members, which is a Paraphraſe on that known Irony of *Solomon*, *Rejoyce O Young Man in thy Youth*, &c.

What all aſpiring Mortals have in view,
And by a Thouſand diff'rent Roads purſue
With ardent Zeal, true Happineſs diſcern,
And what it is to live, Philander, *learn.*
Let Chiefs by daring Toils enjoy their Aim,
Their Laurel Gugaws, and their Bubble Fame:
Litigious Coifs infeſt the clamorous Bar,
Prolong Diſputes, and thrive by manag'd War.
Let hardy Merchants, bent on uſeleſs Gain,
Patient of Terrors plough the liquid Main.
Let Idle Students on their Volumes pore,
To cloud with Learning, what was clear before.
The Stateſman fill with Plots his aking Head,
And Miſers, mid'ſt Abundance, want their Bread.
While theſe their Hours in various Error waſte,
Laviſh of time, that ſpends it ſelf too faſt,
Do thou, inſpir'd with wiſer Thoughts excite
Thy Native Fires, and every Senſe invite
To ſlake its Thirſt with exquiſite Delight.

Since

Since Future is not, and what was is gone,
And we the Preſent only call our own,
Be thy whole Life in various Mirth employ'd,
And let no Minute periſh unenjoy'd.
Now thy young Cheeks freſh roſy Beauty dies,
And darting Spirits ſparkle in thy Eyes,
While from th' impulſive Heart the ſprightly Flood
Exploded leaps, and bounds along the Road;
Piercing thy Sight, and exquiſite thy Taſte,
Thy Joynts all pliant, and thy Sinews brac'd:
While theſe fair Hours extend their am'rous Arms,
Dance laughing by, and proffer all their Charms,
Eager advance, and catch the willing Joy,
With Feaſts ren w'd thy eager Senſes cloy.
With raviſh'd Eyes view Pleaſure's ſmiling Tide,
See her rich Banks diſplay their lovely Pride.
See, the pure Volumes of her flowing Train,
With flow'ry Verdure Crown the beauteous Plain.
Amidſt the Flood thy ſelf with Tranſport throw,
Diſſolve in Pleaſure, and in Rapture flow.
Be thy ſoft Limbs with ſofter Silks careſt,
Shine in the ſplendid Labour of the Eaſt,
By Perſia now, *and now by* India *dreſt.*
Let Goblets flowing with the ſparkling Juice,
Which Gallia's *Plains and* Tuſcan *Hills produce,*
Diſtend thy Veins, and with the generous Tyde,
Perpetual Joy in circl'ing Triumph ride.
To crown thy Table with delicious Food,
Rifle the Mountain, ranſack every Wood,
And cull each Finny Pleaſure of the Flood.
Let thy unrivall'd endleſs Banquets, grac'd
With artful Diſhes in long Order plac'd,
Surprize with new Delights the moſt Luxurious
Taſte.

Raviſh'd ſurvey thy Garden's Charming Scenes
With Statues proud, and everlaſting Greens.

The Fair, yet unforbidden Fruit behold,
Pleaſant their Reliſh, and their Colour Gold.
Traverſe the beauteous Walks, and free from Care,
Regale thy vital Flame with fragrant Air.
Now ſtretch'd on Roſes in thy Myrtle Bow'rs
Thy Head adorn'd with Wreaths of rival Flow'rs,
In conſtant Tranſports paſs the Happy Hours.
To Heights ſuperior yet Enjoyment raiſe;
Taſte all the various Kinds of Heav'nly Lays
Which tuneful Heads with ſtudious Care compound
Of blended Airs, and ſoft voluptuous Sound.
For thy Delight, hear Maſter Voices ſing,
Now Breathing Tubes, and now the Speaking String;
While in the Ear attentive Spirits watch,
Seize the ſweet Accents, and the Rapture catch.
Now with the Men of Wit and Mirth converſe,
And hear the Bards their am'rous Songs rehearſe,
Let Beauty now thy eager Paſſion move,
Embrace its Charms, and feaſt thy Soul with Love.
In Pleaſure tir'd, with coſtly Scarlet ſpread,
On Downy Pillows reſt thy weary Head.
How ſwift the fleeting Minutes wing their Way?
Thou'lt die to Morrow, therefore live to Day,
When Man diſſolves, and mingling floats in Air,
His ruin'd Form, What Artiſt can repair?
His ſcatter'd Atoms, and his looſe Remains
No Pleaſure taſte, and feel no tort'ring Pains?
He now in Vapours climbs, now falls in Snows;
He's fix'd in Marble, or in Streams he flows,
And thro' the various Scenes of changing Matter goes.
But know, vain Youth, an ever-during State
To this ſucceeds, and brings a diff'rent Fate.
Death but removes the Flame of Life to burn
More clear and bright, and in a laſting Urn.

Whe

When breathleſs grown thou wilt not ceaſe to be;
To other Seats transfer'd thou'lt live, and ſee
How Wrath Divine the impious Race deſtroys,
Whilſt guiltleſs Minds imbibe Celeſtial Joys.

NUMBER XVII.

Strepit Anſer inter Olores. Virg.

WEDNESDAY, *December* 23. 1713.

I Am oblig'd to the Author of the following Letter, for aſſiſting me to furniſh out an Entertainment to my Readers ſo proper to the Seaſon.

To Mr. JACOB RAVENSCROFT.

SIR,

'I Am a conſtant Reader of your Papers, and 'have been ſo well entertain'd by them, 'that I have had a great Mind to make ſome 'Preſent to the *Lay-Monaſtery*. I once thought 'to ſhew my Reſpect, by ſending ſome ſmall 'Gift or other which might be ſuitable to the 'Seaſon of the Year; but I fancy you live too 'well to have any Occaſion for it. The next

'Thought that came into my Head, was to 'write a Paper, and ſubmit it to your Correction, 'yet ſtill with an Eye to my firſt Deſign, and 'to the Seaſon, as I ſaid, which introduces a 'general Scene of Sociableneſs, Hoſpitality, and 'good Cheer. With this Thought I walk'd the 'other Morning thro' the *Strand*, and was en-'tertain'd with the Sight of Objects ſo pertinent 'to my Meditation, as if my Thoughts, as they 'call it, had been bound by them. I had much 'ado to paſs along in ſome Places, the Street 'was ſo crowded with Porters, that panted un-'der Loads of Country Luxury, againſt the ap-'proaching Feſtival. One carry'd on his Back 'a whole Poulterer's Shop of wild and tame 'Fowl; whilſt another bow'd under the Weight 'of ſubſtantial Chines and Turkeys. It was a 'Pleaſure to obſerve this Commerce between 'the City and Country, and to ſee the Spice, 'Plumbs, Sugar, and Wine, exported from the 'Town, produce Returns of Fowl, and Remit-'tances of Bacon and Winter-Veniſon. But the 'ſtately Pillars of Brawn, thoſe Monuments of *Bri-'tiſh* Diſtinction, moſt delighted me, in which this 'Iſland triumphs over all *Europe*; and I fancy that 'Travellers look upon theſe eatable Columns as 'ſo many Emblems of our Strength, and with 'the ſame Surprize that they behold the huge 'Stones rais'd on *Salisbury-Plain*, to the Memory 'of our robuſt Anceſtors.

'When I came Home in the Evening, I found 'an agreeable Friend of mine waiting for me at 'my Lodgings, who was return'd to Town the 'Day before; and over a Glaſs of Wine, I re-'lated to him the Obſervations I had been amu-

ſing

'ſing my ſelf with, as I paſs'd the Streets. 'When I had ended, he reply'd,---I have a 'Preſent ſent me out of the Country this very 'Morning; not from a Friend, but from a 'Cheating Rogue, my Tenant, who not only 'makes me no Remittance for a good Farm of 'mine, except of Two Cheeſes at *Michaelmas*, 'and a Chine and Turkey at *Chriſtmas*; but 'brings me in Debtor every Year Five or Six 'Pounds for Improvements and Repairs. If 'the Raſcal goes on at this Rate, I reſolve to 'file a Bill in *Chancery* againſt him, to oblige 'him to take the Eſtate off my Hands, and be-'come the Proprietor and Landlord himſelf. 'But I have another Reſpect paid me, from a 'better Tenant, of a Collar of Brawn, which I 'prefer, as I obſerve you do, to all the Meats in 'the World. When this proud Obelisk ſtands 'tow'ring at the upper-end of the Table, how 'does it put the *French* Kickſhaws, and little 'Diſhes of *Italy* out of Countenance? *Juvenal* 'was in the right, when he ſaid the Boar was 'a Creature made for Feaſts; and had the *Ro-'mans* known the Art of turning him into Brawn, 'they would have celebrated him above their 'Lampreys, Mullets, Peacocks, and all their 'native or imported Luxury. Now you muſt 'know, continu'd my Friend, that I my ſelf 'laſt Week made a Preſent to a Female of my 'Acquaintance of a Fat Gooſe; but to tell you 'the Truth, it was bought in Town. I took 'Care, however, to have it ſent with a Letter, 'a Copy of which is in my Pocket. Upon this 'he pluck'd out the Letter; and finding it to 'the Purpoſe of what I had been thinking of be-'fore, I prevail'd with him to let me ſend it to

'you,

" you, that if you think it worth the while, it " may help you to fill up a *Chriſtmas* Paper. I " am with much Reſpect to your ſelf and the So- " ciety,

SIR,

Dec. 18. 1713.

Your Humble Servant.

E. F.

To ASPASIA.

Madam,

" THE Favour I lately receiv'd from your ſelf " and my dear Kinſman your Husband " has laid me under ſuch Obligations, that I " am at a Loſs how to ſhew my Gratitude. If " it were in my Power, I wou'd make you ſui- " table Returns; but while you enjoy an Affluence of all Things, and are ſo happy in an " affectionate Husband, and obedient and beau- " tiful Children, how is it poſſible I ſhould add " to your Felicity?

" I preſume, *Madam*, to ſend you by the " Bearer the poor Preſent of a Country Gooſe, " which you will not ſlight for its Meanneſs, " when you regard it as a Teſtimony of the " Goodwill of a Friend; tho' at the ſame time " I am not without my Fears, that I ſhall be " rallied for chuſing ſuch a ſilly Animal to make " you my Compliments.

" I have been thinking that this will make " fine Work, if it comes to be known in the " Commonwealth of Birds; ſince the proudeſt " Swan would have grown yet prouder to have

" been

" been employ'd in this Meſſage. The Turkey-
" Cock, which is often put upon this Kind of
" Duty, will redden, and ſtrutting with Reſent-
" ment, ask how I came to pitch upon ſuch a
" ſenſeleſs cackling Orator to expreſs my Ac-
" knowledgments? For Birds may ſpeak on ſuch
" a Provocation; and *Æſop* you know, *Madam*,
" has given them Speech on many Occaſions of
" leſs Conſequence. The Pheaſant will not
" take it leſs in Wrath that he, who has ſo long
" been a Favourite of the fair Sex, ſhould be
" ſlighted at ſo critical a Juncture. And any
" Man may ſee the Peacock will bear me an im-
" mortal Grudge, that in Contempt of a Bird
" of his Quality, graceful Stature, and fine Fea-
" thers, I ſhould depute a Fowl ſo much his In-
" ferior to the Priviledge of waiting on you.
" No doubt the Patridge too will be out of
" Humour, and ask why a Poſt of ſuch Honour
" had not been put in Commiſſion, and then three
" or four Brace of that numerous Family might
" have paid you their Reſpects: Then, *Madam*,
" the Quails, the Plovers, the Snipes, and
" Heathpoults, all familiar among the Ladies,
" the very Birds in Faſhion, and perpetually
" going on ſuch Errands, will look on it as an
" unpardonable Crime, that neglecting them, I
" have prefer'd ſo unworthy a Competitor.
" To get free of this, what can I alledge, unleſs
" that I have perhaps choſe a proper Repreſen-
" tative of the Principal, that deputed him?
" And this I will ſay for my Gooſe, that as it is
" deſign'd to make you merry, ſo it is young,
" and far more tender than one that came to a
" Table where I was very lately; which was ſo
" dry and hard, that an Antiquary in the Com-
" pany

" pany whiſper'd me in the Ear, it was a
" *Norman* Fowl, that came into *England* with
" the Conqueror. However, the Maſter of the
" Houſe, as his Manner is, commended the En-
" tertainment, and we who were his Gueſts
" were almoſt choak'd out of Civility. I have
" done with my Gooſe; and when you and
" my dear Couſin begin with it, I wiſh you
" as merry as I was when I had the Honour laſt
" of being at your Table.

Madam,

Your moſt humble Servant.

NUMBER XVIII.

Petite hinc juveneſq; ſeneſq;
Finem animo certum. Perſius.

FRIDAY, *December* 25. 1713.

I Find an elegant Emblem of human Life expreſs'd with great Simplicity in a ſhort Epigram of Mr. *Waller*'s; and, if I miſtake not, it is a Thought borrow'd from the *Italian*.

Circles are prais'd, not that abound
In Largeneſs, but th' exactly round;
So Life we praiſe that does excel,
Not in much Time, but acting well.

It

If we were to make an Eſtimate of the Value of Life, by the Deſire of the greateſt Part of its Poſſeſſors, this Character ought to be revers'd. To live long is almoſt every one's Wiſh, but to live well is the Ambition of a few; and yet it is obſervable, that the moſt valuable and only perfect Life the World has ever ſeen, exceeded not the Term of four and thirty Years. In that Space were accompliſh'd much more important Ends, than the founding all the Empires in the Univerſe, or inventing all the Arts and Sciences which have been beneficial or ornamental to Mankind.

The ordinary Stage of Man's Life is fix'd in Holy Writ to Threeſcore and Ten Years, above double the Space of Duration I have juſt men-tion'd. If this Meaſure of Time were to be fill'd up with the Exerciſe of Vertue, how ma-ny uſeful and ſhining Actions might be crowded into it? If it were to be laid out only in Occu-pations of an indifferent Nature, the frequent Repetition of the ſame Enjoyments and Amuſe-ments muſt at length flatten and grow inſipid. But how large a Portion of Exiſtence is this, if we conſider it, as it uſually is, extravagantly waſted in Purſuits of Vice and Folly?

The Philoſphers and Poets among the Ancients are full of Moral and Satyrical Reflections upon the Vanity of wiſhing for Length of Life; from which Vanity, if they had ſearch'd their own Hearts, they themſelves perhaps, while they were writing againſt it, were not free. *Juvenal* declaims againſt it in his Tenth Satyr, and reckons up all the Infirmities and Miſeries to which Old Age is liable. Even *Lucretius*, who profeſs'd to believe no Life after this, has yet in the

the moſt beautiful and pathetick Manner reprov'd this common Weakneſs, and inſinuates that there is a certain Meaſure of Being with which Men ought to be contented. Suppoſe, ſays he, you heard the Voice of Nature calling out to you, and upbraiding you after this Manner: "To what End, thou fooliſh Wretch, doſt "thou complain? Why doſt thou torment thy "ſelf, and weep to think thou muſt die? For if "Life has been grateful to thee, and all the "Benefits of it have not been loſt upon thee, "like Water pour'd into a broken Veſſel, why "doſt thou not ariſe, and withdraw ſatisfy'd, "like a Gueſt from a full Meal? But if thou "haſt laviſh'd away the Fruits that have been "ſet before thee, why doſt thou ask for more "to waſte them too in the ſame profuſe Manner?" He purſues this Reproof, by bidding the Complainer remember, that even the good *Ancus* is dead, who, ſays he, was every way thy Superior, as well as many other mighty Kings and wiſe Lawgivers. And wherefore then doſt thou, a worthleſs Creature, repine at ſubmitting to the ſame common Deſtiny?

Thus this elegant Poet, but weak Philoſopher, argues againſt the inextinguiſhable Deſire which is implanted in Man of continuing his Exiſtence. I allow that his Arguments would be juſt, upon the Suppoſal of a future State, but I cannot ſee how they have any Force without it. For if Life has been grateful to me, how natural is it to deſire that it ſhould be prolong'd? The Error of wiſhing for long Life I take to be rather founded in the ſhortning of our View, and terminating it in Death, inſtead of extending it beyond the Grave; or elſe in the Apprehenſion,

henſion of ſomething worſe to ſucceed it. But he Man, who carries his Proſpect into a future State of Happineſs, conſiders himſelf as a Traveller upon the Road, and is not anxiouſly ſollicitous about the Length or Shortneſs of his Journey. The younger *Pliny* corrects himſelf, when he is bewailing the Death of an eminent *Roman*, who had liv'd in great Eſteem for his Vertue, and had born many publick Offices with Honour, and ſays, *I know not whether I ought to call that the Death of ſo worthy a Perſon, which indeed has not ſo properly terminated his Life, as put an End to his Mortality.*

I never ſaw the Scene in *Don Sebaſtian*, where he *Portugueſe* Captives draw Lots out of an Urn or their Lives, without a ſerious Reflection on he different Behaviour of good and ill Men in his Particular. *Dorax* a *Portugueſe* Renegade ands by obſerving them, and as *Antonio*, a gay ivolous Courtier has drawn his Lot, *Dorax* ſays,

He looks uneaſy at his future Journey,
And wiſhes his Boots off again, for Fear
Of a bad Road, and a worſe Inn at Night.

When *Don Sebaſtian* and his Friends approach he Urn, the ſame Perſon makes the following emark.

O theſe come up with Spirits more reſolv'd!
Old venerable Alvarez, *well I know him.*
See, he has drawn a Black, and ſmiles upon it,
As who ſhou'd ſay my Faith and Soul are white,
Tho' my Lot ſwarthy: Now if there be hereafter,
He's happy.------

It muſt be conſider'd, that this is ſpoke by one who had renounc'd his Religion, and that therefore a Remark of this Nature from ſuch a Perſon is by ſo much the ſtronger.

It is only by Principles of Religion that Men are enabled to put that moderate Value upon Life, which makes them chearful in the Poſſeſſion of it, and eaſy in reſigning it. A pretended Contempt of Life, tho' it may carry in it an Air of Philoſophy, is both unnatural and arrogant, as a ſollicitous Fondneſs of it is painful and irrational

There is, beſides, this Advantage in the ſtedfaſt Contemplation of a future Being, that it makes Life it ſelf while it laſts a more uniform and conſiſtent Thing. A Man that has this one Point in view, is not wavering, and diſtracted with a Variety of Purſuits, nor wearied with repeated Diſappointments. To regard the End of every Thing will lead him thro' any Difficulties, and be a Rule for his Conduct in many doubtful Emergencies. It will teach him what to chooſe, and what to avoid, as it favours or oppoſes his principal Deſign.

To fill up this little Circle of Being worthily, and to be able to live a great deal in a narrow Space of Time, nothing would be of greater Uſe than frequently to ask our ſelves, *What we are doing*? At leaſt, if this will not prompt us to do Good, it will very often hinder us from doing Ill.

Sir ARTHUR WIMBLETON, who, as I have inform'd my Readers, delights much in Fables and Apologues, which convey moral Truth in a more lively Manner to the Mind, than can be done by dry Precepts and Reaſoning, pointed out

out to me the other Day a very proper Story in the *Turkiſh Tales*, to the Purpoſe of what I have laſt mention'd, with which I ſhall conclude this Paper.

'A certain King of *Tartary* going a Progreſs with his Nobles, was met on the Way by a *Derviſe*, who cry'd out with a loud Voice, *Whoever will give me an hundred Pieces of Coin, I will give him a Piece of Advice.* The King had a Curioſity to know what he meant, and order'd him the Sum he demanded. The *Derviſe* ſaid, *Begin nothing, of which thou haſt not well conſider'd the End.*

'The Nobles, upon hearing this plain Sentence, ſmil'd, and ſaid the *Derviſe* was well paid for his Maxim. The King reprov'd them, and was ſo well ſatisfy'd with the Anſwer, that at his Return he order'd the Words to be written in Letters of Gold in ſeveral Places about his Palace, and to be engraven on all his Plate. Not long after, a Conſpiracy was form'd by ſome of his Courtiers, and the King's Surgeon undertook, upon the Promiſe of a great Reward, to take away the Life of his Maſter by Means of a poiſon'd Lancet, which he prepar'd, and wore privately in his Turban for that Purpoſe. The King in a little time wanted to be let Blood, and the Surgeon attended him as uſual. He bound the King's Arm, and was juſt going to prick him, when caſting his Eye on the Baſon, he read the Words, *Begin nothing, of which thou haſt not well conſider'd the End.* He immediately ſtarted, and pauſing for a ſhort Space, convey'd away the Lancet, and drew out another. The King obſerv'd it, and ask'd him the Reaſon. The Surgeon was in a Confuſion, and be-

'ing examin'd on the Occaſion of his Diſorder, 'he fell proſtrate on his Face, confeſs'd the 'whole Truth, and was pardon'd. The reſt 'of the Conſpirators were put to Death. The 'King at the ſame time order'd diligent Search 'to be made for the *Derviſe*; and turning to his 'Courtiers who had heard his Advice with Con-'tempt, told them, *That Counſel cou'd not be too 'much valu'd, which had ſav'd a King's Life.*

NUMBER XIX.

Nihil eſt quod Deus efficere non poteſt & quidem ſine labore ullo. Tully.

MONDAY, *December* 28. 1713.

THE Idea which *Lucretius*, following *Epicurus*, has given us of the Gods, repreſents them as certain indolent Beings, who enjoy a ſupine Immortality, wholly unactive and unconcern'd in whatever paſſes in the World about them: He ſuppoſes the Adminiſtration of the Affairs of the Univerſe wou'd be a Trouble to them and an Interruption to their Happineſs; than which nothing can be a more abſur'd Notion. The Power of Operation, as Philoſophers obſerve, follows the Nature and Eſſence of the Being; and as we cannot conceive the Eſſence of any Creature

Creature without the Principles of Activity and Motion ſuitable to their Natures, ſo 'tis impoſſible to form the Idea of an Infinite Being, without aſcribing to him Infinite Strength and Vigour. The greater Degree of Excellence any Being poſſeſſes, the larger Meaſure of Ability it is endow'd with.

The Sun, by reaſon of the Vaſtneſs of his Body, and the Energy of his Nature, has a Power to illuminate and warm to a prodigious Diſtance and an intenſe Degree. But ſuppoſing this glorious Creature had been made of a far larger Size, and had an innate Capacity to diffuſe its Heat and Light in a much greater Proportion than it now does; or ſuppoſe, were it poſſible, that thoſe Eſſential Properties were infinite, then, ſince all Things act according to their Meaſure of Being, he would infinitely heat and enlighten the World. Hence 'tis evident, that ſince the Divine Nature is Infinite, his Force and Principle of Operation muſt be ſo too; the Reaſon is, becauſe his power is indeed his Eſſence, conceiv'd as exerted and efficacious in producing Things without himſelf. If the Sphere of his Activity is not unlimited, it muſt be bounded by ſome foreign Power, or by his own Will; the firſt cannot be true, for then there would be an Agent ſuperior to the Supreme Being, and capable of controuling him; nor can the laſt be granted, for the Divine Being is unable to will the Abſence of any Excellence from his Nature, for that would be to decree his own Imperfection and Unhappineſs.

All the numerous Beings of the Univerſe derive the various Perfections they poſſeſs from this exhauſtleſs Source of Power and Excellence.

Their Original is from nothing; and as at the Divine Call they ſtep'd into Being, they owe to him all the Properties and Endowments of their Nature, as well as their Exiſtence. All the Kinds and Degrees of Perfection, diſpers'd with infinite Variety among created Beings, are Streams at firſt deriv'd, and ſtill fed from the Fountain of Being, which tho' communicated to the Creature, are not independent, and ſeparated from the firſt Cauſe, but are ſtill the Creator's Perfections exiſting in his Creatures; and as all the Beams of Wiſdom and Knowledge, that enlighten human Underſtandings, are Emanations emitted, and conſtantly ſupply'd from the Father of Light; and as all the Goodneſs and Benevolence that are found diffus'd thro' the whole Creation, are communicated from his immenſe Stores, ſo all the different Degrees of Force and Vigour inherent in all the Ranks of Beings in the Univerſe owe their Original to the ſame Cauſe. And ſince 'tis impoſſible that any Thing can impart or convey to another what it ſelf never poſſeſs'd, the original Cauſe muſt enjoy in a tranſcendent Manner, and a more eminent Degree, all the Energy and Strength of every Thing which he brought into Being. The Powers, Vigours and Principles of Motion, exiſting diſtinctly in all the Individuals, from the Creature of the higheſt Order to the meaneſt Atome, are collected in the Author, the immenſe Ocean of Perfection.

All created Beings are endow'd with ſome Principles of Activity, and in that Degree, of which their different Natures and Capacities are receptive, diſtributed to them by the Supreme Oeconomiſt of the World. The Sun, as I ob-

I obſerv'd before, by ſpreading his Treaſures of Light, illuminates and warms the Air, and communicates his prolifick Influences to the Bowels of the Earth, and the Depths of the Sea, to which ſo many Creatures owe their Birth. With what wonderful Energy has the Creator endow'd a ſmall vegetable Seed, that it ſhould ſhoot up its lofty Head, ſpread abroad its Branches, and produce by its fruitful Activity new Seeds like it ſelf, which can ſtill propagate the Species, and multiply themſelves into numberleſs Plants. Suppoſe the Strength of the Elephant and Whale, the Rhinoceros and the Crocodile, and all other Principles of Motion, that are found among inanimate, brute and rational Beings, were lodg'd in one ſingle Subject, would not ſuch a Strength be ſtupendous, and confound all Conception? But to go higher: Conſider the Force and Agility of an Angel, who, as the Royal Poet ſays, *excels in Strength*; if the Power of one Angel be ſo admirable, what is that of many Thouſands? And how much Superior is that of all the mighty and numberleſs Hoſt of Heaven? Suppoſe that all the Vigour and Ability diſpens'd in ſuch immenſe Portions to each Individual of theſe excellent Beings, the eldeſt Sons of GOD, were united in one of that Species, what human Underſtanding ſtretch'd to its utmoſt Extent would be able to graſp ſo vaſt an Idea of Power? Now all the Strength collected in this imagin'd Angel is actually exiſtent in the Author of their Order, and in a Degree infinitely ſuperior to that of this ſuppos'd Seraph, who being ſtill of a limited Nature, would not excel the moſt contemptible Worm, ſo much as himſelf would be ſurpaſs'd by the Supreme Being.

There

There is ſome Proportion between the moſt deſpicable and the moſt excellent Creature, both being finite and dependent, but there is none between the moſt glorious Creature and his infinite Author,

The Sphere of Omnipotence, however unlimited, is not extended to any Action that denotes moral Deformity, for that would by no Means be a Demonſtration of Power, but of Weakneſs and Imperfection; nor to the doing of any Thing inconſiſtent with or deſtructive of it ſelf, or ſo contrary and repugnant to the Nature of Things, that it implies an evident Contradiction: For Inſtance, it is not poſſible to Almighty Power to make a Thing paſt not to have ever been; to cauſe a Thing to be out of Being, while it is actually in Being; to make what is eſſentially good, evil; and what is true, falſe; for this would be to make two Things exiſt together, which of Neceſſity deſtroy one another, which is inſignificant, and produces no Effect at all. Thoſe who affirm, that 'tis in the Power of God to remove the Oppoſition and Repugnancy between the two Terms of a Contradiction, that they ſhould not claſh and ruin one another, aſſert only an inefficacious and unfruitful Energy; for ſince thoſe two Terms united are abſolutely deſtructive of each other, neither of them can exiſt, and therefore no Production follows, which indeed is doing nothing. And therefore thoſe Diſputants, who are ſo hard driven, that in the Defence of any Doctrine in Religion they are compell'd to fly to this Refuge, That Omnipotence can effect a Thing, the doing of which involves a Contradiction, offer the higheſt Affront to the Underſtanding of Mankind, by advancing

vancing ſuch ridiculous Notions, as unactive Activity, and omnipotent Idleneſs: This is to affirm that Almighty Power can reconcile Light and Darkneſs, make Senſe and Nonſenſe, Abſurdities and ſelf-evident Truths the ſame Things.

'Tis yet farther evident, that the Supreme Being is poſſeſs'd of Almighty Power from this Reflection, that were he not, all his other Attributes would be uſeleſs. To what Purpoſe ſhould infinite Wiſdom form Deſigns, if Power were wanting to put them in Execution? Impotent Goodneſs would be but an empty Benevolence, an unoperative kind Nature, willing, but unable to make others happy. How could Juſtice unarm'd with Might terrify the Criminal with threaten'd Puniſhments, or ſupport the Virtuous with the Expectation of promis'd Rewards? So that if Omnipotence ſhould be remov'd from the Divine Nature, it would carry along with it all the other Attributes and Perfections, and by that entirely deſtroy the Idea of Deity.

NUMBER XX.

Vidi jam juvenem premeret cum ſerior ætas
Mærentem ſtultos preteriiſſe dies. Tibull.

WEDNESDAY, *December* 30. 1713.

AS the modern Diſciples of *Epicurus* have endeavour'd with great Zeal to wipe off the ignominious Blot of Impiety from his Character, ſo they have been no leſs induſtrious to clear it of another Blemiſh equally ſhameful, which is his Aſſertion, That the Felicity of Man conſiſts in the Enjoyment of ſenſual Pleaſure. But their ingenious and learned Labours on this Subject are fruitleſs and inſignificant, if they will permit their Philoſpher to ſpeak for himſelf, and not impoſe upon him their own arbitrary Sentiments.

We want no Authority to condemn *Epicurus* but his own. *Tully* tranſlates a Paſſage in his Writings, where in expreſs Terms he acknowledges no Happineſs but what ariſes from the Gratification of the Senſes. He appeals to his own Words, and then asks, *Do I feign? Do I miſrepreſent? I deſire to be confuted.* *Plutarch* cites this Expreſſion of *Metrodorus*, an intimate Friend and Collegue of *Epicurus*, *How am I ſatisfy'd? How do I applaud my ſelf, that I have learn'd from* Epicurus

to

to gratify my Belly in the moſt exquiſite Manner? Nor does *Seneca* with leſs Aſſurance charge upon this Philoſopher the ſame Opinion. Now who can think that three Perſons of ſuch eminent Learning, Probity, and Authority, would feign ſo great a Calumny, and at the ſame time with ſo much Confidence appeal to, and name his own Expreſſions?

By the Doctrine of the *Epicure*, Vertue it ſelf is not amiable, or to be purſu'd, under any Notion, but as it ſerves the Senſes, and promotes that Indolence of Body, and Tranquility of Mind, in which his Happineſs conſiſts. But how can that be the Supreme Good of Man, which Stocks and Stones, and thoſe that ſleep in the Grave, have in common with the greateſt Philoſopher? This is no more than a Negative Felicity; for where there is no Action, there is no Perception; and where there is no Perception, there can be no Pleaſure. But ſuppoſe the Soul to be in an active State, ſince in their Opinion, it is compounded of Matter, 'tis plain it can enjoy no Satisfactions diſtinguiſh'd from thoſe of the Body, and can only ſolace it ſelf with reflecting on former, and anticipating the Taſte of future Corporeal Delights.

Whoever diſclaims the Belief of a Supreme Being, and a future State of Immortality, and therefore can have no Notions of moral Obligations, being free from all Fears of Puniſhment, is naturally led by his Opinions to purſue all the Entertainments that can ſooth his Appetites, and gratify his Inclinations. And he may well be allow'd to make ſure of all the Enjoyments he can compaſs here, ſince he has no Expectation of any hereafter. 'Tis no wonder then that the

Atheiſt

Atheiſt is immers'd in Luxury, entirely engroſs'd by the Pleaſures of Taſte, and that having renounc'd the Notion of any other Deity, he makes his Belly his God; and granting his Poſitions to be true, he argues right, is conſiſtent with himſelf, and acts in Conformity to his Principles.

If any Men of impious Opinions are exempted from this Obſervation, they are very few, who perhaps from their native Complexion, which is untaſteful of theſe Enjoyments, or whoſe unequal and broken Health will not bear them, may abſtain from the Intemperance of which the reſt are guilty. However, theſe are free from all moral Reſtraints, and are at full Liberty to run into the ſame Exceſs of Riot, ſince their irreligious Maxims are ſo indulgent to their Vices, and give them a Power of ſuch unlimited Extent over their Actions, that they have no Reaſon to forbear any, upon the Account of their intrinſick Turpitude, or the Apprehenſion of future Sufferings. Whatever therefore appears vertuous or praiſe-worthy in the Lives of Men, that profeſs irreligious Notions, ſince it does not ſpring from a good Principle, nor is regulated by a moral Rule, nor directed to a good End, it muſt ariſe from the Cauſe before mention'd, or from the Dictates of the Light of Nature not perfectly extinguiſh'd, and the ſecret Power of Conſcience yet unſubdu'd.

But the Caſe of the Libertine is very different; he acknowledges a Supreme Being, and looks upon himſelf as an accountable Creature, yet mingles with the *Epicurean* Herd, plunges himſelf in impure Enjoyments, and wallows in the Dregs of Vice and Immorality; he is divided

vided againſt himſelf, lives in down-right Contradiction to his Belief, and acts like the Atheiſt, without his Principles. He is ſo abſolutely enſlav'd by Pleaſure, that his Underſtanding is no longer a Governing Principle, being wholly engag'd in the Service of the Inferior Appetites. His Soul, like that of the *Epicurean*, has no nobler Employment than to oblige the Senſes, and to do the Office of a Purveyor, in preparing delicious Entertainments, or of a Cook that invents and works up exquiſite Sauces, which impart a higher Seaſoning, and improve the Reliſh.

If it be a natural and unavoidable Suffering in the next Life to thoſe, who depart out of this, unconſcious of Innocence and Vertue, that they carry with them their unſubdu'd Appetites and vicious Habits, which now they have no Proviſion of proper Objects to gratify, then ſome Degree of this Puniſhment is undergone here by the batter'd and exhauſted Libertine, and the Grey-hair'd Voluptuous Atheiſt, who retain their Criminal Deſires, but have out-liv'd the Power of repeating their Crimes. Suppoſing theſe obdurate Creatures ſhould be entirely free from all uneaſy Reflections and ſecret Remorſe, which perhaps they cannot always eſcape, yet one can hardly imagine a State of Vexation and Calamity more unſufferable, than to be conſtantly importun'd with vehement Propenſions to forbidden Pleaſures, which there is no Capacity left to ſatisfy. This is the unhappy, but inevitable fate of thoſe Veteran Invalids in Vice, who can no longer enjoy their former Delights, yet are unable to efface the Ideas from their Imagination, or extinguiſh their Thirſt after them, and

at the ſame time have no other Satisfactions to ſupply their Place. It is like the Torment of a Perſon that is preſs'd by eager Hunger, and has great Stores of delicious Meats, but by the Relaxation of his Throat is diſabled from ſwallowing.

Theſe Conſiderations have led me to reflect on the deplorable Condition of HARRY VENTER, who has ſpent his Youth and riper Years in a continu'd Series of ſenſual Enjoyments, and never expreſs'd any Diſſatisfaction or Remorſe, but when he was diſappointed of ſome expected Scene of Luxury.

We were formerly, in the unſettled part of my Life, well acquainted; and meeting him laſt Week in the *Park*, whom I had not ſeen in many Years, we ſaluted each other with the uſual Complements. I look'd at him with ſome Concern, and was extreamly ſurpriz'd to obſerve the Marks of Old Age and Decay ſo plain upon him. He was indeed Sixty, but being worn and enervated with Intemperance, he was much older than his Age. In ſhort, Life in HARRY VENTER is drawn down to the Lees, and ebbs off in the Dregs and Sediment of a ruin'd Conſtitution. We walk'd together up the *Mall*, and after ſome Diſcourſe on paſt Frolicks and Adventures, he ſtopp'd, and with a troubled Air---- 'COB RAVENSCROFT, ſays he, What a curſed Thing is 'Old Age? You now ſee but the Shadow of the 'Man I was when you knew me firſt; inſtead of 'that florid Health I then enjoy'd, you behold a 'decay'd, broken Fabrick; the Springs and Move'ments of this ſhatter'd Frame are partly by 'Years, partly by Purſuits of Pleaſure, ſo de'ſtroy'd or weaken'd, that I can ſcarce dra'the

'theſe Legs after me. I labour under a Thou-
'ſand Infirmities: My Cough teazes and keeps
'me awake all Night; and Pains, Aches, or Sick-
'neſs, are my Companions all Day. In this
'Miſery I have paſs'd theſe laſt Five Years;
'yet I have greater Sufferings that afflict my
'Mind: I am neglected by Men of Wit and
'Pleaſure, and grown odious to that bewitching
'Sex, by whom I was once ſo much eſteem'd. But
'the greateſt of all my Plagues is an unextinguiſh-
'ed Thirſt after Satisfactions I can no longer enjoy.
'The impotent Ghoſt of departed Pleaſure wan-
'ders in my Imagination, and perpetually haunts
'my Soul. I am ſo torn and diſtracted with
'craving Appetites and Inclinations, which,
'however, cannot be obey'd, that I continually
'repent, not like your Superſtitious Fools, who
'bewail what they call their Sins, but that I am
'unable to ſin any longer. I have been ſome-
'times driven by Deſpair of recovering my for-
'mer Enjoyments to that Extremity, that I have
'been ready by Violence to put an End to a
'Life, that denies me the uſual Gratifications of
'my Senſes, but when I think I am ready to
'take the Leap in the Dark, I ſtart, I recoil up-
'on my ſelf, and am ſeiz'd with a ſudden un-
'accountable Diffidence, whether my Being
'ſhall ſuffer an entire Diſſolution by Death, or
'whether that Part of it, call'd the Mind, will
'not remain unbroken and immortal.'---- Here
he paus'd---- And taking Advantage of his laſt
Expreſſions, I endeavour'd to draw from thence
ſuch Concluſions, as might convince him of a
future State, and diſpoſe him to make Proviſion
for it. But growing impatient of ſuch Sug-
geſtions, he interrupted my Diſcourſe, and ask'd

me, If I thought he was at thoſe Years capable of changing his Principles, in which he had ſo long, and with ſuch good Reaſons been confirm'd---- Upon this we parted, and I left him to go off the Stage, at leaſt in Appearance, a wretched and deſperate Champion of Impiety.

NUMBER XXI.

Sed te decor iſte, quod optas
Eſſe vetat, votoq; *tuo tua forma repugnat.*
Ovid.

FRIDAY, *January* 1. 1713.

THE wonderful Variety we obſerve among Mankind, not only ariſes out of that Diverſity which is found in their more conſpicuous Qualities, but is often made up of little Circumſtances and Peculiarities, which conſtitute what we call a *Manner*. According to this it happens, that the Virtues of one Man often appear diſagreeable, while even the Levities of another are thought becoming. NED FREEMAN is one of the latter kind. He is not only a Favourite, as I have formerly ſaid, of our Society, but he is particularly ſo of Sir EUSTACE LOCKER. We all indeed think our ſelves happy in the Friendſhip of our worthy Founder; but tho' we fancy ſome others of us have more of his Eſteem, we ob-

obſerve that NED has the greateſt Share of his Affection. In ſhort, Sir EUSTACE owns that, without deſigning any Diſtinction by it, he cannot help being particularly fond of Mr. FREEMAN.

NED, on the other hand, is not ſo much a Man of the Town as not to have Senſe enough to value the moſt ſolid Qualities; and often tells us in his free Manner, That *Sir* EUSTACE *is worth all of us.* Nay, he has ſometimes declar'd, That it was his ſingular Regard to this Gentleman, and the high Value he has for his Converſation, more than any other Motive, that engag'd him to become a Member of the *Lay-Monaſtery*. There is indeed ſomewhat of an amiable and polite Goodneſs, which familiarizes the Character of Sir EUSTACE to his Friends, and renders him equally the Object of Reſpect and of Love. NED FREEMAN calls him FATHER, and pays him a kind of filial Veneration. Sir EUSTACE is pleas'd with it, and treats him with all the Kindneſs, but without the Authority of a Parent; and tho' we often form Plots in Mirth, and raiſe little Stories againſt him to Sir EUSTACE, he will not believe them, but chides us, and ſays NED is not half ſo bad as we repreſent him. He ſometimes entertains himſelf by hearing him talk of his Female Acquaintance, or asks him what are thoſe fine Lines in *Waller* or *D nham*, on ſuch or ſuch a Subject. NED repeats them careleſly; but is more pleas'd when he can put Sir EUSTACE upon diſcourſing on ſome grave Point in Morality or Metaphyſicks.

I am the more particular in my Account of NED FREEMAN, becauſe I find by ſeveral Notices we have receiv'd, that he is a kind of Favourite

vourite with the Town, as well as with our Society. NED ſeems to be ſenſible of this, and cannot diſguiſe his being pleas'd with it. I now and then find him over his Tea in a Morning, reading the Papers which are written on himſelf. He tells me on ſuch Occaſions, that I have full Licence to ſay what I pleaſe of him, and deſires me not to ſpare his Faults, and ſometimes asks me in Raillery when he is next to ſit for his Picture.

I muſt obſerve here, that this Gentleman is not only a frequent Rambler abroad, but is very apt to ſlip away from us in his Thoughts, while he is ſitting among us. There is ſomething in him that looks like Forgetfulneſs, yet only proceeds from Inattention or Impatience of thinking long in a Train. I have often watch'd him when he has dropt us on a ſudden, in the midſt of a Diſcourſe, and have fancy'd by the new Air of his Countenance, that I have ſeen him engag'd in a Viſit to a Lady, or imagining a Game at *Ombre*. Sir ARTHUR WIMBLETON calls him at ſuch times an *abſent Member*, and pointing towards him the other Day wink'd upon me to obſerve him; NED was ſitting with his Hand under his Left Cheek, his Elbow on the Table, his Eyes fix'd on the Cieling, and his Fingers in his Snuff-box, which lay open before him. While he was in this Poſture, I produc'd a Letter, which I acquainted the Society had been brought to me juſt before by the Publiſher of this Paper. This awaken'd him out of his careleſs Fit; and caſting his Eye on the Superſcription, he immediately told us it was a Woman's Hand. We all ſmil'd at the Quickneſs of his Diſcernment; and opening the Letter, I read it to the Board, as follows.

GEN.

GENTLEMEN, *Oxon, Dec.* 24. 1713.

'AS I am a Stranger to you, it is fit that I begin with my Character. I am young, the 'World takes me for a Virgin, I flatter my ſelf 'that I am tolerably handſome, and leave you 'to judge of my Wit as you ſee Occaſion. Thus 'qualify'd, I confeſs it is a little mortifying that 'I have never been ask'd the Queſtion, in a 'Place where there are a hundred young Fel'lows to every pretty Woman, in Town. I 'have the Vanity to think that I am not 'without my Admirers; but I appeal to Mr. 'FREEMAN, whether toaſting me in a Ta'vern, peeping at me from the Corner of a 'Street, or thro' a Coffee-houſe Window, or 'beſetting my Pew, and ſtaring me out of Coun'tenance in Church, be ſuch Declarations of 'Paſſion as a Lady can lay hold of. By ſuch ſilent 'Lovers I am perpetually teaz'd, who either 'dare not, or cannot ſay one fine Thing to me; 'for which Reaſon I reſolve to profeſs my ſelf a 'Member of the *Lay-Nunnery* you lately gave us 'an Account of: But becauſe I have no Notice of 'their Place of Reſidence, I muſt deſire the Fa'vour of you to publiſh this Letter (and make 'what Alterations are neceſſary in the Stile and 'Spelling) to acquaint them with my Reſolu'tion; I hope my being young will entitle me to 'be receiv'd as an honorary Member. If the 'Siſterhood approve of me, I ſhall ſoon let my 'diſtant Admirers find the old Proverb verify'd, '*Faint Heart never won fair Lady.* In hopes I ſhall 'hear from you in your next, I will now ſub'ſcribe my ſelf,

GENTLEMEN, *Your oblig'd Humble Servant,*

Diana Silver-Scarf.

P.S.

P. S. 'If Mr. FREEMAN be ſo accompliſh'd a 'Gentleman as you repreſent him, I muſt deſire 'him, when I am in the *Lay-Nunnery*, to make 'no more Incurſions into our Territories, for 'both our Sakes.

I had no ſooner done reading, but NED FREEMAN, who ſat on my Left Hand, and look'd over me all the while, took the Letter from me, and having read the Poſtſcript two or three Times, threw it down on the Table, and ſaid he was ſure the Lady was handſome. We all allow'd her to have Wit; but NED taking up the Letter, and reading the Poſtſcript again, grew upon us in his imaginary Deſcription, and before he had ended, made her a Pattern of Perfection. We had juſt before been talking of appointing Mr. FREEMAN our Secretary for Female Affairs. He deſir'd he might immediately enter upon his Office; and taking Pen and Ink, he writ on the Blank Side of the Letter as follows.

Madam,

"IF I do not miſtake, you are the Lady I gaz'd "at ſo much in the Theatre laſt Summer at "the Act, with very fine Eyes and dark colour'd "Hair, that beat Time ſo agreeably to the Mu- "ſick with your Fan. None of our Society "know where the *Lay-Nunnery* is beſides my ſelf. "If you will honour me with your Commands, "when you come to Town, I will wait on you "thither. MADAM,

Your moſt Humble Servant,

E. FREEMAN.

I have Orders to inſert another Letter, which I receiv'd about the ſame Time, and which under a Cover to me was written to Sir EUSTACE LOCKER.

Sir EUSTACE,

« LOok to your Fraternity. I have heard of a « certain Creature, that by imitating the « Voices of other Animals, draws them into its « Reach, and then preys upon them. The *Lay-* « *Nunnery* is a Decoy, and the *Siſters* have a De- « ſign on the *Lay-Brothers*. Be vigilant, and « eſpecially have an Eye upon NED FREEMAN.

Your Humble Servant,

Dec. 26. 1713.

Ralph Warnwell.

I am directed to acquaint Mr. *Warnwell*, that we take his Letter to be only writ with a Deſign to create Jealouſies among us; and that notwithſtanding his Warning, we ſhall not be diſcourag'd from cultivating a good Underſtanding with our dear Siſters of the *Lay-Nunnery*.

NUMBER XXII.

Omnia transformat ſeſe in miracula rerum.
Virg.

MONDAY, *January* 4. 1713.

THoſe who believe that human Minds are in themſelves equal, and that all the wonderful Diſtinction of intellectual Excellence and Per-

Perfection, which appears in the Individuals of Mankind, ariſes from the Different Diſpoſition of the Humours, and various Formation of the Organs of the Body, which ſupply the Mind with different Inſtruments for its Operations, will be ready to embrace a mechanical Explanation of the Inequality of human Underſtandings. According to this way of Thinking, a great and admirable Genius will be allow'd to reſult from ſome curious Structure of the Brain, from regular and exalted Ferments, and more immediately from the Fineneſs, Vivacity and Abundance of the Spirits which enrich the Imagination with bright Ideas, and enable the Soul to exert all her Powers to the utmoſt Extent of her Activity.

Yet I ſhall not contend with any, who account for this ſurprizing Diſparity of our ſuperior Faculties, by aſſerting, that Minds without reſpect to the Body are by Nature of very different Capacities.

This elevated Order of Men is divided into many ſubordinate Degrees of Diſtinction, according to the various Proportion of Genius and Judgment imparted to their Conſtitutions. 'Tis not, however, by the Swiftneſs of Conception, Brightneſs of Imagination and Redundancy of Spirits, that they are diſcriminated from other Men; but Prudence and good Taſte, Solidity of Senſe, Reflection and conſiſtent Reaſoning, are the eſſential Differences which conſtitute this excellent Race, and vary and limit them from Multitudes, who have other intellectual Endowments in common with the greateſt and wiſeſt Men.

The finer Spirits here deſcrib'd are not only diſtinguiſh'd from each other by their different Mea-

Meaſures of Wit and Underſtanding, but likewiſe by their different Temperament, reſulting from the various Combinations of Humours and Ferments, which meet together, and blend and qualify one another in their particular Compoſitions. And this Diverſity of Character in the more ingenious Natives of this Iſland proceeds from nothing more, than from a lighter or ſtronger Tincture of what we call the *Spleen* in their Mixture.

The Spleen, a Quality almoſt peculiar to this Nation, is of a quite different Nature from Melancholy and Diſtraction, which are frequently the Diſeaſes of hot Countries; and, in my Opinion, it is the particular Conſtitution of the whole Syſtem of Animal Spirits ſtimulated, enliven'd and refin'd by certain active Principles to a greater Degree than they are in others. 'Tis therefore a general and juſt Obſervation, That thoſe who are endow'd with a moderate Portion of this lively Ferment in their Complexion, are Perſons of ſuperior Senſe, and extraordinary Vivacity of Imagination; and while predominant Judgment holds the Reins, and keeps the Balance of Power equal and ſteady in the Soul, governs its Operations, and prevents the Exceſſes and Irregularities of the lighter Faculties, this lucky Complication cannot but produce an excellent Genius.

Dr. *Willis*, who was eminent for his Learning and Abilities in Practice, taking what I have aſſerted for a certain Maxim, endeavours at large by the Principles of Chymiſtry to give a mechanical Explanation of it. He attributes this Diſtinction of Wit and good Senſe in the Perſons before-mention'd to certain Combinations of ſubtile

tile Matter in their Compoſition, fermented and refined to a great Degree of Purity by the Energy of a peculiar Leven, convey'd to the Blood and Humours from the Spleen; tho' perhaps his Hypotheſis is not ſo ſolid, as it is finely imagin'd.

'Tis for this Reaſon, that as ſome to procure Reputation, perſonate the Characters of good or bad Men, and are Hypocrites in Vertue or Vice, as the one or the other grows in Faſhion; ſo many, to be thought Men of Parts and Ingenuity, lay claim, out of meer Oſtentation, to the Power of the Spleen in their Complexion, to which they have no manner of Title: Nor are there Inſtances wanting in the fair Sex, who pretend to this reputable Diſtemper of the Spirits, with the ſame Vanity that others affect the Beauty of an unſanguine and ſickly Countenance.

'Tis true, this Complexion has eminent Advantages above others, yet the Poſſeſſors often pay dear for their Superiority; thoſe eſpecially of the beautiful Sex, whoſe tender and delicate Fibres, by the lively Motions of their Spirits, make them obnoxious to violent Achings of the Head, and painful Hyſterick Paſſions. The Springs of theſe Sufferings by vulgar Error are called Vapours, and accounted Diſeaſes, while they are nothing elſe but the natural Effect of the Keenneſs, Vigour, and Richneſs of the Animal Spirits, of which they cannot be cur'd, but at the Expence of their good Senſe, and to the Prejudice of their ſprightly Imagination.

'Tis true, if this active Principle, the Spleen, by getting ground upon the reſt which ſhould reſtrain it, grows predominant and licentious, it be-

becomes a Diſtemper, attended with numerous uneaſy Symptoms, and while 'tis accompany'd with Suſpicion, Diffidence, Irreſolution, Inconſtancy, Timidity, and perpetual Apprehenſion of Death, it approaches near to a State of Lunacy, tho' it rarely riſes to that Diſtemper.

As to the natural Function of the Spleen, there is no Diſcovery yet made, that it ſeparates from the Blood any impure or ſuperfluous Humours, being deſtitute of any Canal to convey them away, and therefore its uſe is ſtill uncertain, unleſs we allow that its Office is to retard and break, by the various Convolutions and Meanders of its little Tubes, the Velocity of the Blood, that it may not ruſh into the Liver with Violence, and by its too rapid Motion hinder due Separation of the Choler by that Strainer. But that 'tis not a neceſſary Part is evident; for I have ſeen the Side of a Dog open'd, and the Spleen taken out, yet the Animal, the Wound being heal'd, continu'd chearful, and in good Health.

I cannot diſmiſs this Subject till I have made the following Remarks. Tho' the Diſtinction which appears in the Air and Aſpect, the Mein, the Structure, and Motion of Mens Bodies is remarkable, and that of their Faces and Features is yet more ſurprizing; and tho' this Diſagreement of Countenance does not only diſtinguiſh one Individual from another, but there is likewiſe a peculiar Caſt of Face in the Natives of different Countries, eſpecially if at great Diſtance, yet there is not a greater Diverſity in the Countenances of different Nations, than of Humour and Diſpoſition of Mind. All Nations have ſomething in their Complexion ap-

propriated to themſelves, ariſing from the Difference of Soil, and Degrees of Heat and Cold in the Air they breathe. The *French* and the *Spaniards*, the *Italians* and the *Britains*, are no leſs divided and diſtinguiſh'd by their Inclinations, Habitudes and Manners, than by the Boundaries and Limits of their Countries.

But of all theſe Nations, the Temper of the Natives of *Britain* is moſt various, which proceeds from the Spleen, an Ingredient of the Conſtitution, which is almoſt peculiar, at leaſt in the Degree of it, to this Iſland. Hence ariſes the Diverſity of Genius and Diſpoſition, of which this Soil is ſo very fertile. Our Neighbours have greater Poverty of Humour, and Scarcity of Originals, than we. The *Spaniard* ſarcaſtically ſays of the *French*, *If you have ſeen one, you have ſeen all*; tho' a *French* Man may as truly retort the Raillery on the Grave *Caſtillian*, and this may as truly be affirm'd of the *Italian* on each ſide the *Appennines*, and of the *High Dutch* and *Low*. But an *Engliſh* Man needs not go abroad to learn the Humours of theſe different Neighbours; let him but travel from *Temple-Bar* to *Ludgate*, and he will meet among his own Country-men, the *French* Man, the *Spaniard*, the *Italian*, and the *German*; he'll find Perſons as much diſagreeing, as all the Nations in *Europe* can ſhow; and more than this, he may diſcern in ſingle Perſons, as they are ſober, or inflam'd with Wine, dejected by a Diſappointment, or elated by a lucky Accident, or as they have been croſs'd by their Wives, vex'd by diſobedient Children, or put out of Temper by their Servants, in Four and Twenty Hours the Diſpoſitions and Humours of all the Nations of *Europe*.

When

When this active Ferment affects in an intemperate Proportion Perſons who are curious to enquire into the ſecret Operations of Nature, it introduces into the World a ſtrange Variety of Fanatical Adepts, and whimſical Philoſophers; and if it mingles in an exceſſive Degree in Conſtitutions diſpos'd to Theological Contemplations, it fills the World with odd and irregular Productions of another kind. From hence ariſe the numberleſs Viſionaries and extravagant Sects in Religion, diſtinguiſh'd by their ſeveral Chimerical Singularities, Superſtitious Fears, and Hypocondriacal Enthuſiaſm. And hence it comes to paſs that ſo many moroſe, rigid, and melancholy Perſons unhappily bring Diſhonour on the Practice of Vertue, by tempting others to look upon Religion, which in it ſelf is moſt amiable and delightful, as an unlovely and frightful Object. From this Obſervation, ſome Men of Wit, have reproach'd all Devotion as the Effect of a diſtemper'd Brain, and an Imagination over agitated by the Spleen: But they might with as good Reaſon infer from the numerous Diſeaſes and monſtrous Deformities, which are found among Mankind, that there is no healthful Conſtitution, or beautiful Frame of Body in the whole Species.

NUMBER XXIII.

At faciem quum aſpicias eorum, non videntur mali,
Opera fallunt. Plaut.
Miſeri quibus
Intentata nites! Hor.

WEDNESDAY, *January* 6. 1713.

MOral Truth, as diſtinguiſh'd from Natural and Metaphyſical, is acknowledg'd by Philoſophers and Divines to be a Conformity between our Words and Thoughts. But if this Vertue reſults from a Similitude between the Signification and the Thing ſignified, it may with Parity of Reaſon be extended to all other exterior Marks, by which we are guided by Nature to communicate the Sentiments and Affections of the Soul. The Motions of our Limbs, the Figure of our Faces, and our Geſtures, are as really expreſſive as Words themſelves, of the Diſpoſition of the Heart, and the Ideas of the Mind. Our Looks and Behaviour, which are the ſilent Rhetorick of the Body, are the Interpreters of our Thoughts and Paſſions, as well as the ſounding Organ in the Mouth. The Eye by its Glances, the Cheeks by their Bluſhes, the Mouth by its ſmiles, and the Forehead and Brow

Brows by their various Contractions and Expanſions plainly diſcover our internal Temper. Hence the Sculptor and the Painter, who are eminent in their Art, are able to expreſs in the Countenance, Eyes and Poſtures of their Figures, Shame and Horror, Fear and Joy, Admiration and Love, in the utmoſt Perfection. One animates his Canvas, and the other his Marble, with paſſionate Emotions, and exhibits the whole Soul in naked or in colour'd Lines; and tho' the Statue and the Picture are deſtitute of Words they ſtrike our Imaginations with great Force, and touch our Affections with unvocal Eloquence. If the Mind and its Perturbations are expreſs'd ſo much to the Life in the Copy, they muſt at leaſt be as ſtrong in the Original.

Since our Looks and Geſtures are deſign'd to convey to each other our inward Sentiments, when they are perverted from this End, and we at any Time wear an Aſpect, or aſſume an Appearance contrary to the Temper and Senſe of our Minds, with Purpoſe to deceive the Spectator, we are as truly guilty of Diſſimulation in this Diſformity of our Souls to our outward Demeanour, as we are in the Diſſimilitude between them and our articulate Expreſſions. This is immorality in this Face, Hypocriſy in our Geſtures, and Fraud and Impoſture in our outward Deportment.

Nothing is more fallacious, than to gueſs at the Soul by the outward Aſpect. 'Tis true, ſuch native Simplicity, Benevolence and Humanity, ſuch Openneſs and Ingenuity are ſeen in the Countenances of ſome, that as ſoon as they appear we are prejudic'd in their Favour. Some, on the contrary, have Lines ſo intricate and diſagreeable,

and ſuch a deſigning dark Look; and in others we obſerve ſuch a firm Aſſurance, ſuch harſh and forbidding Features, and ſuch a miſchievous and fatal Countenance, that the Knave in one, and the Miſcreant in the other are conſpicuous at firſt Sight. Tho' this is often true, the Obſervation however is not to be extended too far; for we frequently meet with Perſons of excellent Qualities, who have no Marks in their Faces that promiſe Vertue or Ingenuity; while others, to conceal their Vices, ſo well counterfeit the external Appearance of Probity, Compaſſion and Benevolence, that they often impoſe on the World, and carry on their ill Deſigns under that Mask with Succeſs.

Larva is a celebrated Inſtance of this Kind. His Perſon is graceful, and his Features agreeable. With this Advantage, he is at the ſame time as great a Genius for Impoſture and Diſſimulation as has perhaps appear'd among Mankind; and being cultivated by the moſt refin'd Rules, and improv'd by aſſiduous Practice, he equals the moſt famous Hypocrites that have flouriſh'd in any Country or Age. His Soul is poſſeſs'd of all Kinds of Vice in their greateſt Height, yet his Aſpect is the Seat of all the contrary Vertues. He is moſt clearly underſtood, by aſſigning the contrary Meaning to what he profeſſes. If he affirms a Thing as true which he knows is falſe, or makes a ſolemn Promiſe which he never intends to perform, he adds to repeated Proteſtations of his being in earneſt all the Marks of Sincerity which are peculiar to the Looks and Geſtures, exactly perſonates a Man of Vertue and Honour, and has all the ſhow of Integrity, without any thing of the Reality. While he derides and hates

hates your Perſon, he will careſs you with the moſt endearing Expreſſions and Tranſports of Joy. And tho' he has often deceiv'd his Acquaintance, and they as often have reſolv'd no more to be deceiv'd, yet the finiſh'd Hypocrite will ſtill work ſome new Miracle of a Lie to confirm their Faith, and engage them to believe again.

There is not a greater Diſſimilitude between the Mind and the outward Expreſſions of it, than in well-bred Perſons, who have not conquer'd, but learn'd to conceal their Paſſions.

Rabeira is a Gentleman of ſuch a cholerick Spirit among his Domeſticks, that he often ſeems tranſported to a Degree of Frenzy, yet when he goes abroad among his Friends, or Company comes home to him, he is preſently the moſt eaſy and affable, the moſt kind and obliging Man in the World. If he hears that a Perſon is come to viſit him whom he perfectly hates, he flies out at his very Name into the utmoſt Diſorder; yet as ſoon as he appears, he runs to him, takes him in his Arms, and ſalutes him with the tendereſt Expreſſions of Friendſhip; he is infinitely oblig'd to him for his odious Viſit, and highly pleas'd with the Company of one whom above all others he abhors; and by this Means he ſends the Gentleman away extremely ſatisfy'd with his Reception. To be a Maſter of this Addreſs is often the chief end of Life among Men of Condition. Thus *Rabeira*, like many others of his Rank, from a Principle of good Breeding, ſtrives to oblige and make every Man eaſy, and ſubſtitutes an outward Reſemblance inſtead of real Benevolence. In this he has acquir'd ſuch maſterly Skill, that by his friendly Demeanour

and

and vehement Declarations of Kindneis, now taking you by the Hand, now leaning on your Shoulder, with Smiles and Looks that uſe to attend Sincerity, the conſummate Diſſembler will perſwade you he is in earneſt; yet he embraces the next he meets in the ſame Tranſport, and ſhows a particular Reſpect to every Man living; his Civility conſiſting in nothing elſe but a Form of Words and a Set of Geſtures, which he uſes in the ſame mechanical Manner to all he knows, without any inward Emotion or Concern.

Inſtead of being an affectionate Husband, and taking Pleaſure in his Lady's Converſation, he is extremely decent, never contradicts her in a rude Manner, and never complies with her Perſwaſions or Requeſts: He treats her with the Behaviour of a Gentleman, as he would any other Woman of Quality, and pays this cold Equivalent of a courtly Reſpect inſtead of an indulgent conjugal Affection. However theſe well-bred Men, who make their becoming Addreſs without any inward Paſſion paſs for Friendſhip and Goodwill, do at leaſt give their Aprobation to Vertue; and were it as eaſy to practiſe, as to commend it, they would no doubt engage in the Purſuit of it. But while their Intereſts, Prejudices and the Power of ill Propenſions and confirm'd Habits will not admit the Reception of genuine Vertue, they put on the external Marks, and make good Manners ſupply the Place of Morality. 'Tis indeed true, that tho' this will not much avail the well-bred Hypocrite, yet 'tis much leſs hurtful to Society. A Knave of great Civility, and of a gentile Behaviour, is more ſupportable than a rugged ill behav'd Miſcreant, and we are better pleas'd to be cheated

ed with a good Grace and the handſom Manner of a Courtier, who is never in earneſt, than by a ſurly Clown or a rough Blockhead.

It is no Wonder if we find Inſtances of this Kind too among the other Sex. *Morella* has the greateſt Sweetneſs and Simplicity that ever appear'd in a lovely Face. She is offended with diſorderly Behaviour, impatient of immodeſt Diſcourſe, yet harbours within the moſt exorbitant Inclinations, and vicious Habits. Beneath the charming Veil of a gentle, ſoft and unaſſur'd Countenance, the alluring *Syren* conceals an unbridled Deſire of Pleaſure, which to gratify, ſhe proſtitutes her Honour, violates her Vows, expoſes her Body to painful Diſtempers, and her Mind to cutting Remorſe. Is it poſſible, that the Art of Lying by Looks and Geſtures can be more improv'd or adorn'd, than it is in this engaging Hypocrite? She knows that a Face cover'd with Bluſhes has that attractive Power over the Minds of Men, that even Beauty, without their Aſſiſtance, makes but a faint Impreſſion. Her Deſign therefore being to enſnare and captivate the other Sex, ſhe poiſons her Darts with diſſembled Innocence, and arms her Eyes with reſiſtleſs Modeſty; while her uncautious Admirers, betray'd by artful Appearances, too late diſcern their unhappy Miſtake, and by the fair Impoſtor are at once enlighten'd and undone.

NUMBER XXIV.

Neq; bona ſpes abſq; labore utile quicquam parit.
Socrat. *apud* Stobæum.

FRIDAY, *January* 8. 1713.

To Mr. JACOB RAVENSCROFT.

SIR,

'I Thank you for your Eſſay on *Impudence*, and 'muſt own that it has cur'd me of the 'ſtrangeſt Humour in the World, tho' perhaps 'the moſt pleaſant. Before I read your Diſ-'courſe, I led an unacountable delightful Life: 'The beſt Part of every Day was ſpent in my 'Cloſet, where I muſter'd up in my Imagination 'the ſeveral Qualifications that entitled me to 'future Greatneſs. About ten Years ſince I be-'gan this Kind of Life, when deſigning to enter 'my ſelf at the Univerſity, I withdrew to my 'Study. My firſt Proſpect on this Undertaking 'was that I ſhould be chief Proctor, within a 'Minute I fancy'd my ſelf Head of a Houſe, then 'Vice-chancellor, then a Biſhop, and (before a 'Quarter of an Hour was expir'd) I became an 'Archbiſhop. I was no ſooner ſettling my Affairs 'in my Archbiſhoprick, but that Thought was 'juſtled out of my Head by another, which ſug-

geſted

geſted a more ſpeedy Aſcent by the Law. I paſs'd thro' the Degrees of a Barriſter, Serjeant and Judge, and was a Lord-Chancellor before the Hour was out, when I began to think of Phyſick, and from thence as ſwift as an Arrow my Fancy return'd to my Archbiſhoprick.

'As I was indulging my ſelf with theſe pleaſing Hopes, a Country Gentleman broke in upon me; and my Fancy wrought ſo ſtrongly, that I immediately told him I ſhould certainly be Proctor of the Univerſity: Tho' his Objections ſeem'd ſo many Bars to my Preferment while he was preſent, an innate Impudence and a ſanguine Conſtitution got over them with Eaſe as ſoon as he left me, and I fell back into my former Chain of Thoughts. I ſpent my time in ſhifting from one fantaſtick Dignity to another, ſtill building Caſtles in the Air. A thouſand delighful Ideas glanc'd thro' my Imagination. The Proſpect of future Greatneſs raviſh'd me as I lay on my Bed, made my Dreams pleaſant, enhanc'd my daily Enjoyments, and ſweeten'd all accidental Croſſes. Thus I enjoy'd at once the preſent and the future Happineſs without Diſturbance; and while I was thus deceiv'd, my conceited Worth would not let me perceive my Deluſion.

'I long purſu'd this Courſe, but at laſt reſolv'd to exert my ſelf by Action. I was ſo forcibly deluded, that I bought Velvet-Sleeves, and hired a Couple of Servants for my Equipage in my firſt Poſt of Honour. I bespoke Liveries, and pitch'd on ſome Friends for my Chaplains. I frequently ſolac'd my ſelf with hammering out ſome proper Revenge for *Bob Blunt* and *Jack Smart*, who had affronted

'me.

'me. Such as had been wanting to me in the 'leaſt Reſpect due to my Merit, I decreed to pun-'iſh by a ſcornful Neglect hereafter. But this 'was not all: I began to think my ſelf a Man 'of Wealth and Honour already, and kept State 'accordingly. I talk'd and jeſted with the Air 'of a Man of Quality, and punn'd with as much 'Authority as one that is worth a Plumb: A 'ſage Apothegm or a quaint Alluſion were the 'perpetual Flowers of my Converſation; all 'which I could handſomly ſet forth by an impor-'tant Look, or a ſly Wink on the Man who I 'thought moſt approv'd my Wit.

'As the foregoing Part of my Character ſhows 'me a great Forecaſter, I kept a Scheme of all 'the Members of Parliament which ſhould be 'choſen in *England* till the Year 1720. I told 'my Friends who ſhould get Places at Court, 'with as much Aſſurance as if I had been a 'Privy-Councellor. No man of Honour was 'nam'd in my hearing, but by a ſide-wind Arro-'gance I let the Company know that I, or ſome 'Friend of mine, or ſome Friend's Friend of 'mine was acquainted with him. To procure 'Credit to my Words, if I receiv'd any Frank'd 'Letters, I left them on my Table, or ſtuck 'them up in my Window, with the Superſcrip-'tions expoſed to view; beſides ſeveral others 'which I forg'd as frank'd by ſuch a Lord, and 'ſuch an Earl. I ſpent the greateſt Part of my 'Time that was employ'd in Action, in rambling 'from one Place to another, to pick up Scraps 'of Intelligence, which I deliver'd rather ac-'cording to my Memory, than my Underſtand-'ing: I romanc'd how ſuch a great Man took

'me

'me aſide at ſuch a Time, what ſuch a one ſaid 'to me at another, what Diſcourſe paſs'd where 'I din'd Yeſterday, what Company there was, 'what Diſhes, what Wine; and what Intrigues 'were on foot in Church and State. I cultivated 'a genteel Behaviour, and ſet off *a Nut-brown 'Face with a Light Wig*, becauſe I fancy'd it made 'me look wiſe; and with a Doubt, a Nod, or a 'Shrug, I took upon me to contradict whatever 'was affirm'd in Converſation.

'Such a Dream of Life lull'd me on for ſeven Years; but I was awaken'd by an Election of a Magiſtrate in the Town where I dwell. I eſpouſed the Cauſe of *Tom Bell*, and in Confidence of my fancy'd Greatneſs, doubted not of Succeſs; but miſſing my Aim, I rav'd like a Madman, calling all ſuch as oppoſed me Knaves, Fools, and *a Faction*. But upon cooler Reflection, I was rous'd from my Lethargy, and diſcover'd to my great Diſcontent that I was in Reality no Man of Power, as I had flatter'd my ſelf; and thence I drew a true Concluſion, that a meer Conſciouſneſs of Merit was not ſufficient to gain an implicit Deference. Hereupon I reſolv'd forthwith to exert my Abilities, and make haſte to my deſerv'd Greatneſs; but while I was ſweating to find out what my Genius was turn'd for, I happen'd to fall on your Paper. I there obſerv'd that Impudence was a Spur to any thing, and that Conceit would ſwell a Mole-hill to a Mountain. With Difficulty and Sorrow I apply'd it to my ſelf; and tho' I do not bear the Stamp of a Coxcomb in my Face, yet I am now perſwaded 'twas a daring and bold Confidence of my own Worth that ſet me ſo long a Star-gazing on Greatneſs and Futurity.

'I am reſolv'd for the future to live like my 'Neighbours, and be a modeſt ſober Man; for 'tho' I am call'd *the Old Trojan*, I am not too old 'to amend. As I am by Birth a *Corniſh* Man, 'grafted on a *Spaniard*, I ſhall purſue the open 'undiſguiſed Honeſty of the former. At the 'ſame time I renounce the formal Starchneſs of 'the latter, and am ſorry I retain the Name of

Don John Ronquillo.

I have the Directions of the Society to acquaint our Correſpondent, that tho' he has humorouſly enough deſcrib'd a ſanguine Impudence in the foregoing Letter, yet his laſt Paragraph deſtroys his Title to it. It will not be allow'd that a Man was ever Impudent, who paſſes away his Life in empty Speculations, and does not reduce the Theory to Practice. I have by me a Letter of *Harry Brazier*'s to a Lady on his firſt ſeeing her, that deſcribes this thriving Quality after a more genuine Manner.

MADAM,

"YOU are handſome, I am ugly; you have "a Fortune, I have ſpent one; the World "that ſays you have every good Quality, will "not allow that I have one. After this you may "be ſurpriz'd, If I tell you that I am to be your "Husband. I am reſolv'd not to leave you till "I have convinc'd you of the Truth of this; "ſo I wiſh you Joy, and am

Your moſt Faithful Humble Servant,

Henry Brazier.

I a

I am loth, for the Credit of the fair Sex, to ſay what was the Succeſs of this bold Pretender. In ſhort, it may be ſaid of real Impudence, what *Horace* ſays of Vertue, That *it is incapable of any Repulſe.*

NUMBER XXV.

Siqua voles apte nubere nube pari. Ovid.

MONDAY, *January* 11. 1713.

IF it be true, as 'tis generally allow'd, that genuine and laſting Friendſhip is founded on a Similitude of Temper and Inclinations, it muſt be granted that Conjugal Affection, which includes the Notion of the moſt generous and perfect Friendſhip, muſt likewiſe ſpring from the like Cauſes, and depend for its Preſervation on the ſame Supports. If this Harmony of Minds is wanting, the Marriage Yoke will not long ſit light and eaſy: From different Inſtincts, and Views of Intereſt, the ill-ſuited Pair will draw contrary ways; and from that Contraſt will ſoon ariſe a cold Indifference, and afterwards ſuch a Diſlike, as will quickly ſettle into a downright Averſion. It is therefore ſurprizing that Parents, who are endow'd with a natural Affection to their Offspring, ſhould not when they marry them, beſides their Regard to a ſuitable Fortune,

take Care to find an Agreeableneſs of Humour, Inclinations and Age in the Perſons to whom they commit ſo important a Truſt as the Happineſs of their Children and Poſterity. Theſe Thoughts aroſe in my Mind upon reading the two following Letters.

To Mr. JACOB RAVENSCROFT.

SIR,

'THree Months ſince a Gentleman, whom I will call *Valencio*, made his Addreſſes to me with my Father's Approbation. The Writings were order'd to be drawn: But in this Juncture a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood of a much greater Eſtate apply'd to my Father, and offer'd a Settlement almoſt double to what his Rival had done. The old Gentleman was ſo pleas'd with it, that he has put off *Valencio*, and lays his Commands upon me to accept the new Offer. Now, Sir, I am in the greateſt Diſtreſs imaginable. I had rather go to my Grave than to the Church to make this Creature my Husband. He is the moſt awkard, ſtupid, ſenſeleſs Thing that ever diſgrac'd Mankind. Should I marry him (which Heaven forbid) I ſhould be the moſt unhappy Woman living. When our Neighbours ſhall come to viſit us, I ſhall ſweat, and be in Torture for every thing he is about to ſay. He is ſo great a Changeling, that if Company dine with us, I ſhould be ready to ſink under the Table, and die with Shame to hear him expoſe himſelf. While Gentlemen of Wit and Senſe entertain the Table with agreeable Diſcourſe, what a Mortification will it be to me to ſee that my Blockhead has no-

'nothing to ſay, or what is worſe, nothing to 'the Purpoſe? How ſhall I bluſh to hear him 'laugh in the wrong Place, and expreſs ſome 'ſilly Approbation? But if the Coxcomb ſhould 'hold his Tongue, which will be hard for him 'to do, yet the Company by his Aſpect and 'Geſtures would find out the Fool, and wink 'upon one another in Deriſion. Now, Sir, 'tho' I don't pretend to a greater Degree of 'Senſe than my Neighbours, yet I hate an Ideot, 'and am impatient of Impertinence. I am plea-'ſed with the Converſation of Men of Ingenui-'ty, and ſuch a one is *Valencio*, for whom I own 'I have a Reſpect. Oh, Sir, were I left to my 'Choice, rather than be the Wife of that Ani-'mal, tho' I know I ſhould live in Splendor and 'Plenty, I would marry *Valencio*, tho' I were 'ſure to lie upon Straw, and beg my Bread with 'him. Therefore my earneſt Requeſt to you, 'dear Mr. RAVENSCROFT, is, that you would 'write upon this Subject, to diſſwade my Fa-'ther from forcing me to marry a Perſon who 'has not the leaſt Merit, and to convince him 'that the greateſt Eſtate without agreeable Qua-'lifications in a Husband will never ſave his 'Daughter from being the moſt miſerable of 'Women. I am

SIR,

Jan. 5. 1713. *Your unknown Humble Servant*,
E. S.

P. S. 'I don't care if you publiſh my Letter, 'for my Father reads your Papers, and com-'mends them. I leave this to your Prudence.

The Lady that ſent the following Letter does not want Senſe or Spirit; and if it be conſider'd, that ſhe has been long ill-us'd, and ſtimulated by the higheſt Provocations, the Sharpneſs of her Stile is excuſable.

Mr. RAVENSCROFT,

"I Was much affected when I read the Letter "you publiſh'd, which was writ by Sir ARTHUR WIMBLETON's Niece to her diſſolute "Husband: You muſt know, Sir, I labour under no leſs Afflictions than that unfortunate "Lady once ſuffer'd, but in a quite different "Way. My Lord and Maſter, for ſo he truly is, "and the moſt arbitrary and imperious that ever "exercis'd the Government of a Family, is juſt "the Reverſe to that Gentlewoman's indulgent "Spouſe. The Temper of mine is ſour, rough "and untractable; and as there is no Mixture "in him of Humanity and tender Paſſions, to "qualify his rigid Diſpoſition, ſo all Expreſſi-"ons of Love, Condeſcention and obliging Be-"haviour have been try'd in vain to mollify him. "I was a young Creature when I marry'd him, "who was much older than my ſelf, tho' I de-"clare I never lov'd him, for I never ſaw any "thing in his Perſon or Manners that could en-"gage me. However I was told that *Love would "come after*, than which nothing, Sir, was ever "ſaid more falſe. I enter'd into this Bondage "in Obedience to my Father, who is not the "firſt who has ſacrific'd his Daughter for Mo-"ney. Tempted by the Proſpect of a great "Eſtate, and for the Sake of a good Jointure, "he ſettled upon me for Life ſuch a Curſe of a Hus-

" Husband, and ſuch an odious Slavery, as ſure " no Woman ever ſuffer'd before.

" He is perpetually diſpleas'd with all about " him, and is only ingenious in finding out Oc- " caſions to expreſs his ill Nature. He is con- " ſtantly either dogged and ſullen, or violent and " outragious. If he affects a pleaſant Manner, " which he ſeldom does, nothing can become a " Man ſo ill; his very Laugh is ſo awkard and " diſagreeable, that it rather frights than plea- " ſes.

" Underſtanding laſt Week that ſome of my " Relations intended to dine with me, he came " home late from *Change*, on purpoſe, as I be- " lieve, that Dinner might be ſpoil'd. He en- " ter'd the Room in an ill Temper, put on an " Air of Authority, and having coldly ſaluted " the Company, he fell a railing at me without " the leaſt Provocation, and work'd himſelf up " to ſuch a Paſſion, that he took the firſt Diſh of " Meat that came to the Table, and threw it in- " to the Middle of the Floor.

" When we are at Dinner, if I offer to ſpeak, " as I ſeldom do, my *Turk* inſolently asks me, if " I will never learn to hold my Tongue, and " conceal my Ignorance; if I reply, he threa- " tens in a Rage to fling a Plate at my Head.

" While he is thus haughty at home, where " he inſults his Wife, terrifies his Children, di- " ſtracts his Servants, and turns the Houſe into " a *Bedlam*, he is ſo contemptible a Coward " abroad, as to put up every Day the moſt pro- " voking Affronts; and ſo hen-hearted in Sick- " neſs, that if his Finger does but ake, a Servant " is immediately poſted away for the Doctor. In " the mean time he groans and ſighs, and makes

" a thouſand Complaints, while the whole
" Houſe is too little to attend him; and ſome-
" times I am tempted to think he counterfeits
" Sickneſs to play the Tyrant, and enjoy the
" Satisfaction of tormenting his Family.

" He keeps one Slut under my Noſe, and two
" others abroad; one of them came to his Houſe
" a few Days ſince, and had the Confidence to de-
" mand Two Hundred Pounds; while he a lit-
" tle heſitated, ſhe broke out into a violent Paſ-
" ſion, and cry'd Ungrateful Monſter, have I
" been ſo often civil to ſuch a pitiful Fellow as
" you, and do you who are worth Thouſands de-
" ny me this Trifle to ſupply my Wants? This
" Bully to his Wife, was ſo aw'd and hen-peck'd
" by his imperious Harlot, that to buy his Peace,
" he preſently gave her the Sum ſhe deſir'd. Yet
" all this I could endure, would he treat me with
" common Decency; but Fleſh and Blood can-
" not bear his Inſolence and Brutality. I have
" often vow'd to part; but reflecting what Diſ-
" grace this would bring on my Children, and
" being ſolicitous for their Education, I have as
" often ſtifled my Reſentment, and chang'd my
" Reſolution. Some Women of my Acquaintance,
" enrag'd to ſee me ſo ill us'd, have prompted
" me to take my Revenge; but I have ſtill re-
" ſiſted thoſe wicked Suggeſtions, tho' (Heaven
" forgive me) I ſhould be glad to ſee him dead,
" that I might live at leaſt one quiet Hour.

" I ſend this to engage you to write ſome
" ſharp Invectives, that may cut and pierce theſe
" vile Husbands; for they are ſo courſe and in-
" ſenſible, that your fine Raillery will never
" touch them. It would be a good Work could
" you bring them to behave themſelves at leaſt

" with

" with Reſpect to their Wives, and Humanity " to their Children and Servants: For ſurely " next to real Vertue and Conjugal Affection, " good Breeding and the courteous Manners of " a Gentleman are deſirable.

I am, *SIR*,

Your Humble Servant.

NUMBER XXVI.

Uter eſt inſanior horum? Hor.

WEDNESDAY, *January* 13. 1713.

IN a former Paper, predominant Judgment and Diſcretion were ſettled as the Limits that circumſcribe the Man of Senſe and the genuine Wit, and diſtinguiſh them from others of a different Nature and Denomination. If you paſs this Frontier, you enter into a wide uncultivated Region, an intellectual *Africa*, that abounds with an endleſs Variety of monſtrous and irregular Minds. Theſe abſurd Underſtandings are the Errors and Deviations of Nature in the Formation of the Head, where thouſands are incompleat to one that is brought to Perfection.

Infinite is the Variety of theſe Tribes of Men, that are deſtitute of good Senſe and Judgment. Fops, Half-Wits, Pedants and Coxcombs, which are

are the general Heads, are divided and ſubdivided into numberleſs Branches, all diverſify'd by their peculiar Oddneſſes and ſpecifick Caprices: 'Tis extremely difficult to trace eſſential Differences among regular Beings; but 'tis much more ſo to ſettle the Boundaries that divide one Species from another among theſe anomalous Productions; their conſtituent Whimſeys are ſo very delicate and abſtruſe, that perhaps they often conſiſt in the improper Length, Size or Situation of a Fibre in the Brain, in a diſproportion'd Humour, or an immoderate Ferment in the Compoſition. But to gratify the Curious, I ſhall attempt to deduce the Pedegree of ſome of the moſt eminent Clans.

When the Madman and the Fool meet in the ſame Complexion, while the former enlivens and refines the latter, and the latter reduces and qualifies the former, the Production is either a Coxcomb, or a meer Wit, which are multiply'd into numerous Kinds, as their Ingredients meet in various Proportions, or are more ſlightly or more intimately blended and combin'd. From theſe different Complications ariſes the diſtinguiſhing Diſparity, that is found among the numerous ſubordinate Claſſes of theſe ambiguous Animals, to which the rational and irrational World equally pretend. Such are the ſeveral Tribes of the half-craz'd, the Impertinents, the Pedants, the perpetual Talkers, Men of Form, the Maſters of inſignificant Eloquence, and the Affected, which includes an Under-Species, equally diſagreeable, of thoſe who with viſible Affectation labour to appear unaffected.

If the Madman has the Superiority in the Mixture, a Progeny is produc'd of ſhining Fops, Poe-

Poetaſters, petulant Laughers, and moroſe falſe Criticks. If the Fool prevails, and keeps the Mad-man under, you have a ſurprizing Race of crafty Blockheads, who are ſenſeleſs in Converſation, yet cunning in their Actions, and cheat us daily under the Appearance of Stupidity. Hence too proceeds a Species of Men, who having only a Sprinkling of Genius in their Compoſition, are always aiming at fine Things, and diſturbing the Company with inſipid Raillery.

As often as the Balance of Power between the Madman and the Fool is broken, according to their different Degrees of Superiority on either Side, a new Sett of theſe capricious Animals is brought into Being, whoſe common Nature is more vary'd by their ſeveral whimſical Properties, than the Ape or Monkey-Kind, which imitate this irregular Race of Men, as much as theſe Men reſemble others, who are endow'd with true Genius and good Senſe.

Theſe Reflections bring to my Thoughts a Story which I have ſomewhere read, of a young Gentleman in the Court of *France*, during the Reign, as I remember, of *Henry* the Third. This Perſon being of a graceful Aſpect, of great Humanity and obliging Behaviour, was belov'd by all, notwithſtanding that his little Share of Senſe made his Converſation low and trifling. It happen'd, I cannot recollect by what Accident, that this Gentleman grew diſtracted; and then the Ferments of the Madman having agitated and exalted the flegmatick Fool, he became an ingenious and pleaſant Companion. The Court was mightily pleas'd, and engag'd the King's Phyſician to undertake his Cure. The Gentleman, by the Doctor's

Doctor's Preſcriptions ſoon recover'd, but the Fool recover'd with him; his ſhining Parts were ſunk and effac'd, and his Head reduc'd to its original Softneſs.

As in the Inſtances I have given of the various Compoſitions, where Judgment and Diſcretion are no Ingredients, the Fool and the Madman are ſo thoroughly mix'd, as to make a compound Being, different in Kind from either of the combining Principles; ſo it falls out that the Union of them in ſome Conſtitutions is ſo ſlight and looſe, that like Wine and Oil but gently ſhook together, they are not perfectly blended and incorporated, but ſtill preſerve their diſtinct Natures. The Fool and the Madman are not here ſo entirely united and conſolidated, as to make a Compound of a different Apellation; but in this Confuſion, rather than Mixture, the Principles eaſily ſeparate. This defective Compoſition produces an inconſiſtent Race of Men, which may be denominated Lunatick Wits, in whoſe ſlack Contexture the Madman breaking looſe from the Fool, and the Fool diſengag'd from the Madman, often appear entire and uncompounded, or at leaſt in a great meaſure free from Allay. In this Complexion the Madman and the Fool ſeem to have compromis'd their Differences; and being determin'd to act independently, ſhare the Government of the Man between them. The Madman, as Sovereign, takes Poſſeſſion of the Brain, and rules the Imagination, whence ariſe that Acuteneſs of Thought, Quickneſs of Apprehenſion, thoſe ſurprizing Turns of Wit, and that entertaining Humour, which are almoſt peculiar to this Species. The Provinces where the Fool has Dominion, are the various Concerns

and

and Affairs of Life; in which he acts as uncontroul'd, and ſhines as conſpicuous, as the Lunatick does among the intellectual Powers. Hence it comes to paſs, that the ſpeculative Wiſdom and the practical Folly of this Tribe, illuſtrating and improving each other are both admirable; and that famous Expreſſion may juſtly be apply'd to them, *They never ſpeak a ſilly Thing, and never do a wiſe one.*

It is from the Contemplation of this Species, that a known Obſervation has been made, That *all great Wits have a Tincture of Madneſs.* The Reaſon of this Remark, I imagine is, becauſe that as in Proportion there are greater Numbers of Wits of this Kind, than of any other, ſo they are likewiſe the moſt eminent for ſprightly Imagination, agreeable Strains of Raillery, and genteel Satyr. A Wit of the Lunatick Kind has Spirits ſo expanded and inflam'd, that one Heat more had made him a *George Fox*, or a *James Nayler*; and the Tranſition is very eaſy from the Frontier of this Tribe to the College in *Moorfields.* While a Man of Wit of this Claſs has ſo much of the flegmatick Principle in his Make as fetters the Lunatick, no Genius is more admirable either in Converſation or Writing; but ſuch are his Inequalities, and ſo many Excurſions from Senſe appear in the Conduct of his Life, that 'tis evident his Compoſition is inconſiſtent and extravagant.

All theſe Ranks of abſurd Productions in the Rational World, which I have mention'd, agree, as has been ſaid, in one general Notion, namely Indiſcretion and Privation, or Abſence of Judgment; but the peculiar Properties and curious Particularities, which by a wonderful Fertility,

produce ſubaltern Orders, are innumerable; for Error and Deviation is infinite; and no Mind is endow'd with ſufficient Sagacity to penetrate the minuteſt Receſſes of Nature, unravel the odd Complications of diſagreeing Principles, and tell where one Species ends, and a new one begins.

This is the Province of the Comick Poet, and perhaps no Nation on Earth furniſhes him with a greater Variety of Originals, or more ſurprizing, ridiculous and whimſical Characters to be expos'd on the Stage, than our own Iſland; which is, I believe, the Reaſon that the *Britiſh* Theatre affords more Entertainment of this Kind than any of our Neighbours, who in Compariſon of us, are indigent of ſuch Diſtinctions and Particularities.

NUMBER XXVII.

When Love's well tim'd, 'tis not a Fault to (love:
The Strong, the Brave, the Vertuous and (the Wiſe
Sink in the Soft Captivity together. Cato.

FRIDAY, *January* 15. 1713.

THere is no Paſſion has occaſion'd more Raillery from Men of Wit than *Love*, and none perhaps to which they themſelves are more ſubject. Philoſophers and Moraliſts are perpetually drawing up formal Declarations againſt it, yet are unable to ſecure themſelves from its Attacks. The Men of ſevere Contemplation are apt to deſpiſe it as Levity and Trifling, yet in their Lives are equally obnoxious to it with others. What a Scene of Diverſion muſt this afford to any impartial conſidering Mind, that obſerves at once the Wiſdom and Weakneſs of theſe learned Lovers!

This uſurping Paſſion, which ſo often defeats the Judgment of the Wiſe, and puts them upon a Level with Men of ordinary Faculties and Attainments, to humble them yet the more, never commits greater Ravages than in thoſe Minds that are endow'd with the moſt elevated Capa-

cities, and humaniz'd with the ſweeteſt Diſpoſitions. The Spirits of ſuch Men are too fine to reliſh any Pleaſures which are not delicate. Their Imaginations, which are perpetually converſant with the moſt agreeable Objects, and that refin'd and ſoothing ſort of Melancholy, to which they are naturally inclin'd, prepare a Soil for this Paſſion to take the deepeſt Root, and conſpire to heighten their Reliſh in the Enjoyment or Proſecution of its enchanting Amuſements. Conſider theſe Men in one View, what Honours and Advantages are they not capable of acquiring to themſelves and their Country? But in another, what Ruin do they ſometimes bring upon both, when this ſoft Seducer meets with too great an Indulgence? Thoſe excellent Qualities, which with a proper Application would have been of ſo much Uſe and Ornament to the Poſſeſſor, ſerve only on ſuch Occaſions to work like Slaves under an imperious Tyrant, and make the wretched Owner more certain of Succeſs, in obtaining his deſir'd Miſery.

A Philoſopher with this Touch of Mind, cuts himſelf off at once from all the Advantages of his high Employment. His Schemes of Reaſoning are broken and confus'd; his Maxims ſubverted; his Severity diſſolves into an unbridled Effeminacy; and that noble Th'rſt after Knowledge, which rais'd and animated all the Powers of his Being, ſettles into an indolent Complacency in one belov'd Object. What a ſurprizing Change is this! The Man who exercis'd his ſuperior Reaſon in a generous Contempt of himſelf, in an enlarg'd Survey of the Univerſe, and in a pious Adoration of its Author, is now tranſported with the Contemplation of a ſmooth Skin.

The

The Spots in the Sun were once the Employment of his daily Hours, which are now gaz'd away in a rapturous Admiration of the nice Triangles of Patches on *Cloe*'s Face. Thus while we give our ſelves up to the Hopes of a fallacious Enjoyment, we loſe that which is real; and, by a romantick Purſuit after falſe Happineſs, we too often find a Miſery which is not imaginary.

When a Stateſman is ſo unhappy as to abandon himſelf to this prevailing Paſſion, the Misfortune becomes yet more extenſive, and his Country often ſuffers with him: While he ſpends whole Evenings with his Miſtreſs, he can ſcarce find one idle Hour to throw away upon the State. All Affairs of whatever Importance to the Publick, are poſtpon'd or neglected for one private Paſſion; and a Smile from *Aurelia* is more valu'd than the Safety of a Nation: Or if his Vigilance and Activity are not ſuſpended, they receive, which is worſe, a new Direction; and with this Biaſs wrong Councels are given, or partial Meaſures concerted, in Subſerviency to a concealed predominant Principle. The Inſtance is remarkable, which, as I think, is ſomewhere mention'd by Monſieur *Bayle*, of a General who engag'd his Prince in a new War, only with a ſecret Deſign, by that means to be employ'd in a Scene of Action, which wou'd afford him frequent Opportunities of ſeeing his Miſtreſs.

Troilus, as a Soldier, ſhould form to himſelf an heroick and ſettled Valour, ariſing from Motives of Duty, and from a rational Expectation of future Happineſs; but as he has the Misfortune to be criminally in love, all his irregular Starts of Courage ſpring only from the Hopes of recommending himſelf to a Perſon he ought ne-

ver to think of, and of being ſome time or other rewarded with that, which would plunge him in Guilt and Miſery. What a prepoſterous Motive is this! That a Man ſhould take up that glorious Profeſſion only as a Means to purchaſe Diſhonour, and become familiar with Scenes of Death, with a Reſolution to be unfit for it.

As Mr. JOHNNSON was entertaining us upon this Subject the other Night, NED FREEMAN gave us a Letter out of his Pocket Book, which he ſaid was writ to the Siſter of a Gentleman of his Acquaintance by a Captain of Horſe juſt before the Battle of *Blaregnies*,

DEAR CREATURE,

'I Who do not know whether I have an Hour
'to come in this World, cannot think of
'employing the preſent Moment any otherwiſe
'than in breathing out my Thoughts to my
'Soul's Idol. Cou'd you imagine the Place where
'I write, ſurrounded with Thouſands of Ene-
'mies, ready to meet us with Deſtruction; or
'did you hear the Sound of the Trumpet ſum-
'moning me perhaps to lay down that Life,
'which only for your Sake I wiſh to preſerve,
'you would believe it not a little terrible. Yet
'when I think on thoſe dear ſoft Hours I have
'paſs'd with you; when I conſider that it is my
'Paſſion for you that has engag'd me in this
'Courſe of perillous and uncertain Preferment,
'my Apprehenſions turn to Tranſport; and I
'think on that with Pleaſure, which Nature
'could not look upon without an Agony. It is
'impoſſible either to conceal or to expreſs the
'Rapture I was in at the Receipt of your laſt
'obliging Letter. How often and how devout-

ly

'ly did I read over thoſe dear Lines, and how 'many times did I kiſs them! The Kindneſs you 'expreſs will dwell upon my Soul at the Ap-'proach of Death, and put me into Exſtacies as 'I am expiring. Oh! If I am not to live for 'your Sake, how willingly would I throw my 'ſelf on the Mouth of the next Cannon, were 'but you preſent to give one Sigh, or to drop 'one Tear on my poor mangled Body. But I 'am juſt now order'd to my Poſt. Muſt I then 'bid you farewel!---- Oh think on the dying

E. M.

Sept. 11. *N. S.* 1709.
Seven in the Morning.

Are theſe Thoughts ſuitable to one in this Condition? Is this the Prayer of a dying Man? Methinks it would have been as proper to have addreſs'd himſelf to Heaven. This extatick Devotion to a Miſtreſs at the Point of Death, looks as if it were the End of a Man's Being, to ſpend his whole Life in her Adoration. *Cowley*'s fond Complaint of his belov'd Misfortune will occur to every one's Memory on this Occaſion.

Ah lovely Thief! what wilt thou do?
What rob me of Heav'n too?
Thou ev'n my Pray'rs doſt ſteal from me,
And I with wild Idolatry,
Begin to God, and end them all to thee.

I ſhall add no further Reflections on this Subject, when I have deſired the Reader to conſider what is here offer'd only as an Endeavour to regulate this noble Paſſion, and not to extinguiſh it. Tho' the Beauty of the fairer Sex was not made to effeminate, it was certainly deſign'd to ſoften

ſoften ours; and without adoring their Charms, we may with Reaſon admire them. That ſociable Vertue and that fine Humanity, by which the better Part of Mankind are diſtinguiſh'd, and which conſiſts not in a cold Indifference, but in well-order'd Paſſions, cannot but appear more beautiful in the Eye of the All-wiſe Being, than the ſullen Obedience of the moſt rigid Philoſopher. In a Word, whoever pretends to be without Paſſions, cenſures the Wiſdom of that Power which made him; and if Men of Senſe, for they alone are capable of chaſtis'd Pleaſure, would ſo far admit Love, as not to exclude their neceſſary and important Duties, they need not be aſham'd to indulge one of the moſt valuable Bleſſings of an innocent Life.

NUMBER XXVIII.

Laborem otio, otium labore variare. Plin. Epiſt.

MONDAY, *January* 18. 1713.

IT is natural for Men in Years to fall frequently into Diſcourſes concerning the Regimen of Health. Our Preſident Sir EUSTACE LOCKER, who by a conſtant Temperance and Regularity, as well as by a ſettled good Humour, has preſerv'd a hale and vigorous Conſtitution, is very deſirous to ſee all his Friends wear as well as himſelf;

ſelf; and to this End, frequently entertains us with his ſalutary Maxims and Obſervations. He asks Dr. LACON ſome curious Queſtion or other every Day at Dinner, concerning the Nature of Food and Liquors. He is well vers'd in the Knowledge of Simples, and often with great Zeal recommends to us his *Sage Tea* in a Morning; but cannot agree with NED FREEMAN on the Subject of *Chocolate*, nor with Sir ARTHUR WIMBLETON, in his Opinion of a Glaſs of *White-Wine* before Dinner.

This Gentleman, when he was Young, was particularly skill'd in the Uſe of the Long-Bow, and tells us ſometimes with extreme Pleaſure how many Fields in a Morning he has walk'd in Purſuit of that healthful Diverſion. This was, it ſeems, his uſual way of relieving his Studies; and it is at his Deſire that the Heads of a Diſcourſe, which paſs'd ſome time ago between him and Dr. LACON on this Occaſion, were put into Writing, and are here preſented to the Publick for the Entertainment of this Day.

SINCE our Limbs are often weaken'd and enervated by Labour, and our Spirits exhauſted by their conſtant Agitation, ariſing from the Cares and Thoughtfulneſs of the Mind, Nature has provided the Returns of Sleep as a proper Means to recruit them. Sleep ſhuts up all the exterior Paſſes and Avenues, intercepts the Objects that wait at the Gates of Senſe, and denies them Entrance to the Apartments of the Brain. It draws the Curtain before the Figures, that during the Action of the Day form'd the buſy Scenes of Imagination, and ſuſpends the Intellectual for the Benefit of the Animal Faculties. By this Ceſſation of bodily as well as mental Labour, our Strength

is

is repair'd, and our Alacrity renew'd, while the Oeconomy and Intereſts of the ſenſitive Soul are only attended to and promoted.

Beſides this Proviſion made by Nature, Sports and Paſtimes have been invented, which by unbending the Mind, and gratifying the Fancy, exhilerate and revive us when we are weary and uneaſy; theſe are not only convenient and allowable, but often neceſſary, not only for the Reparation of our Bodies which ſuffer perpetual Waſte, and for the preventing numerous Diſtempers, but likewiſe to enable the Faculties and Powers of the Soul to repeat their Functions.

The Mind of Man is an active Principle, and never tir'd by Motion; but our Spirits, the Organs of our Senſes, and the Muſcles of our Limbs, by whoſe Mediation it exerts its various Operations, are wearing Inſtruments, that continually ſtand in need of Recruits: Human Life therefore ſhould conſiſt in a conſtant Viciſſitude of Fatigue and Diverſions; Books and Buſineſs relieve the Body and Mind, by ſucceeding to a Satiety of Pleaſure, as much as Plays and Entertainments of Fancy, by renewing our Spirits, and imparting to our Limbs freſh Vigour, reſtore to the Mind its former Vivacity. Thus Toil and Paſtime, Sports and Study are reciprocal Recreations to each other.

But we find great Numbers of each Sex, who make Life a continu'd Series of Diverſions, without the Intervention of Labour or Contemplation, while their Satiety ariſing from one Recreation is never reliev'd but by another.

Will Oſcitant is one of this ſort. About eleven in the Morning, after the Fatigue of a good Night's Reſt, he refreſhes himſelf with his Cho-

colate

colate; and the Toil of Dreſſing being over, he walks to ſome Gaming Houſe, and diverts himſelf at Cards or Hazard. This Recreation ended, he revives himſelf with a good Dinner; and to ſupport himſelf under this Burden, if Company be with him, he gets new Spirits from the Bottle; or from a Nap on his Couch, if he is alone. Weary of this he repairs to the Theatre for a new Entertainment, by which he is again enliven'd, and enabled to bear a good Supper and a chearful Glaſs, or to engage in Play till two or three in the Morning; and then after great Expence of Spirits in the various Entertainments of his Senſes, he ſolaces his weary Limbs with Sleep, and ſooths the Laſſitude of his Mind, oppreſs'd with a Succeſſion of Pleaſures, the only Buſineſs of the Day.

As *Will Oſcitant* abhors the Exerciſe of his Limbs, rallies pleaſantly the laborious and painful Delights of Sportſmen, and ſpends his Life in Eaſe and ſedentary Satisfactions; ſo the Country Gentleman is often raviſh'd with the moſt toilſome Paſtimes, and yet is not leſs idle than the other.

The Nature of Man being active, and his Fancy never at Reſt, not even perhaps in the ſoundeſt Sleep, we cannot conceive a more unſufferable Drudgery than that of having nothing to do. The Time of ſuch Perſons lies heavy on their Hands, and therefore to ſhake off ſo grievous a Burden, they undertake the moſt difficult and wearieſome Tasks, which by engaging their Imagination, and keeping their Bodies in Motion, tho' for no other End than to deliver them from the Calamity of Inaction, are call'd *Recreations*; and that Appellation, which ſhould properly be apply'd

apply'd only to thoſe innocent Pleaſures that refreſh us after Study and Buſineſs, is almoſt appropriated to thoſe that relieve our Idleneſs.

Upon what other Foot can *Tom Ranger* call his Sport and Diverſions by the Name of Recreation? Pleas'd with his Seat in *York-ſhire*, he laughs at the Beaus and Wits of the Town, and purſues the ſame End that *Will Oſcitant* does, of relieving one Diverſion by another, tho' by different Means, without the Interpoſition of one uſeful or buſy Hour. After the continu'd Riot of two or three Days and Nights with his intemperate Companions, to cool his Head and refreſh his Body, he rides a Fox-chace of twenty Miles; and to recover this new Expence of Spirits, the next Day over the Bottle he recites the ſurprizing Incidents, and runs all the Ground over again. He is in the Commiſſion of the Peace; but if you want Juſtice, you muſt be well mounted, follow him in his Chace, and bring the Criminal before him in the Field. Tho' he has one of the moſt pleaſant Houſes and Gardens in the County, he abandons home, and like a wild Man dwells in the Woods. The rude and noiſy Delights of Bull-Baiting, the cruel Pleaſure of Cock-fighting, and the laborious Marches with Arms and Ammunition to deſtroy the Game, in their Turn ſucceed one another, and are the whole Employment and Joy of his Life.

Recreation loſes its Name and Nature, when it does not ſucceed Contemplation or Buſineſs. *Prudentio* is a Maſter of this Secret, and his Practice is an Inſtance of it in great Perfection. He divides his Cares and Diverſions ſo juſtly, that he is never tir'd or diſguſted with either. When he begins to feel his Buſineſs a Burthen, he relaxes,

laxes, and betakes himſelf to ſome innocent Amuſement; and when he has recruited his Spirits, he reaſſumes his Buſineſs with his former Alacrity. If his Body ſtand in need of Action, he walks or rides, or engages in ſome manly Exerciſe; but if his Mind demands a Suſpenſion of Thinking, he gives it Eaſe by changing the Subject of his Contemplation, and makes the Variety of his Studies relieve one another; and while he allows a juſt Proportion of Time, for his ſeveral Labours and Recreations, he is always in good Humour, eaſy in himſelf, and uſeful to others.

NUMBER XXIX.

Eos & accuſamus & juſto odio digniſſimos ducimus, qui blanditiis præſentium voluptatum deliniti atq; corrupti, quos dolores, quas moleſtias excepturi ſint, occæcati cupiditate non prævident. Tull.

WEDNESDAY, *January* 20. 1713.

OF all Arts and Sciences, the Art, if it may be call'd ſo, of living happily, is of the moſt univerſal Concern. In my Third and Seventh Papers, where I have given a general Idea of my own Life and Genius, the Reader may ſee deſcrib'd the Wandrings and incoherent

Purſuits of a Man fluctuating in his Fancy, reſtleſs in his Deſigns, and determin'd in his Actions to no certain End. I have acknowledg'd, and muſt here repeat it, that it is to my firſt Acquaintance with Sir EUSTACE LOCKER that I owe the making of my Life a reaſonable and conſiſtent Thing. Before that Time, all the Amuſements and Pleaſures I had mark'd out to my ſelf were but ſo many Diſappointments and Suſpenſions of my Happineſs.

I was lately turning over ſome Papers, among which I found a moral Diſcourſe to this Purpoſe, communicated to me by my good Friend many Years ago. I immediately read it to the Society, and have their Leave for making it the Subject of this Day's Entertainment.

As Weight or inbred Gravity is acknowledg'd by Philoſophers to be the Principle of all Motion in the inanimate World, ſo Pleaſure is the Spring that begins and governs all the Actions of Beings endow'd with Senſe. As the Idea of it awakens the Inſtincts of Brute Creatures, ſo it touches and attracts the Appetites of Rational Agents; who, tho' they are free in the Choice of Means that lead to their End, yet being determin'd to Pleaſure in general, they move and *gravitate* to it by an inevitable Impulſe.

Pleaſure, like Light, Sound, and other Objects of Senſe, is moſt eaſily conceiv'd and underſtood by its own ſimple Term. When the Word is nam'd, the Image it conveys appears ſtrong and clear to the Mind, but is darken'd by Explanations, and weaken'd with elaborate Definitions.

Various are the Kinds of Pleaſure; ſome ariſe from the agreeable Agitation of the Spirits, when the

the Paſſions adapted to give Delight are put into a regular Motion, or the Appetites are gratify'd by their proper Objects; and theſe are call'd Corporeal or Senſual. There is another Kind of Corporeal Pleaſure, which is not commonly taken notice of, namely, the Alacrity and good Humour which ſpring from the Poſſeſſion of Vigour and perfect Health. This is a great deal more than meer Indolence of Body, as *Cicero* well argues againſt *Epicurus*; for 'tis certain a Perſon in the full Bloom of his Youth, and Strength, enjoys more than one whoſe Spirits are benumb'd with a Palſey, or ſuſpended from Action in a Lethargick Sleep; who, notwithſtanding, has all *Epicurus*'s Happineſs of Body, that conſiſts in Abſence of Pain. Other Pleaſures reſult from ſurprizing Turns and Strains of Wit, from the Sport and Play of Fancy, and from the bright Scenes of a ſprightly Imagination.

But greater yet proceed from the Exerciſe of the ſuperior Faculties of the Mind, the Underſtanding and Will; of which the firſt has Truth, the latter Goodneſs for its Object. The Philoſopher, who is taken up in ſublime Speculations, and in ſearching the Cauſes of Things, and thinks he has unravell'd ſome perplex'd Threads, and brought to light ſome myſterious Conduct of Nature; as well as the Divine, who by long Study believes he has at laſt found the right Deciſion of ſome abſtruſe Point of Theology, are in Raptures of Joy for the happy Diſcovery.

But the higheſt Pleaſure of which Man is capable, ariſes from the Operation of the Will when it embraces its proper Object, Goodneſs. This is the Foundation of moral Excellence and human Happineſs, and therefore *Epicurus* has ſtu-

pidly made the Supreme Good to conſiſt in a lazy Indolence of Body and ſupine Tranquility of Mind, for thoſe only remove the Impediments, but by no Means expreſs the Conſtitution of Man's Felicity: Perhaps he thought the exerting our rational Faculties was to be accounted Pain and Labour, whereas on the contrary, the Exerciſe of regular Intellectual Powers, attended with Delight and Complacency, is by no Means Labour, but active Quiet.

'Tis true, ſuch is the vitiated Taſte of the greater Part of Mankind, that few can reliſh any Enjoyments, but ſuch as gratify their Appetites, and therefore corporeal Satisfactions have almoſt appropriated the Name of Pleaſure. Theſe univerſally engage and captivate us, and not only as they are more ſuitable to deprav'd Nature, but as they take Poſſeſſion of our Hearts by their early Addreſſes and firſt Acquaintance.

'Tis therefore a fruitleſs Attempt to diſſwade Men from the Purſuits of theſe Pleaſures, unleſs you offer them greater in Exchange; for human Nature is ſo made, as before ſuggeſted, that it cannot be attracted by any Object, but as it appears agreeable, and more ſo than others, if more than one court our Choice. To prevail then with Men to relinquiſh Criminal Delights, you muſt convince them they ſhall receive more Pleaſure in the Practice of Vertue, and then they will agree, as of two Evils the leaſt is to be choſen, ſo of two Pleaſures the greateſt ſhould have the Preference.

The Pleaſures of the Body are incomparably inferior to the ſolid Satisfaction, ſerene Joy, and inexpreſſible Complacency, that reſult from the Exercise of our ſuperior Faculties. If we re-

flect

flect, we cannot but be convinced that the Capacities of the Soul, which bear ſo great an Affinity to the Nature of Angels, were deſign'd to give us far greater Delight, than thoſe Corporeal Appetites which we have in common with unintelligent Animals. For ſince the Dignity and Superiority of our Being ariſe from our Rational Powers, 'tis evident that the moſt refin'd, and ſublime Pleaſures muſt reſult from the moſt exalted and regular Action of thoſe Powers; which is but in other Words to expreſs a State of Bliſs and Perfection.

Whoever chuſes the Favour and Fruition of the Supreme Being as his Happineſs, and makes it the prevailing End of his Actions, to pleaſe his beneficent Author, will ſoon find ſuch a Difference between Intellectual and Senſual Delights, that he will reject the laſt, as unworthy of a Creature endow'd with Reaſon, and with an elevated Capacity of contemplating and poſſeſſing the Fountain of all Perfection.

The Practice of Vertue, with this View, delivers a Man from that Uneaſineſs and ſelf Diſpleaſure, that Diſſatisfaction and Remorſe, which are the Fruits of forbidden Enjoyments: It removes his ſecret Fears and Miſgivings, and calms the Perturbations and Anguiſh of his Heart. A guiltleſs Man is at Peace with himſelf, and feels a delightful Harmony, and a regular Subordination of his Superior and Inferior Faculties: He is pleas'd when he reflects upon his Life, and applauds himſelf for acting as becomes a Being of Intellectual Endowments: He cannot but taſte a ſecret Pleaſure to ſee himſelf freed from that Servitude to Vice, to which ſo many voluntary Slaves ſubmit, and from a painful Drudgery in

making Proviſion for exorbitant Appetites, which however does not mitigate, but increaſe their Thirſt. A Man of Chriſtian Honour and Vertue, by ſubduing the Fears of his Diſſolution, has laid the only Foundation of Happineſs in this Life. And while he ſteadfaſtly contemplates that Felicity, which is the certain Expectation of good Men; it is impoſſible for him not to feel thoſe Tranſports of Joy, which are the Anticipations of a happy Immortality.

Nothing more diſparages the Enjoyments of Libertines, than this Obſervation, that they will not endure to be cooly conſider'd, nor abide the Teſt of good Senſe. Let any Man who has made the Tryal, declare whether greater and more ſolid Pleaſure does not proceed from the Conqueſt of an inordinate Inclination, than from the Gratification of it. A Principle of Vertue, by reſtraining our Appetites, bounding our Deſires, and governing our Paſſions, by raiſing our Thoughts above the low Aims of Ambition and Avarice, and bringing the Soul to one Point, the Acquiſition of Immortal Happineſs, extinguiſhes in it all Anxiety and Sorrow, ſettles it in Tranquility, and fills it with unſpeakable Satisfaction. A Man in this Condition is ſequeſter'd from the Affairs of common Life, as if he had drawn in his Effects, broken off Commerce with the World, and was retir'd with the ineſtimable Poſſeſſion of a Mind at Reſt.

And as this eſtabliſhes Peace in his Breaſt, ſo it makes him eaſy and chearful in Converſation; you ſee him perpetually in good Humour, and may diſcern his inward Satisfaction breaking out in his Aſpect, his Behaviour, his Diſcourſe, and in

in all the Expreſſions of Humanity and good Will to others.

Were this conſider'd, it would remove the Prejudices which ariſe from falſe Repreſentations, and Notions injurious to Vertue, and unworthy of Religion. It would convince Men, that when they are ſolicited to forego forbidden Enjoyments, there is no Deſign to ſeduce them into a ſad and ſullen State of Life, but on the contrary to perſwade them only to relinquiſh ſome Pleaſures, for the Sake of much greater, and more permanent.

NUMBER XXX.

Clauſtra pandite Januæ,
Virgo adeſt. Catull.
Sed non ego credulus illis. Virg.

FRIDAY, *January* 22. 1713.

THE two following Letters relating to my Province, I am directed to publiſh them. They come from two ingenious Females, who have done me the Honour to ſingle me out for their Correſpondent. As to the firſt, I foreſee Buſineſs increaſing upon my Hands; and if I receive any more Applications of that Nature, I ſhall move the *Siſterhood*, to appoint me by their Warrant Maſter of the Ceremonies, for

for the introducing of Probationers to the *Lay-Nunnery*.

E. FREEMAN.

Mr. FREEMAN, *Cambridge, Jan.* 9. 1714.

'THE Politeneſs and good Manners with 'which you anſwer'd the Letter of your 'fair *Oxonian* Correſpondent, has encourag'd me 'to make my Caſe known to you, which is not 'much unlike hers.

'My Fortune is but ſmall, but I am told I 'have both Wit and Beauty, and I can't help believing it: I have a Crowd of Admirers, but 'the ſame Fate with Mrs. *Silverſcarf*, never yet 'to have been ask'd the Queſtion. This is a 'more ſincere Confeſſion than moſt of our Sex 'in my Caſe would have been guilty of; who 'would rather have made a Vertue of Neceſſity, 'and pretended to have refus'd what had never 'been offer'd. But the whole Town will witneſs for me, that my pious and honeſt Endeavours towards the Conjugal State have not been 'wanting; not a Lure, not an attractive Ornament have I omitted; nay, I have been ſometimes accus'd of hanging out falſe Colours, yet 'all to no Purpoſe. I have Admirers of all Degrees, who pretend to have a great Paſſion for 'me; but when I ſuggeſt laſting and honourable 'Terms, they profeſs they love me too well ever 'to conſent to them. Strange! that a Woman 'ſhould be reduc'd to wiſh the Indifferency of 'her Lovers!

'To tell you the Truth, I am now upon the 'Decline of my Beauty, and Time paſſes away 'very faſt. The Doctors of this Place date my 'Prime from their Admiſſion; and the Junior

'Beau-

'Beauties inſultingly ſay, Sure ſhe muſt uſe Art, 'or ſhe could not wear ſo well.

'Theſe Mortifications are too great for the 'Spirit of a Woman to bear, and I'll never be a 'Subject where I have reign'd a Monarch: 'Tis 'now high Time to *abdicate*, ſo I deſire your In-'tereſt, which I dare ſay is not ſmall, with the 'fair Members of the *Lay-Nunnery*, that I may 'be admitted into their agreeable Society. My 'Admirers ſhall ſee that

Love has Wings, and will away.
I am Your moſt Affectionate Lay-Siſter,
AMORET.

P. S. 'I ſhall not refuſe to admit you to my 'Tea-Table now and then.

To Mr. Freeman.

Dear Mr. FREEMAN,

"QUIS *non invenit turba quod amaret in illa*? You "will be ſurpriz'd, I ſuppoſe, to ſee *Latin* "writ in the Scrawl of a Woman's Hand; but "to ſhew you that I can tranſlate it too (as well "as ſome *French* Ladies) I mean, That your Fra-"ternity, like their Writings, are adapted to "every Humour, the Grave, the Frolick, and "the Gay: No Temper, Age, or Sex, but may "reap Benefit from the Productions of the *Lay-*"*Monks*. But tho' I profeſs this Opinion of you "in the general, *trahit ſua quemque voluptas*, I "own a more particular Eſteem for your ſelf. "This Fondneſs, when I read your Papers, in-"ſpires me to think all you ſay has a pleaſing "Turn, and an Air of Politeneſs; tho' per-"haps it may partly proceed from Gratitude,

"and

" and from obſerving the great Reſpect you pay " to our Sex.

" And will you then, Mr. FREEMAN, exclude " your ſelf from us? What! Not ſo much as a " young Girl come to you from your Milliners? " 'Tis very hard. You ſerv'd the Brotherhood " right when you made an Excurſion to the *Lay-* " *Nuns*.

" Your Anſwer to the Lady's Letter from *Ox-* " *ford* I thought very pretty; and now I men- " tion Letters, it puts me in mind of Three or " Four I lately receiv'd from a Gentleman, with- " out a Name; but being tir'd with a Corre- " ſpondence (if I may call it ſo) which was on- " ly on his Side, I never made any Return, but " that of one of his own Letters unopen'd. By " the by, the ſhorteſt I have, might be cut out " into half a Dozen *Billets Doux*. Pray ſee how " he bears this Indignity: I have now before me " two or three Lines which he ſent by the Pen- " ny-Poſt directed with another Hand, ſo that I " was betray'd to open it, and there read,

MADAM,

THE Affront offer'd me, in ſending back my Let- ter unopen'd, is inſufferable, and drives me to ſuch Deſpair, that I will not end my Life, but make it more miſerable, by complying with my Parents Deſire in marrying a Woman, whom I hate to the ſame Exceſs that I once lov'd you; and alas! ſtill muſt I confeſs that I am your Admirer!

" Is not this provoking now, when I don't " know that I ever ſaw his Face? Well! you " Men are ſtrange Creatures. *Heu pietas! heu*

" *priſca*

" *priſca fides! fuit Ilium & ingens gloria*-- Oh! for " a Return of thoſe bright halcyon Days.

" but I forget my Character when I write " *Latin* thus, without telling you how I came " by it. You muſt know, therefore, that I am " the youngeſt of four Siſters. Our Mother " dy'd, and left us young; but we had an in- " dulgent Father, who took Care to have us " well educated, only in ſome things which did " not fall under his Notice, wanting the Re- " ſtraint of a Mother, we are a little wild. But " what a long Preface is here, to tell you that " our Father perfectly underſtands the *Latin*, *Ita-* " *lian*, *French* and *Spaniſh* Tongues; and having " no Son, and being willing to propagate in " each of his Daughters one of his Languages, " he provided us a Tutor, who was a Maſter of " them all. We had each the Liberty of chuſing " our Language. The Eldeſt, a merry Girl, " who can ſcarce forbear laughing at Church, " choſe *French*; the next, of a haughty Temper, " who is always ſaying to me, *Prithee, what does* " *the Child mean*? pitch'd upon *Spaniſh*; the third, " of a languiſhing Look, and much addicted to " reading Romances, took to *Italian*. I for my " Part had no Choice left, but was very well " pleas'd with my Lot, which was *Latin*. I en- " deavour to prove to them, that 'tis unjuſt to " call that a dead Tongue which is ſpoken or un- " derſtood by the better Sort of People through " the whole World. If the third praiſe *Taſſo*, I " extol *Virgil*; when the firſt praiſes *Boileau's Lu-* " *trin*, I advance the *Æneid*; and, in ſhort, I " tell them, that tho' I'm the youngeſt, they are " grafted on my Stock, and all their Languages " are deriv'd from the *Roman*, as the Kingdoms

" and

" and States wherein they are ſpoken, are found-
" ed on the Ruins of its wide Empire.

" I'm glad of this Opportunity to tell my
" Siſters their own; they will never let me ſpeak
" (tho' when I do, 'tis perhaps with as much
" Senſe as any of them) but they cry, *Peace*
" *Pratler*. But ſuppoſe they ſhould not ſee this?

" I am afraid of your ſober Preſident Sir Eu-
" STACE; tho' I cannot doubt Mr. FREEMAN's
" good Nature will make Allowances for my
" Sex, and not diſcourage a young female Scribe.
" And what need is there that Sir EUSTACE
" ſhould ſee it? But if he muſt, pray let it be
" after t'other Flask; and do you defend it, if
" any of the Fraternity ſhould criticiſe, or aſk
" from *Ariſtotle* what Deſign there is in this fool-
" iſh Letter, or where is the Connexion? But
" if it will not paſs without Amendments, I al-
" low no one to touch it except your ſelf. If
" you do not put me out of Countenance by
" ſlighting this, I will write to you often, and
" take more Pains in my next. My ſecond Siſter
" talks of ſending you a Novel which ſhe has
" done out of *Spaniſh*; as the firſt will make
" you a Preſent of *Moliere's Cocu imaginare* in *Eng-*
" *liſh*; and the third has been theſe four Months
" compoſing an *Italian* Opera, which ſhe intends
" to dedicate to Sir EUSTACE. In fine, Mr. FREE-
" MAN (for my Hand is weary with writing) I
" would not have you deſpiſe the Works of
" three ſuch *ſcavantes Femmes*, as my eldeſt Siſter
" ſays *they* are, for ſhe won't allow me to be one;
" but I appeal to you, and will only add, that
" I am *ſine dolo*, Yours

Ab ovo uſque ad mala,

Jan. 12. 1714. A. F.

NUMBER

NUMBER XXXI.

Ut Pictura Poeſis. Hor.

MONDAY, *January* 25. 1713.

The Parallel between Poetry *and* Painting.

DR. LACON, Mr. JOHNSON and my ſelf were taking a Walk one Evening laſt Summer, when on a ſudden a dark and thick Cloud gather'd in the Eaſt, which was adorn'd with a beautiful Rainbow. This Proſpect gave me Occaſion to mention Sir *I. Newton's Principles*. How juſtly has that great Philoſopher aſſerted the Original Diſtinction of thoſe Colours, the Confluence of which produces this bright Compoſition which we call Light. You ſee, ſaid I, in this Inſtance that the Beams of the Sun being intercepted, modify'd and refracted by the black Surface of the Cloud, can no longer keep their Complication entire, but the Coalition is diſſolv'd and the Parts are actually diſunited. Here we plainly diſcern the Threads of this ſhining Aggregate unravell'd and diſplay'd in their native Colours. Your Obſervation, ſaid Dr. LACON, is inſtructive and delightful, and the Sight of this curious Arch drawn by one Look of the Sun has awaken'd in my Mind a Thought concerning Na-

ture's Skill in Painting. What a ſurprizing Repreſentation is this of that bright Body, imbib'd and diſſipated in a Mirror of obſcure Vapours! Yet if we extend our Obſervation further, we ſhall find an infinite Variety of Objects of this Kind, which excite equal Admiration and Pleaſure. With what wonderful Succeſs has Nature painted all the Scenes of this wide Theatre, the World? How maſterly are her Deſigns, how ſtrong and bold her Draughts, how delicate her Touches, and how rich and beautiful is her Colouring? It is with inimitable Skill that ſhe manages and proportions her Lights and Shades, and mixes and works in her Colours; the Gardens ſmile with her Fruits of different Dye, and the Verdure of the Fields is beautifully varied by different Flowers. What Pencil can expreſs the glowing Bluſhes of the Roſe, the gloſſy White of the Lilly, or the rich Crimſon of the Amaranth? What Maſter can delineate the changeable Colours in the Neck of the Dove, and in the Tail of the Peacock, ariſing from the Rays of Light glancing and playing among their Feathers? Here Dr. LACON pauſing, Mr. JOHNSON ſaid, Nature, no doubt, is an inimitable Painter; but when I reflect upon the Beauty, Variety and Harmony of the Univerſe, I am apt to conſider *that* as a fine *Poem* which you look on as a finiſh'd *Picture*. This ſtarted a new Subject of Diſcourſe, and gave us Occaſion to conſider the various Inſtances in which theſe two Arts, *Painting* and *Poetry* reſemble each other till our Converſation was broken off by a Servant that call'd us to Supper. The next Morning I recollected the Heads of our Diſcourſe, and form'd them into the following Eſſay.

Tho'

Tho' the Melody of the Voice and that of Muſical Inſtruments bear a great Reſemblance to the Charms of Poetry, as they are expreſs'd in harmonious Numbers, and a pleaſing Cadence of Words, yet the Affinity between *Poetry* and *Painting* muſt be allow'd to be much greater. 'Tis an univerſal Obſervation, That there is a great Similitude between theſe Siſter Arts; but the Parallel between them not having yet been drawn at Length, I will give an imperfect Sketch of ſome Features and Properties in which they agree, that have not as I remember been touch'd before.

It is obvious at firſt View that the diſtinguiſhing Difference of theſe Arts from others, conſiſts in an Imitation of Nature; and that the more excellent and perfect they are, the nearer they approach to an entire Reſemblance of it. As moral Truth is the Conformity between our Thoughts and Aſſertions, ſo the Truth of Painting is founded in the Similitude between the Picture, and the Exemplar in the Mind of the Artiſt, where it is firſt imagin'd, and has an Ideal Exiſtence previous to that on the Canvas: But tho' a Picture may be true in this Agreement with its Original, in the Painter's Fancy, yet if that Original is wrong conceiv'd, and has a manifeſt Diſformity to Nature, the Picture is juſtly ſaid to be falſe and ill conceiv'd; and in this reſpect Poetry exactly reſembles her Siſter Painting.

The Painter is a Poet to the Eye, and the Poet a Painter to the Ear. One gives us Pleaſure by ſilent Eloquence, the other by vocal Imagery. One ſhows the Art of Drawing and Colouring by the Pen, the other with equal Elegance expreſſes

a poetical Spirit by the Pencil. When a Poet has form'd an admirable Deſcription of a Palace, a River, or a Grove, the Reader in Tranſport cries, *What fine* Painting *is this*?

Painting is divided into various Kinds, according to the Variety of the Objects it repreſents, and the different Manner of repreſenting them. *Groteſque* Painting, in which the *Dutch* excel, ſometimes exhibits an Aſſemblage of Country Drolls at a Fair or a Wedding, and ſometimes the Humours of a Sot, or a hen-peck'd Blockhead. This Species therefore has a great Likeneſs to the Low Poets, who write humorous Ballads, Farce and Burleſque Verſe, the End of both being to move Laughter.

Another Species of Painters delineate *Landskips*, and convey to the Eye pleaſant Proſpects. They abbreviate Space, contract a Country, and grace the Apartments of a City-Palace with a Variety of Rural Scenes; Groves ſpread their Branches, Rivers flow, Fountains weep, and Shepherds tend their Flocks, in Rooms of State; and ſometimes the Spectators are entertain'd with the Views of ſolitary Deſarts, harmleſs Monſters and unfrightful Terrors. And this Sort may be juſtly compar'd to the Writers of Paſtorals, whoſe Province it is to exhibit to the Imagination the ſame Objects.

The *Face*-Painters, or Limners of *Portraits*, who expreſs only the Eyes, Features and Air of the Countenance, the Poſture of the Body, and impaſſionate Life, are not ally'd to any diſtinct Species of Poets; but they reſemble thoſe that deſcribe a graceful or a deform'd Man. But they are more aptly compar'd to thoſe Poets, who to celebrate the Praiſes of the Fair

One

One by whoſe Beauty they are captivated, delineate her Face and deſcribe the Charms of her Perſon; ſo is *Lesbia* drawn by *Horace*, and *Laura* by *Petrarch*.

But the Similitude between *Heroick* and *Tragick* Poetry and Painting of *Hiſtory*, the two moſt excellent Kinds of imitating Nature, is the moſt conſpicuous. As the Epick and Tragick Poets, by the warm Ideas they convey, touch all the Springs and Movements of our Minds, and take Poſſeſſion of our Hearts, by propagating their own Paſſions, and tranſmitting their very Souls into our Boſoms; ſo the Maſters of the great Manner in painting Hiſtory, who expreſs in their Pieces great Deſign, generous Sentiments, and the Dignity of the ſublime Stile, animate their Canvas with the moſt lively and active Paſſions. All the Emotions of the Heart appear in the Faces of their Figures with the utmoſt Spirit and Vivacity: The whole Soul is collected and exerted in the Eyes, which ſometimes flaſh with Fury, and ſometimes are tranſported with Joy, or up-lifted with Admiration; in one Piece they are fill'd with Horror and Conſternation, and in another they melt with tender Affection.

What Poetical Deſign and Deſcription, what an Epick Imagination does *Raphael* ſhow in his celebrated Piece of *Conſtantine* and *Maxentius*! And what maſterly and admirable Painting does *Virgil* expreſs, when he deſcribes the Battle of the *Latins* and the *Trojans*!

NUMBER XXXII.

Pictoribus atq; Poetis
Quid libet audendi ſemper fuit equa poteſtas.
(Hor.

WEDNESDAY, *Jauuary* 27. 1713.

A Continuation of the Parallel between Poetry *and* Painting.

THE Maſters of the Pencil often take their Ideas, and borrow the Paſſions they would exhibit, from the Writings of the Poet, while the Painter is himſelf but the Copyiſt, and the Poet the Original. 'Tis obſerv'd of *Raphael* the moſt famous in his Art, that he form'd the *Jupiter* in his *Pſyche*, by the admirable Diſcription of that Deity in *Virgil*, when *Venus* addreſs'd her Petition to him. Nor is the Poet in his Turn leſs oblig'd to the great Pieces of the Painter, who often ſits to the Poet, while he forms his Ideas; and inſpired by the lively and paſſionate Figures expreſs'd in Colours, tranſlates the Painter, and turns the Picture into Verſe.

The Siſter Arts, to heighten their Images, and ſtrike our Minds with greater Force, agree to repreſent human Qualities as Perſons, and

and to endow them with their peculiar Properties. They deſcribe Vertues in the Form of *Goddeſſes*, and Vices in that of *Furies*, and give to each their emblematical Diſtinctions. Thus *Juſtice* holds her Sword in one Hand, and her Balance in the other; while *Fame* is provided with Wings and a Silver Trumpet. And thus the Portraits of *Sin* and *Death*, as animated Beings, are admirably drawn by *Spencer*, and afterwards by *Milton*, to move Deteſtation and Terror.

The Heroick Pen and Pencil equally conſpire to preſerve to Men the Memory of their illuſtrious Progenitors, to record their great Deeds, to reſcue their Names from Oblivion, and in ſpite of Mortality and the Tomb, to continue the Exiſtence of Heroes and Heroines. They annihilate intervening Time, and make paſt Ages in a Manner preſent, that the Living and the Dead may converſe together, and that the Vertues and Atchievements of Anceſtors may inſpire their Sons with generous Reſolutions to imitate their great Example. To be thus tranſmitted to Poſterity, as Objects of Praiſe and Admiration, is that alluring Idea of Immortality, by the Impulſe of which ſo many great Spirits have in all Ages been animated and puſh'd on to the moſt hazardous Enterprizes.

As it is the Property of *Heroick* Pieces of Painting, as well as of *Epick* Poems, to excite Pleaſure and Admiration, by ſetting before us the important Actions of illuſtrious Perſons; ſo they agree in this, that in each diſtinct Work of this Kind of Painting and Poetry, there is but one principal Agent, and but one chief Action, to which all the other real or imaginary Characters in a regular Subor-

Subordination must be referr'd. If this Relation and Connexion of the Characters and the under Actions is not preserv'd, that is, if they do not conspire to carry on and influence the main Design, the Unity in each is broken.

It is the End of each of these Species, not only to move the Passions, but to inspire generous Sentiments, and convey to the Mind Moral and Divine Instruction. Besides the admirable Pieces of Devotion which are frequent in foreign Countries, who can view in our own the *Cartones* of *Raphael*, and see *Ananias* struck dead in an Instant by the Breath of an Apostle, and not receive awful Impressions of Divine Vengance, and of Indignation at the Guilt of Perjury? If any Man cannot find enough in *Elymas* the Sorcerer, depriv'd in a Moment of his Sight, and groping for his Way at Noon-Day, to reverence the Power and Justice of the Supreme Being, he must himself be another Miracle of intellectual Blindness. Is it possible to observe the silent Eloquence, earnest Aspect and devout Air of St. *Paul* preaching, or to contemplate the various Shapes and Characters of Attention, Contrition, Shame, Confusion, Admiration and Complacency so perfectly express'd in the several Faces of the Audience, and not be touch'd with the like Passions?

I shall dismiss this Head, when I have observ'd, that notwithstanding the Painter and the Poet have many peculiar Advantages to make Men wiser and better, by conveying excellent Sentiments, and exciting generous Passions; yet the Spectators of one, and the Readers of the other are for the most part so entirely taken up with the Art and Beauty of the Pieces, that they seldom attend to the moral Instruction, whence

it

it comes to paſs, that theſe Maſters have many Admirers, and but few Converts.

The Peices of great Artiſts by the Improvement they receive from Time are heighten'd in their Value, and many Painters have been admir'd and applauded in After-Ages, who were neglected and decry'd while they liv'd. *Corregio*'s Pictures are now celebrated among the moſt excellent Works of that Art, yet in his Life-time they were ſo little regarded, that the Author wanted Bread with one of the beſt Pencils of *Europe* in his Hand. Mr. *Dryden*, in his Verſes to Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, has beautifully expreſs'd the Advantages that good Pictures receive from Age.

For Time ſhall with his ready Pencil ſtand,
Retouch your Figures with his ripening Hand;
Mellow the Colours, and imbrown the Teint,
Add ev'ry Grace that Time alone can grant;
To future Ages ſhall your Fame convey,
And give more Beauties than he takes away.

This laſt Obſervation indeed cannot be exactly apply'd to Poetry, ſince Time often obſcures rather than beautifies the *Diction* of the Poet; yet the other Part of the Parallel holds, and it is a common Remark, that many eminent Poets are leſs valu'd by their Contemporaries than by Poſterity. There cannot be a more evident Demonſtration of this, than the Fate of our great *Milton*, whoſe Poem, which is juſtly now acknowledg'd to be the moſt admirable Production of *Britiſh* Genius, lay many Years, to the great Diſhonour of that Age, unread and little reſpected. After-Ages, who are free from the Deluſions of Faction, Envy

Envy and perſonal Diſlike, will impartially judge of Poems, and decree them the Eſteem due to that Merit, which the Paſſions of the Times, in which the Authors liv'd, would not ſuffer Contemporaries to diſcern, or not to acknowledge. When diſintereſted Poſterity holds the Balance of Juſtice, to weigh the real Worth of a Poem, it will firſt refine and purify it from all the Allay caſt in by Malevolence and Detraction; as on the other hand it will efface all ungenuine and adventitious Beauties imparted to it by the Indulgence of Friends, or the Zeal of a deſigning Party: And when the Merit of ſuch a Writing, being freed from unnatural Mixtures, ſhall be reduc'd to Standard Fineneſs, and put into equal Scales, it will paſs like the Coins of Princes in foreign Countries, only by intrinſick Weight and Purity. Poſterity will infallibly aſſert their Liberty of judging for themſelves, and 'tis certain their Determination will be impartial; which, if the Paſſions of human Nature are conſider'd, is impracticable before.

The Painter ſometimes debaſes the Dignity of his Art, ſhocks the modeſt Spectator by the Immorality of his Pieces, and tranſmits by the Eye, which is the moſt warm and immediate Manner of Conveyance, impure Ideas to the Mind. 'Tis ſurprizing to obſerve in ſome Collections that adorn our Rooms, the Ranging and Order of the Pictures: Here you behold a devout Martyr in the Agonies of Death, and next to it a laſcivious *Jupiter*; in one Place a penitent *Magdalen* diſſolv'd in Tears, and not far off a naked *Venus*. Which is juſt as if one ſhould ſee in a Lady's Cloſet an obſcene Author and a Prayer-Book lying together; or, which is frequent among

among us, Poems of Devotion and wanton Sonnets, Hymns to the Supreme Being, and Praiſes to *Cupid*, huddled together in the ſame inconſiſtent Volume.

The Comick Writers, and the petulant Verſifyers, often proſtitute their Genius no leſs than the Painter; and to court the Favour of thoſe who eſpouſe the Intereſt of Vice and Impiety, break thro' the Reſtraints of good Senſe and Decency, and often entertain the Audience at the Expence of Religion, Vertue, and Innocence.

NUMBER XXXIII.

Dixiſti pulchre; nunquam vidi melius conſilium dari! Ter.

Mirabor ſi ſciet inter
Noſcere mendacem verumq; beatus amicum. Hor.

FRIDAY, *January* 29. 1713.

A Queſtion was ſtarted the other Day, among the Members of our Society, What were the chief Marks of a great Mind? We all gave our Opinions differently, according as we were led to think on a Subject ſo ſuddenly propos'd, and which would admit of a Variety of Judgments. I could not but be extreamly pleas'd with what Sir EUSTACE ſaid on this Occaſion, that he thought

thought one of the chief Signs of a great Mind was *to be capable of receiving Advice*. This Capacity is ſo rarely found, that we ſee the greateſt Part of the World are agreed upon the Matter, and ſeem reſolv'd by Conſent to play the Hypocrites with one another. The Perſon that asks Advice very often means nothing by it, but to tell you what he has either done already, or will certainly do. The Giver of Advice is aware of this, and therefore repays one Cheat with another. Inſtead of conſidering the Matter propos'd, he is ſifting his Friend, like a Fortune-teller, to get out of him proper Intelligence; and by that time he has diſcover'd his Inclination, the Queriſt has anſwer'd himſelf.

It is by Means of this Weakneſs in human Nature, continu'd Sir EUSTACE, that Great Men are ſupply'd with Flatterers, and Princes with Favourites. The latter, inſtead of ſtudying the State, find it a ſhorter Way to ſtudy the Paſſions of the Prince they ſerve. Such a Counſellor has little Occaſion for Capacity or Knowledge. His Buſineſs lies in a narrower Compaſs. He only waits, like an Eccho, to hear his Prince ſay, *I will do it*; and he immediately replies, *Do it*.

This, ſays NED FREEMAN, is my Kinſman *Tom Carleſs*'s Way of governing his Wife. She never takes the leaſt Step without his Approbation. If ſhe has a Mind to take the Air, to go to Cards, to ſee a Play, viſit a Friend, or to ſhut her ſelf up, and ſee no body, ſhe never fails to ask his Opinion firſt. *Tom* puts on a grave Face, and violently perſwades her to what he knows ſhe is reſolv'd on. She conſtantly obeys him, and he is by this Means the moſt abſolute Governour in the World.

There

There is no Article in which we meet with more frequent Inſtances of the Hypocriſy of aſking Advice, than in the Affair of Marriage. Mr. JOHNSON, on this Occaſion, put us in mind of an humorous Scene of *Moliere*, in which this is pleaſantly rallied: And as I fancy a ſlight Sketch of it may be diverting to ſuch of my Readers as are not acquainted with the Original, and will at the ſame time fully expreſs the Moral deſign'd in this Paper, I ſhall here give it, without the Strictneſs of a cloſe Tranſlation.

BUFFLE *and* FRANKLY *meeting.*

Buffle, Dear Mr. *Frankly*, you are well met. I was going to look for you.

Frankly. Upon what Occaſion, pray?

Buff. You muſt know I have an Affair upon my Hands, a Matter, I aſſure you, of Conſequence; and it is always prudent upon ſuch Occaſions to take the Advice of ſome ſolid and judicious Friend.

Fran. I'm oblig'd to you. Pray what is it?

Buff. I'll tell you. But firſt you ſhall ſwear not to flatter me. Don't imagine I am to be put off with a Compliment; I muſt have your real Opinion.

Fran. You ſhall.

Buff. I know the Way of the World; Sincerity is ſcarce. But I deſpiſe the Man that calls himſelf my Friend, and will not ſpeak freely.

Fran. Well, you are in the right. But to the Affair.

Buff. You promiſe me then, upon the Faith of a Friend, that you'll be very ſincere with me.

Fran. I do. But your Affair?

Buff. Why, what do you think if I ſhould marry?

Fran. Who? You marry? What my Friend Mr. *Buffle* marry?

Buff. Yes, I; I my ſelf, in my own proper Perſon, your Friend and Servant *Jeffrey Buffle.*

Fran. I can't tell. You muſt anſwer me a Queſtion or Two before I can adviſe you---- In the firſt Place, How old are you?

Buff. How old am I?---- I don't know---- How old?---- Why what ſignifies that? I am ſound, as you ſee, and hearty. Troth, I can't very well tell how old.

Fran. No? That's ſtrange. Pray how old were you when we were firſt acquainted?

Buff. I don't know---- Twenty, I believe; I could not be more.

Fran. I think we were Eight Years together at *Rome.*

Buff. Well.

Fran. Seven Years I have heard you ſay you were in *France.*

Buff. Well.

Fran. How long did you ſtay afterwards in *Holland*?

Buff. Five Years and a half.

Fran. Do you remember in what Year you came home to *England*?

Buff. In the Year 1695.

Fran. From 1695 to 1713 is Eighteen Years, I take it; and Five Years in *Holland* is Three and Twenty. Seven in *France* makes Thirty. Eight at *Rome* is Thirty-Eight; and Twenty, is Fifty-Eight. So that by your own Account, Mr. *Buffle*, you muſt be now about your Fifty-Eighth or Fifty-Ninth Year. Is not this true?

Buff

Buff. True? No. It's impoſſible. You are miſtaken, Mr. *Frankly*; you are out in your Reckoning.

Fran. Pardon me, I'm not out in my Reckoning. Look you, Mr. *Buffle*, you have made me promiſe to be ſincere with you; and therefore in plain Terms, Marriage, in my Opinion, is not your Buſineſs. It is a Matter on which young People ſhould think deliberately before they enter upon it, and old ones not at all; and if it ſometimes happens to be a Folly, how inexcuſable would that Folly be at an Age in which we are expected to be wiſer? I ſpeak my naked Thoughts: Marriage is honourable; but for a Man of your Years to think of marrying! Come, come, you are well as you are at preſent, and why will you venture a Change which may prove for the worſe?

Buff. Hark you, *Frankly*, I am reſolv'd to marry, d'ye ſee. I have not told you yet who the dear Creature is: Look you, Sir, I ſhall not be ſo ridiculous as you imagine.

Fran. O that alters the Caſe. You did not tell me that.

Buff. Such a Woman, Mr. *Frankly*, ſo fine a Woman! In ſhort, I am in Love with her.

Fran. You are in Love, you ſay?

Buff. Poſitively; and I have ſettled Matters with her Father.

Fran. With her Father?

Buff. Moſt certainly. You muſt know we are to be marry'd to Morrow Morning.

Fran. O your humble Servant. Marry, marry by all means,

Buff. Why ay--- I can't do better, I think. My Age, quotha? Why, what ſignifies my Age? I

am no Cripple, you ſee; I can walk. I don't want either a Coach or a Chair. I have a Stomach like a Ploughman.--- I deſpiſe your young Dogs of Thirty. Look in my Face, I am hale, freſh, and ſtrong; and have all my Teeth in my Head as ſound as a Blackamoor's.--- My Age quotha?---- Ha, Mr. *Frankly*, what d'you ſay to me now?

Fran. Marry.

Buff. I will. You muſt know I had once a great Averſion to Matrimony; but I have alter'd my Opinion. I would be loth the Race of the *Buffles* ſhould be loſt.

Fran. O by no Means.

Buff. Then you adviſe me to marry?

Fran. Adviſe you? You muſt, you ſhall marry; I'll never forgive you, if you don't. You loſe Time; diſpatch your Affair as ſoon as poſſible.

Buff. Is that your Opinion?

Fran. Certainly.

Buff. Dear Mr. *Frankly*, let me embrace you. Well, a faithful Friend is a Jewel.

Fran. One Word more. Pray who is to be the happy Lady?

Buff. *Arietta.*

Fran. *Arietta*? What, the young, the bright, the gay *Arietta*?

Buff. The ſame.

Fran. Bleſs me! What *Trapwell*'s fine Daughter?

Buff. Ay--- What, you know her? Ha, what do you ſay to it, Mr. *Frankly*?

Fran. O marry, marry her by all Means. You'll be finely marry'd!

Buff.

Buff. D'ye think ſo? Well, you've charm'd me. I am infinitely oblig'd to you for your Advice. Pray come to my Wedding.

Fran. I will— The young, the gay, the beautiful *Arietta!* to Mr. *Jeffrey Buffle*, who is but Fifty-Eight!— A moſt agreeable Match! A delicious Match! Mr. *Buffle*, I kiſs your Hands.

Buff. Honeſt *Frankly*, Fare thee well---- Hark ye, be ſure you don't fail to come---- I don't know how it happens, but all the World is merry that hears of this Match! I ſhall be prodigiouſly happy. Well, I am now the moſt ſatisfy'd of Mortals!

NUMBER XXXIV.

Inſania ſtultitiæ junctа patet late. Tull.

MONDAY, *February* 1. 1713.

I Have repreſented in a former Diſcourſe predominant Madneſs allay'd with Folly, and in this I ſhall conſider prevailing Folly ſprinkled with Madneſs. Tho' in the Struggle of contending Ferments, while the Individuals of this Kind are yet in Embrio, the wild and furious Principles are at laſt overpower'd, and the crude and flegmatick get the Dominion, yet there ſtill remains interſpers'd in their Compoſition ſome

glimmering Streaks of Mother Wit, and Diſcoveries of the elemental Madman.

As thoſe Productions, in which the Madman is not half tam'd, and but ſlightly hamper'd with the Fool, may be denominated *Lunatick Wits*; ſo where the Madman is ſhackled, by being throughly work'd and kneaded into the Fool, if the Balance is conſiderable on the Side of the latter, ſince the Denomination muſt always ariſe from the prevailing Quality, this Kind may juſtly be call'd *Lunatick Fools*.

As in the general by the firſt fundamental Settlement in theſe Complexions, the greateſt Share of Authority is lodg'd in the Fool, and the Madman, who is apt to be ſeditious, is manacled, and kept under Hatches; ſo the exuberant Fertility of theſe dull Animals is determin'd to various Species, limited by their peculiar Ideotiſms and Characters of Stupidity. This Temperament of Dominion keeps the Fool from being abſolute; for tho' the Government of the Man be intruſted with him, and the Paſſions and Appetites commonly are obedient to his Dictates, yet the Madman will often break looſe: Tho' buried in a Flegmatick Heap, like *Enceladus* under *Ætna*, he will now and then ſhake himſelf, and ſtriving to get free, make terrible Commotions; and it is from the different Proportions of Strength ſettled upon the Madman by the original Compact, and the various Limitations under which the Fool muſt act in different Perſons, that theſe eſſential Diſtinctions ariſe which diſcriminate the numerous Branches of this witleſs Kind.

A perfect Enumeration of them is impracticable; for what Imagination has Compaſs enough to contain the infinite Variety of ridiculous and abſurd Animals

Animals produc'd by the different Combinations of *Madneſs* and *Folly*, diverſify'd by the Mixture of other Qualities? The principal Denominations are the Blockheads, Sots, Dotards, Blunderers, Half-Ideots, perpetual Laughers, Cullies, and the *Unreflecting*, who are in a Surprize at any Event, and are known by the frequent Uſe of that ſilly and unavailing Sentence, *Who wou'd have thought it*? Moſt of theſe enjoy a ſteddy and immutable Dulneſs, while the Fool is always uniform and conſiſtent in his Actions; but many of them, according as the Moon, Wine, hot Seaſons, or violent Provocations rouſe their Spirits, expreſs a great Inequality of Folly, and their Stupidity is interrupted by Lunatick Intervals, as now and then they feel a Paroxiſm of the Madman.

I have before nam'd an eminent Species of this Race, That of crafty Blockheads, where the Lunatick Ferment ſeems ſo oppreſs'd with ſluggiſh Humours, and the Madman ſo perfectly diſguis'd, that at the firſt Converſation you imagine the Fool is pure and entire; but if you come to drive a Bargain, and think to take an Advantage of his want of Senſe, you are undeceiv'd, and find that he is *more Knave than Fool*.

As the *Mundus Intelligibilis* of *Lunatick Wits* and other Tribes of a whimſical and irregular Genius lies in a Zone parcht by too much *Intellectual* Heat; whence their Brain is dry, and their Spirits are fir'd and rarify'd to Exceſs: So, on the contrary, theſe *Bœotian* Territories, which are barren of Underſtanding, are extended in a frigid Climate, and are viſited but with weak and languiſhing Rays; whence the Spirits are benumb'd, and but half animated, and being encumber'd, and involv'd in crude and heavy Humours, the Mind

is

is torpid, and unable to exert any bright Operations; and as in the Caſe of Lunatick Wits, the Madman has Dominion over the Head, and the Fool over the Actions, ſo here the Reverſe often happens, while the Fool reigns in the Head, and the Madman in the Life.

There is another Species in whom the Fool is mighty prevalent, who however from a certain Participation of Lunacy feel a violent Inclination to be reputed Men of Parts. Hence they are prompted by a reſiſtleſs Inſtinct to court the Acquaintance of the faſhionable Wits. They crowd about the Criticks of the firſt Rank, that lead the Taſte of the Town, determine the Fate of Writers, and deal out Eſteem and Praiſe at Diſcretion. They believe that the Reputation of having mingl'd in the Company, and heard the Diſcourſes of ſuch applauded Perſons, is ſufficient to elevate them above the Vulgar, and to rank them at leaſt in ſome ſubaltern Order of Wits. Tho' theſe Perſons have enough of the Madman in their Mixture, to make them aſpire to this high Converſation, yet they have ſuch a Redundancy of the Fool, that they cannot diſcern they are a ſtanding Jeſt among thoſe ſuperior Men, whoſe Favour they ſo importunately ſollicit.

There is, on the contrary, another Clan of theſe Animals, who have a great Over-balance of the Fool, and a ſlight Daſh of the Madman, work'd up with a ſour melancholy Leven, whence their Temper is always dull, moroſe and cloudy. As a Perſon of this Conſtitution is incapable of lively Imagination and pleaſant Humour; ſo he he deteſts nothing more than Wit and Raillery. His Brain is encompaſs'd with a Fence of ſuch impenetrable Thickneſs, and his Spirits ſo clog'd with

with Dregs, and muffled up in Flegm, that his Head is inacceſſible to all the Powers of Senſe and Ingenuity. He looks upon a Man of Wit to be no more than a merry Fool, a trifling Animal, form'd by Nature, like the Monky, for no other Purpoſe than to make People laugh. Theſe Fellows are either great Managers in Buſineſs, and ſlaviſh Projectors of Wealth, or haughty and indolent in the Enjoyment of an overgrown Fortune. If you name a Man of bright Parts in their Company, the firſt Queſtion they ask is, *What is he worth*? It is pleaſant to ſee with what a ſupercilious Arrogance they pretend to look down on Qualities, which are above them; and with how impertinent a Satisfaction they deſpiſe what they are not able to attain.

NUMBER XXXV.

Vitiis nemo ſine naſcitur, optimus ille
Qui minimis urgetur. Hor.

WEDNESDAY, *February* 3. 1713.

I Intend in this Paper to conclude what I have to offer to the Publick on the Effects of the *Spleen* in our Bodies, and its wonderful Influence on the Mind. As I owe theſe Remarks chiefly to Dr. LACON's Converſation, I have already obſerv'd that the Ferment which the Phyſicians call the *Spleen*, while its Government is limited to a moderate Superiority, is not a Diſtemper, but in reality a generous Principle, which gives that Acuteneſs of Thought, Vivacity of Imagination, and Abundance of Spirit, that exalts the Poſſeſſor above the Level of Mankind. From this active Spring, as it is differently mix'd and modify'd by Combinations of other Humours, ariſes in this Iſland, where it ſo much prevails, that great Variety of Men of Senſe and Wit, who have however ſuch an original Diſſimilitude to each other, as cannot but ſurprize the Obſerver. Nor is the *Spleen* leſs concern'd in conſtituting the numerous Characters which are found in the moral World, where Vertue and Vice take a different Turn, and acquire diſtinct Properties and Appear-

Appearances, as this Leaven has more or leſs the Balance in the Complexion.

The Philoſophers and Divines, who have compil'd Syſtems of Ethicks, deſcribe Vertues in their greateſt Height and Perfection, and delineate their Ideas as exiſting in their own Imagination, pure and refin'd from all Stains of the oppoſite Vices; like thoſe *Painters* and *Sculptors*, who ſometimes by the Strength of Fancy repreſent more beautiful Faces than any which are form'd by Nature; ſuch were always eſteem'd the *Venus* of Apelles, and that of *Cleomenes*.

But the Epick, Tragick, and Comick Poets, as well as the Proſe-Writers of Characters, exhibit Vertue and Vice mingled, and blended as they find them really exiſting in Mankind, where they appear in different Shapes and Diſtinctions according to the different Proportions in their Mixture.

No Man is adorn'd with Vertue ſo refin'd and ſpotleſs, that it is not debas'd and ſullied by ſome impure Allay; nor have any acquir'd that ſupreme Degree of Vice which excludes all good Inclinations, and entirely extinguiſhes the Senſe of moral Evil. Should we therefore abſtract from Men of the higheſt Claſs, who approach the neareſt to Perfection, all their Excellence and Virtue, and draw their Characters only by their Faults and Follies, they would appear odious or ridiculous. On the other hand, ſhould we ſeparate all their evil Ingredients from the worſt of Men, and repreſent them by their good Qualities only, they would ſeem regular and amiable, or at leaſt not deform'd.

Tho' various ſpecifick Natures are requir'd to diſtinguiſh one Order of Animals from another, yet

yet in Morality the different Degree of Vertue and Vice, as one or the other is ſuperior in the Mind, is ſufficient to conſtitute and denominate a good or a bad Man. From this predominant Degree the Line is drawn that limits the two oppoſite Species, and divides the moral World into halves, where the People of each Hemiſphere are diverſify'd by the various good and bad Qualities, which meet together in their Temperament. 'Tis eaſy to diſcriminate by the conſpicuous heroick Vertues of the one, and the prodigious Wickedneſs of the other, the beſt and the worſt of our Race; but the loweſt Rank of the *vertuous*, and the higheſt of *ill* Men, as well as the numerous intermediate Species of each Kind, have ſo great a Reſemblance and Affinity to each other, that 'tis very difficult to ſettle their Diſtinctions.

As the ſeveral Combinations of Madneſs, Spleen, and Folly, produce an infinite Variety of irregular Underſtandings, as has been obſerv'd in a former Diſcourſe, ſo the amicable Accommodation and Alliance between ſeveral Virtues and Vices produce an equal Diverſity in the Diſpoſitions and Manners of Mankind; whence it comes to paſs that as many monſtrous and abſurd Productions are found in the moral as in the intellectual World. How ſurprizing is it to obſerve among the leaſt culpable Men, ſome whoſe Minds at the ſame time are attracted by Heaven and Earth with a ſeeming equal Force? Some who are proud in Humility, others who are cenſorious and uncharitable, yet ſelf-denying and devout? Some who join Contempt of the World with ſordid Avarice, and others who preſerve a great Degree of Piety with Ill-Nature, and ungovern'd Paſſions? Nor are Inſtances of this in-

con-

conſiſtent Mixture leſs frequent among bad Men, where we often with Admiration ſee Perſons at once generous and unjuſt; *impious* Lovers of their Country; and *flagitious* Heroes; *good-natur'd* Sharpers, *immoral* Men of Honour, and Libertines, who will ſooner die than change their Religion. And tho' 'tis true that repugnant Coalitions of ſo high a Degree are found but in a Part of Mankind, yet none of the whole Maſs, either good or bad, are entirely exempted from ſome abſurd Mixtures.

Vertue never makes a more bright and amiable Appearance, than when 'tis introduc'd into a Complexion, where the Humours of the Body are ſo perfectly blended, and the conflicting Ferments, eſpecially the Spleen, ſo well balanc'd, that the Poſſeſſor is by that happy Temperament diſpos'd to Induſtry, Benevolence, and Serenity of Mind. By this fine Nature reſulting from their original Conſtitution, Children become a Soil prepar'd to receive the Seeds of Vertue; which cultivated by good Education, come forward a-pace, bear early Bloſſoms, and ſoon riſe to great Perfection. Tho' theſe are rang'd in the higheſt Claſs of excellent Men, yet their Mixture is faulty and imperfect: That gentle, humane, and complaiſant Temper, which diſpoſes them to Goodneſs, not being accompany'd by a ſufficient Portion of Fortitude, not only makes them unapt for brave and hazardous Attempts, but expoſes them to unwarrantable Compliances, by which they may gain the Favour of ill Men; whence their Vertue receives many Blemiſhes.

Others have a noble Fire, that puſhes them on to great Undertakings and Acts of Heroick Vertue, in defending their Country, and promoting

the Happineſs of Mankind. But it muſt be acknowledg'd, that the ſame Warmth of Temper expoſes them often to paſſionate Reſentments, raſh Expreſſions, and indiſcreet Actions. The World is highly indebted to this active Complexion, that proceeds from a due Coalition of Spleen and refin'd Choler, which is requir'd to form the Patriot and the Hero; and 'tis reaſonable we ſhould forgive their Faults and Irregularities, ſince theſe ſpring from the ſame generous Principle, that makes them the Benefactors of Mankind, and the Glory of their Country: Were it not for their extraordinary Merit, they would be liable to fewer Errors.

The Men of Vertue firſt deſcrib'd, by the Sweetneſs of their Diſpoſition, the Government of their Paſſions, and their great Humanity, have an undiſturb'd Poſſeſſion of themſelves, and provide beſt for their own Peace and Felicity; but the brave and active Individuals of the laſt Sort, who neglect their private Intereſt, and for the Good of others, engage in the moſt dangerous Enterprizes, notwithſtanding their Imperfections, are the moſt beneficial to Mankind; and this is the mix'd Character of the greateſt Spirits in all Ages, not only of Pagan, but of Chriſtian Heroes, whoſe generous, and ſometimes ungovernable Fire, has been the Cauſe of their illuſtrious Actions. The firſt ſave themſelves, but the laſt their Country; one is freer from Defects, but the other has more Beauties.

Another inferior Claſs of vertuous Men is conſtituted, when a prevailing Degree of Piety is infus'd into a Complexion, where Flegm, Spleen and Melancholy are united: In theſe, tho' Piety is indeed predominant, yet it is ſo rough, querulous

rulous and ill-manner'd, that it makes an unlovely and diſagreeable, if not a forbidding Appearance. It is ſurprizing to find a Man of Vertue, either always ſad and tormented with Scruples, or ſupercilious, ſullen and cenſorious; to ſee Piety mixt with Malevolence and Singularity, rude Sanctity, or diſcontented and deſponding Goodneſs. Tho' a prevalent Degree of Vertue gives them the Denomination of good Men, yet they cannot be reckon'd as Members of the firſt Rank by any but themſelves.

The next Claſs is of thoſe where the Spleen has inordinate Dominion, who are therefore wavering and irreſolute, and always halting between Vice and Vertue. From the Fluctuation of their Temper, they divide their Time by reciprocal Returns of Sinning and Repenting, and ſpend all the Periods of Life in making and breaking good Reſolutions. Theſe approach ſo near to the Frontier of bad Men, that 'tis difficult to determine to which moral Species they be'ong. 'Tis certain that if their Vertue in this doubtful State is ſuperior, yet the Diſtinction is ſo nice and hard to be diſcern'd, that the Poſſeſſors cannot certainly obſerve it; and therefore can reap no Satisfaction from the Conſciouſneſs of their Vertue here, or the Expectation of its Reward hereafter. It muſt be an eminent Degree of Goodneſs that by the Review of it can fill the Mind with Joy and Satisfaction. Weak and unequal Piety muſt leave a Man in conſtant Suſpence about his Safety, while he ſtill continues balancing, and undetermin'd whether his good or bad Actions, his Vertues or Vices, have the Aſcendant.

NUMBER XXXVI.

Tantum cupit illa rogari. Ovid.
Ecce ego ſum factus fœmina de Puero! Auſon.

FRYDAY, *February* 5. 1713.

BY ſeveral Letters to the Society of late, we perceive that our Correſpondents have made the ſame notable Diſcovery concerning the *Lay-Monaſtery* and the *Lay-Nunnery*, namely, that neither of our *Orders* are ſo ſtrictly binding as they ſeem'd at firſt to pretend. Some of theſe Writers of Epiſtles tell us freely, that they perceive we mean only to purſue a more refin'd ſort of Pleaſure; that they do not hear of any Severities among us, and that even Sir EUSTACE himſelf is not the Man they took him for. On the other hand, it is ſuppos'd that the *Lay-Nuns* are not under any Vows of Virginity; and ſome pretend to ſay, that they have ſeveral good *Fellowſhips* in their Gift, and are bound by the Statutes of their Order to unite their Intereſt in a common Stock, and to diſpoſe of one another in Marriage, according to Seniority, by the firſt favourable Opportunity.

The Perſon that animadverted upon us the moſt ſeverely at our firſt Settlement, was the Juſtice of Peace whom I formerly mention'd. This

This Gentleman has long ſince been convinc'd of his Error, and having drank a Bottle of Wine with Mr. FREEMAN, ſoon told his Neighbours, that *He had found us out, and that he himſelf was as much a* MONK *as any of us.* NED, from a Coffee-houſe Acquaintance with him, is grown into a Familiarity in his Family, dines there once or twice a Week, and drinks Tea, and plays at Whisk with his Wife and Daughters. I muſt here obſerve by the by, that NED, among his agreeable Singularities, has a ſurprizing Way of growing, without taking any Pains for it, into Favour with Men of the moſt oppoſite Characters to himſelf imaginable. The Juſtice is a Man of the laſt Age; plain, honeſt, a Humouriſt, and out of Faſhion: He is equally ſtrict in his Dealings, and inflexible in his Cuſtoms and Manners, and wou'd think it as much an Immorality to change his Hours of Dining or going to Bed, as to break any of the Laws in the Statute-Book. It is whiſper'd in the Neighbourhood, that the Juſtice has an Eye upon Mr. FREEMAN for one of his Daughters. But tho' we look upon this our *Lay-Brother* as an unſettled Member, we are rather ſuſpicious that there is ſomething carrying on between him and the fair *Oxonian*; What makes it the more probable is, that NED ſeems of late to be grown a little reſerv'd on this Head. And tho' the following Letter chiefly concerns him, and has been receiv'd for ſome time, we cannot tell for what Reaſon he wou'd not conſent to have it publiſh'd till this Day.

To Mr. RAVENSCROFT.

Oxon, Jan. 14. 1714.

'YOUR inſerting my laſt Letter in your Paper, in which I complain'd of my ſilent Lovers, has done me ſuch a ſingular Piece of Service here, that it would be Ingratitude in me not to acknowledge the Obligation. I already find the miraculous Effects of your making the Dumb to *ſpeak*, (tho' with ſome 'tis but opening the Mouth of the Aſs) inſomuch that I begin to think with leſs Pleaſure of a monaſtick Life; and every Addreſs I receive, convinces me that my Conſtitution is too weak for the Profeſſion. No longer than ſince I began to write, I have ſcorch'd my Night-dreſs, which is ſaid to be an infallible Sign of Matrimony. I reſolve therefore this way to bid adieu to the dear deluded *Siſterhood*; tho' I would not have you imagine I intend to diſpoſe of my ſelf to any one that muſt be inſtructed when to ſpeak: No, tho' I take a Pride in giving Audience to repeated Vows, and inſulting my Captives, 'tis no more than what is natural to Women who have been ſo long neglected.

'I deſign ſhortly to pay the Town a Viſit, and perſonally return Mr. FREEMAN Thanks for the Praiſes he ſo laviſhly beſtow'd upon me; and tho' (I fear) I am not the Angel he takes me to be, yet if upon ſeeing me he ſhall think that I deſerve ſo much of the imaginary Character he's pleas'd to give me, as may entitle me to a Man of no leſs Parts and Humour than himſelf, I have Reaſon to believe he is

'not

'not ſo much a Bigot as not to renounce his Profeſſion for a Lady. I hope the Society will 'conſent to part with ſo agreeable a Member, 'when I promiſe to fill his Chair (tho' not to ſupply his Place) with an Admirer of mine, whom 'I intended to ſend them for a Token, as being 'better skill'd at Philoſophical or Moral, than 'Amorous Eſſays.

'When I imparted my Deſign of leaving the 'World to my Confident *Daphne*; ſhe approv'd 'of it ſo well, as to reſolve her ſelf to follow 'my Example. She is yet Proof againſt all the 'Arguments I (from Self-Conviction) can urge 'to the contrary, and deſires me to give Notice 'of her Intentions in my Letter; ſo that I find 'how her Pulſe beats, and by the Symptoms I 'am pretty ſure her Diſtemper is the ſame with 'mine, and muſt have the ſame Remedy. My 'Service to Mr. FREEMAN.

I am, SIR,

Your Oblig'd Humble Servant,

Diana Silverſcarf.

P. S. 'My Friend has a Favourite Lap-dog, 'which ſhe can by no means part with, ſhe de'ſires the Favour of Mr. FREEMAN to intercede 'with the Lady Abbeſs for a Diſpenſation to 'keep it.

I am order'd to inſert another Letter which contains a very particular Caſe, in anſwer to which I can only ſay that we have tranſmitted a Copy of it to the *Lay-Nunnery*, and have deſir'd Mrs. *Single* their Secretary, to lay it before the Siſterhood for ſuch Directions thereupon as they ſhall think proper.

Corn-

Cornwall, Jan. 28. 1714.

SIR,

"THE Place from whence I write this, is an "old Manſion-Houſe which ſtands by it "ſelf in this County, at ſeveral Miles Diſtance "from the neareſt Market-Town. There are "Thirteen Females here in the Family; and, "except Servants, no Male-Inhabitant beſides "my ſelf. In this our Solitude, your Papers "which we have ſent us down once a Week, are "a great Charity to us; tho' there are ſeveral "of them which the Parſon of our Pariſh ſays "are lofty, which indeed we do not underſtand. "However, I have learn'd ſo much by them, as "well as by peruſing the Writings of your inge-"nious Predeceſſors, as to find my ſelf out to be "good for nothing; and I write this Letter to "deſire you, after I have acquainted you with "my Character, to help to diſpoſe of me in "ſuch a Manner as I hope you will think ſuita-"ble to my Inabilities.

"I ſaid there was no Male-Inhabitant here "but my ſelf; and I cannot tell whether you "will allow me to be one, when you know me; "I remember you mention, in one of your Pa-"pers, a Girl that was bred up in *Holland* as a "Boy, and did not know till a certain Age, "what was her real Sex. The contray of this is "pretty near my Caſe; and I ſhall be glad to be "inform'd by you, whether I am a *Man* or no. "I am now in the Year of my Non-age Twenty "Two, being the only ſurviving *Son* of a Gen-"tleman of a midling Fortune and good Ex-"traction, who dying when I was very young, "left me to be wholly manag'd by my Mother,

"and

" and Seven Siſters all elder than my ſelf. By " this Means living always at Home, and ſeeing " but little Male-Company, I am grown an ef- " feminate ſhamefac'd Fool, diſown'd by Men " and deſpis'd, as I now perceive, by the Wo- " men. My Mother, who is an excellent Houſe- " Wife, would never put me to School or to the " Univerſity, becauſe, as ſhe ſaid, ſhe could not " ſpare me from her Family-Affairs. You muſt " know, I have been employ'd by her for ſome " time as a kind of Under-Houſe-keeper, and " by the reſt of the Family, as an Aſſiſtant in " making and altering their Cloaths; and am by " this Means grown a perfect Maſter, or rather " *Miſtreſs*, in all Feminine Accompliſhments: I " can ſow, flouriſh, dreſs a Head, and raiſe " Paſte; my Mother ſays I took my Learning " naturally, and my eldeſt Siſter wears a Gown, " which, it ſeems, I work'd when I was but Nine " Years old. I have help'd to furniſh the reſt of " them, upon Occaſion, with Aprons, Pin-cuſhi- " ons and quilted Petticoats. They talk of " them at their Viſits about the County, and I " begin to be aſham'd to hear my Work ſo much " commended.

" You will gueſs, Sir, by the Hand of this " Letter, which you ſee is the *Italian*, that I " was taught to write at Home. That my Clerk- " ſhip might not lye idle, I have been frequent- " ly employ'd in copying Receipts, and affixing " Titles to diſtill'd Waters, which I likewiſe " help to make. I have indeed ſtole the great- " eſt Part of my Learning from a Shelf in my " Mother's Cloſet, where, being a Lover of " Books, I fell very young to reading *The Art of* " *Cookery*, *The Queen's Cloſet open'd*, and ſome o-

" thers

" thers of the like Kind, which I thought very " Ingenious, and which help'd to make me that " uſeful Perſon in the Family which I am. At " my Leiſure-Hours I have diverted my ſelf " with Painting upon Glaſs, and cutting Trees " in Paper.

" I made a Journey with my Lady-Mother laſt " Summer to Town, about ſome Law-Buſineſs; " and having for ſome time perceiv'd that I had " been us'd like a Fool, I had reſolv'd to break " from her, and aſſert my *Manhood*, but I could " find no Company that would receive me. " The Men put me out of Countenance with " their Senſe; and the Ladies talk'd any thing " before me, as if there was no Man in the " Room. I don't know whether there is any " ſuch Club in Town, as the *Beef-Stake-Club*; I " was told there was, and a Kinſman of mine, " who they ſay is a *Wit*, advis'd me (in Jeſt I ſup- " poſe) to learn to Smoak, and enter my ſelf a " Member of it: But in ſhort I found it was too " late to get a new Education, ſo I was glad to " ſneak Home again with my Mother, and to " hide my Head in the Country.

" Dear Mr. RAVENSCROFT, What ſhall I do? " I am weary of this Courſe of Life, and " yet am at a Loſs how to enter upon any other. " I am afraid my Effeminacy is not wholly owing " to my Breeding; and I believe, after all, I " was really deſign'd to be a Woman. I have a " Siſter (who I fancy has robb'd me of my " Birth-right) that is a Romp, and rides a Hunt- " ing with the Gentlemen in a Hat and Feather. " I have reſolv'd to change Cloaths with her, " and will venture up once more to Town in a " Dreſs more ſuitable to my Qualifications. And

" what

" what I would beg of you, is, That you would
" make an Intereſt for me with the Abbeſs of the
" *Lay-Nunnery* you have told us of, that I may
" be receiv'd as one of the Siſterhood, which
" will very much oblige

Your Humble Servant,
Francis (or, if you pleaſe)
Frances Maidenly.

NUMBER XXXVII.

Qui introducunt cauſarum ſeriem ſempiternam, ii mentem hominis voluntate libera ſpoliatam, neceſſitati Fati devinciunt. Tull.

MONDAY, *February* 8. 1713.

IT is impoſſible to debaſe the Dignity of human Nature more, than to remove from it its free Principle of Activity, and to range it among Animals deſtitute of Choice. The Imagination cannot form a more abſurd and chimerical Conception than that of an intelligent neceſſary Agent; for a rational Faculty, and a reſiſtleſs Impulſe to act, are inconſiſtent Ideas, and deſtructive of each other. Yet ſome Philoſophers have been ſo injurious to their own Species, as to rob them of their Liberty of Will, and fetter them in a fatal Determination to act This and no other

other way. To what Purpoſe is Man endow'd with intellectual Capacities, to diſcern and judge of the Goodneſs of an End, and deliberate on the Fitneſs of Means to procure it, if after all he has no Power to determine himſelf to the Election of either?

Fate, in the Opinion of the *Stoicks*, is nothing elſe but a dependent Concatenation of Cauſes and Effects thro' the whole Sphere of Nature's Activity, whence all Beings were produc'd, and all Events brought about by inevitable Neceſſity And this Fate they affirm'd controul'd not only the inferior Deities, but *Jupiter* himſelf, whom they acknowledg'd as the principal Moderator of the World. But no Opinion more abſurd or ridiculous ever enter'd into the Head of a dreaming Philoſopher: If Fate is a ſubſtantial Being, it muſt be equal in Duration, and ſuperior in Power to their eternal ſupreme Deity, and ſo it muſt be the firſt ſelf-exiſtent GOD: But if it be only a Quality not inherent in any Subject, or a meer Relation between Cauſes and Effects, it is impoſſible it ſhould have any Exiſtence but in the Imagination of theſe Sages.

But while they maintain'd with Zeal this Doctrine, they commonly held the Freedom of the Will, and allow'd that our Actions are voluntary. Thus when *Zeno*'s Servant excus'd himſelf for committing Theft, by alledging, That he could not help it, being compell'd by a fatal Neceſſity to ſteal; the Philoſopher reply'd, And by the ſame Neceſſity I am conſtrain'd to ſee thee puniſh'd. Thus they aſſerted Neceſſity and Liberty in the ſame Agent: And therefore the Diſciples of Mr. *Hobbs* ſhould not aſcribe to their Maſter

Maſter the Honour of this ingenious Invention, voluntary Neceſſity.

Tho' ſome of theſe Learned Men maintain the Liberty of the Will, yet, when they deſcribe it, they explain it away, while they tell us, that a voluntary is only a ſpontaneous Power of Motion: But that Idea ſignifies nothing more than an inherent Principle of Motion, free from the violent Impulſe of any foreign Cauſes. Thus the Sun, that runs his Courſe, and warms and illuminates the Air, Rivers that flow, and all material Beings, that by an innate Spring gravitate to their Center, may be allow'd to be voluntary, that is, ſpontaneous Agents; tho' they deſign no End, have no Choice of Means, nor can like arbitrary Cauſes move and ſuſpend their Motion at Pleaſure.

Tho' this Explanation of Freedom of Choice implies an inward Principle of Activity, yet if it be examin'd, it will be found inconſiſtent with it ſelf, and repugnant to the Nature even of ſpontaneous Movers. They affirm, That the corporeal Ideas of outward Objects which act upon the Organs of the Senſes, by their reſiſtleſs Impulſe give ſuch Motions to the Animal Spirits, as determine us to all our Actions. While the Images of Things without affect the Eye, Odours the Smell, and the Waves of agitated Air break upon the Ear, the Soul is neceſſitated, ſay they, to move the Body, as determin'd by theſe Impreſſions made upon the Senſes. To illuſtrate their Meaning: Suppoſe by ſome more than human Art a Watch were made of ſuch fine Springs and minute Movements, encas'd in ſuch tranſparent Glaſs that the Sun-beams, which conſiſt of corporeal Particles acting upon them, might

have Force enough to ſet them in Motion, this would be ſuch another mechanical Piece as Man muſt be according to the Explication which theſe Philoſophers give of Free Will. Whence it appears, that by their own Doctrine, Man is not ſo much as a ſpontaneous Agent, that exerts his Motions from an inward Principle, but acts as he is acted upon, and impell'd by a Mover without himſelf. All the Honour this Hypotheſis will confer upon him, is to make him an intelligent Engine, or a curious *Automaton* which has no Ability to begin his Motions, but is firſt mov'd by external Images form'd of ſubtile Matter, yet as much compulſive, tho' not ſo bulky, as the Weights of a Clock.

But if this were true, that Man has no other Power of Operation, he ought not to be applauded or reproach'd either for his good or bad Actions. If a Clock goes regularly, we never commend it for its Vertue; nor if its Motions are diſorderly, do we ever charge it with moral Guilt, or the inherent Turpitude of its Movements.

To expoſe the Unreaſonableneſs of the Magiſtrate's Proceedings againſt a Criminal, upon this Suppoſition, that no Man acts but as he is acted upon, and ſet in Motion by outward Objects that ruſh thro' the Senſes into the Brain, and compel the Soul This or That Way to exert her Powers; Dr. *Eachard*, who argues with great Strength againſt Mr. *Hobbs*, while he entertains the Reader with Mirth and Raillery, expreſſes himſelf to this Effect: If a Man cannot act according to his own Mind, but as external ſecondary Cauſes that flock about him have a Mind he ſhou'd, he is unrighteouſly puniſh'd for doing what it was not

not poſſible for him to avoid. For Inſtance: Suppoſe a Man enters into an empty Parlor, and ſees a Watch lie in the Window, the Horologe preſently with a ſmart Stroke acts upon the Eye, the Animal Spirits, that are doing Duty there, are beaten back, and recoil to the Brain, then touch'd by this ſudden Motion, down goes the *Carteſian* Trigger, off goes the Man at the Watch, up goes the Watch into his Pocket; and then muſt the innocent Criminal be executed for having Eyes, Hands and a Pocket; and 'tis indeed hard that ſuch a guiltleſs Machine ſhould make ſo deplorable an End. Had the not Soul an inherent Power of Self-determination, it would be impoſſible, as the Writer beforemention'd has obſerv'd, for any Man to play at the Game call'd *Even* or *Odd*, ſince in that Caſe no corporeal inviſible Cauſes can impart a deciſive Impulſe to the Animal Spirits. Suppoſe *Even* ſtarts up firſt in his Thoughts, immediately *Odd* preſents it ſelf altogether as amiable: No Arguments can be brought on the Side of *Even*, but as many of equal Force may be urg'd in the Favour of *Odd*; whence it will follow, that the Mind not diſcerning any Reaſon to prefer one Rival to the other, muſt ſuſpend its Determination; and while the Scale goes down on neither Side, the Will muſt continue balanc'd, like a Needle between two Loadſtones of equal Attraction, and can never move to either Competitor.

The great Difficulty that has puzzled learned Men on this Subject is this, that the divine Foreknowledge of contingent Effects ſeems inconſiſtent with the Free Will of the Agent. It muſt be granted the ſupreme Being knows all future Events, and how rational Cauſes endow'd with

Liberty will determine themſelves to act: But tho' he certainly foreknows their Actions, he certainly foreknows they will freely act. Shou'd it be ſuppos'd, that the ſupreme Cauſe could be ignorant of any future Events, this Abſurdity would follow, that a Being poſſeſs'd of all poſſible Perfection receives every Hour an Augmentation of Knowledge, and therefore that he is now more perfect and happy than he was a thouſand Years ago, and that he will be much more ſo a thouſand Years hence.

To facilitate our Conceptions of the Divine Preſcience of contingent Events, we ſhould reflect, that the Fore-knowledge how any intelligent Being will determine himſelf to act, does not in the leaſt compel or neceſſitate that free Cauſe to exert his Actions; who does not therefore act, becauſe his Action is foreknown, but his Action is foreknown becauſe he determines himſelf ſo to act.

We may likewiſe conſider that we our ſelves almoſt certainly fore-know how the Wills of Men of ſuch Inclinations, and in ſuch Circumſtances, will determine themſelves. If an immoderate Lover of Wine goes to an Aſſembly of looſe Companions, or a Glutton to a Feaſt, without a Spirit of Prophecy we may know that theſe Perſons will be intemperate. If a rich Libertine makes his Addreſſes to a mercenary Woman of Pleaſure; 'tis not difficult to foreſee ſhe will yield to the Temptation. 'Tis eaſie to foretel that an indulgent Father will ſhew Marks of Affection and Kindneſs to an obedient Child; or that a vertuous Wife, when ſhe makes a reaſonable Requeſt to an affectionate Husband, will not be deny'd; and a thouſand ſuch Inſtances might be nam'd.

nam'd. Now let it be conſider'd, that our omniſcient Author penetrates the inmoſt Receſſes of our Hearts, and knows all the Springs and Movements of our Souls; that he is perfectly acquainted with the Degree and Strength of our Vertue, and what Reſiſtance it can make, and with the Nature of our predominant Paſſions and Appetites, and with what Force they can influence the Will; that he foreknows what Circumſtances we ſhall always be in, and in what Seaſons we ſhall be moſt expos'd to Temptations, and in what Hours we ſhall be more or leſs able to reſiſt them, and therefore may foreſee which Way the Will ſhall be determin'd.

Another Obſervation to eaſe our Conceptions, which tho' more ſpeculative and abſtruſe, is however ſolid, is this: As the ſupreme Cauſe, as all confeſs, by perpetual Communications of his Power upholds his Creatures in Being, ſo by a conſtant Concurrence of Energy he enables them to exert all their Operations. Should any created Being be allow'd to be independent in any one of his Actions, it would follow that for the ſame Reaſon he might be independent in all, which is to aſcribe to him divine Perfection. Since then the firſt Being muſt be conſcious in himſelf what Power he will hereafter communicate to a free Agent, to aſſiſt him in all Actions, he muſt foreknow what thoſe Actions will be, to the Production of which he has decreed to afford his Concurrence; and by this it is evident he muſt foreſee to what Actions a free Agent will be determin'd, ſince they cannot be perform'd without his Aid, which he muſt foreknow as he knows his own Will.

NUMBER XXXVIII.

Nil durius,
Quam quod homines ridiculos facit. Juv.

WEDNESDAY, *February* 10. 1713.

MAN is by Nature ſo great a Lover of Eſteem and Popularity, that pethaps no other Inclination ſways the Soul with a ſtronger Biaſs. As in general it governs his Deſigns, and animates the Execution of them, ſo in particular it is often the Spring of that Praiſe which he beſtows on others, while he makes his court to every Man, and ſays ſomething handſome and obliging to all who come into his Company, that they in their turn may ſpeak well of him, and propagate his Reputation. This inbred Paſſion makes Men incapable of bearing Neglect and Contempt; and nothing more croſſes their Deſires and gives them more Uneaſineſs, than to become the Objects of Jeſt and Deriſion. This, I perſwade my ſelf, has often more weaken'd, and at laſt extinguiſh'd the unconfirm'd Vertue of young Perſons, and made more Converts to Irreligion and Immorality, than any other Diſcouragement. When ingenious and libertine Laughers ſet upon modeſt Innocence, and expoſe a reſerv'd Behaviour limited by the Rules of Vertue and Religion, the baſhful Poſſeſſor is

pur

put out of Countenance; and not being able to ſtand the Shock of their repeated Raillery, to avoid Scandal, he yields to Temptations, and rather chuſes to be vicious and faſhionable, than innocent and ridiculous.

To obviate this Objection to the Practice of Vertue, that it draws upon a Man Diſreſpect and Scorn, it ſhould be conſider'd, that the Commendations and Eſteem of ill Men are neither to be hop'd for nor deſir'd.

When contending Parties divide a Nation, and oppoſe each other with the utmoſt Violence, it is not reaſonable to expect they ſhould magnify the Merit of one another, and be zealous to protect each other's Reputation. Now thoſe Perſons who have eſpous'd the Intereſts of Vice and Immorality are an implacable *Party*, who declare againſt the Good and Innocent: A Party that appear'd in the eldeſt Ages of the World, and ſo general, that they do not only embroil a ſingle Nation, but all Mankind, with the utmoſt Zeal they labour to ſuppreſs Vertue, and exterminate Religion from their Species.

Now, as it is not imaginable that this immoral Faction, that undermines Vertue, and ſtrike at the Foundations of Religion, ſhould ever ſpeak honourably of the Patrons of one and the Practicers of the other; ſo is it true that Men of Vertue have no Reaſon to deſire their Praiſes; for as this would derive a Cenſure upon them, that they had deſerv'd the Applauſe of ill Men by ſome immoral Actions, and culpable Compliances, (for if an Atheiſt cries a Man up, we are diffident of his Religion, and if a Libertine commends him, we ſuſpect his Vertue) ſo it ſhould be conſider'd, that to depend on the good

Opinion

Opinion of bad Men, is to put our Eaſe and Happineſs out of our own Poſſeſſion, and to make it over to thoſe Perſons in Truſt for us, who bear us Ill-Will upon the Account of our moſt valuable Qualities. Beſides, would Men attend to the Dictates of Reaſon, and view this Matter in a true Light, they would ſoon diſcern that the Deriſion and Reproaches of the Looſe and Immoral are in reality great Encomiums, and a conſpicuous Mark of true Honour. The Approbation and Praiſe we receive from the Vertuous, the Generous and the Wiſe, impart to our Minds ſecret Joy and Satisfaction, as they give us Aſſurance of our Integrity and Merit; and for the ſame Reaſon the Calumnies and ill Repreſentations of us by immoral Men ſhould be look'd on as a Teſtimony they bear to our Vertue, and an Honour they do us, to acknowledge we are unlike to themſelves. When the Philoſopher was told that ſome bad Men had revil'd him, he reply'd, I am oblig'd to thoſe Perſons for celebrating my Praiſes, and ſhall endeavour to behave my ſelf ſo well, as never to forfeit their ill Opinion.

To be vilify'd and derided by the Haters of Vertue, and Patrons of Irreligion, is therefore an Honour on which a Man may juſtly value himſelf. It is enough to move Vanity in our own Minds, and Envy in others; and not to be elated under ſuch a Temptation, if the right Notion of Honour were underſtood, would be a Mark of eminent Modeſty. What are the Shouts and Acclamations which rung in the Ears of *Cæſar*, when he enter'd *Rome* in Triumph, if compar'd with the Applauſes that *Socrates* receiv'd, when he came into the Theatre, and receiv'd, upon the Account of his ſingular Vertue,

the

the loud Deriſion of the degenerate *Athenians*? With what Conſtancy and Satisfaction did he hear the higheſt Expreſſions of Contempt and Indignation bearing Witneſs to his Piety and uncommon Merit? It is not unreaſonable to think he might entertain himſelf with ſome ſecret Reflections like theſe: "Can I flatter my ſelf that "I have Merit enough to extort from thoſe fla-"gitious People ſuch a general Confeſſion of their "Hatred and Contempt? Were I really poſſeſs'd "of ſo much Vertue as might juſtly attract the "Scorn and Malevolence of theſe Enemies of "Goodneſs, it might fill my Soul with Vain-"glory. Such a Soliloquy might employ his Thoughts when he receiv'd this publick and univerſal Approbation of his Piety from ſincere and unbiaſs'd Judges. Never is any Applauſe more free from Flattery, than when a flagitious Aſſembly proclaim their Scorn and Deteſtation of a vertuous Man.

Thus a Perſon of ſuperior Goodneſs may enjoy Malevolence and Defamation, turn Invectives into Panegyricks, and take Pleaſure in the Reproaches of the Vicious, which are the Reward of Vertue, as well as the Praiſes of good Men, both equally expreſſing the Opinion of our Merit, which is the true Notion of Fame and Glory. The Integrity of ill Men may be depended on, when by their evil ſpeaking they publickly confeſs the Merit of others; and in this Reſpect their Calumnies ſurpaſs the Encomiums of the Good, who from a charitable Diſpoſition may flatter us with too great Expreſſions of their Eſteem, and exalt us with Praiſes to which our Vertue is unequal.

This Diſcourſe was occaſion'd by the following Letter.

To

To Mr. RAVENSCROFT.

SIR,

'I Am a young Gentleman of the *Temple*, where 'I have reſided Two Years. Beſides the Ad-'vantages of a liberal Education, I receiv'd 'early Impreſſions of Vertue, from the pious In-'ſtructions and Example of an indulgent Mo-'ther. I have hitherto preſerv'd that Regula-'rity of Manners in which I have been brought 'up; notwithſtanding ſome of my looſe Rela-'tions, and other young Men of Wit and Plea-'ſure, have often attempted to ſeduce me. They 'make me the common Mark of their Flouts and 'Raillery, and always expoſe me when I am o-'blig'd to be in their Company, to make me a-'ſham'd of my unfaſhionable Reſervedneſs. One 'with a ſcoffing Air ſays, I hope *Will* you follow 'the wholeſome Advice and good Counſel that 'your Mother and the Doctor of the Pariſh ſend 'you. Another cries with a ſarcaſtical Sneer, I 'would by no Means have you forget to read 'your Chapter and ſay your Prayers every Day. 'A third commends me as a great Goer to 'Church, and hopes I am mightily edify'd by 'hearing Sermons. This conſtant Deriſion has 'been a ſhocking Diſcouragement, and has often 'made me very uneaſy; and therefore, *Sir*, I 'entreat you to publiſh a Diſcourſe on this Sub-'ject, that may be uſeful to my ſelf, and to others 'in the ſame Circumſtances. I am,

SIR,

Middle-Temple,
Feb. 1. 1714.

Your humble Servant,

G. R.

NUMBER XXXIX.

Si veteres ita miratur laudatq; Poetas,
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet, errat
(Hor.

FRYDAY *February* 12. 5713.

THERE are no Parts in a Poem which ſtrike the Generality of Readers with ſo much Pleaſure as Deſcriptions; and there are none in which Poets of an ordinary Rank are more frequently betray'd into Faults. A judicious Deſcription is like a Face which is beautiful without Art; an injudicious one is like a painted Complexion, which often diſcovers it ſelf, by affecting more Gayety of Colour than is natural.

The Reaſon why Deſcriptions make livelier Impreſſions on common Readers than any other Parts of a Poem, is becauſe they are form'd of Ideas drawn from the Senſes, which is ſometimes too call'd *Imaging*, and are thus, in a manner, like Pictures, made Objects of the Sight; whereas moral Thoughts and Diſcourſes, conſiſting of Ideas abſtracted from Senſe, operate ſlower, and with leſs Vivacity. Every one immediately perceives the Reſemblance of Nature in the Deſcription of a Tempeſt, a Palace or a Garden; but the Beauty of proper Sentiments in the Speeches of a Prince, a General, or a Coun-

Counſellor, is more remote, and diſcern'd by a kind of ſecond Thought or Reflection.

As Deſcriptions are all drawn from Objects of the Senſes, and the Likeneſs or Unlikeneſs of them are eaſily perceiv'd; ſo there is a general Similitude in all true Deſcriptions of the ſame Object drawn by ſeveral Hands, like that in a Picture of the ſame Perſon done by ſeveral Artiſts. And yet the Degrees of Likeneſs and the different Manner of expreſſing it by thoſe ſeveral Artiſts make a very diſtinguiſhable and entertaining Variety. The famous Deſcription of a Horſe in the Sixth Book of *Homer's Iliads*, That in the Fragments of *Ennius*, and That in the Eleventh Book of the *Æneis*, are indeed the ſame, the two latter being only Copies of the firſt. But the Deſcription of the Horſe in *Homer* and That in the Book of *Job* are very different, yet both are extremely natural and beautiful.

There is no particular Deſcription which the Writers of Heroick Poetry ſeem to have labour'd to vary ſo much as that of the *Morning*. This is a Topick on which they have drawn out all the Copiouſneſs, and even the Luxury of their Fancies. The chaſteſt and moſt correct Writers ſeem to indulge themſelves on this Occaſion in a greater Sport of Imagination, and I had almoſt ſaid Extravagance, than on any other Subject whatever, as if it were a Tryal of Skill among them who ſhould paint the Morning the moſt beautifully. I once amus'd my ſelf with drawing together out of ſeveral of the beſt Poets a Variety of theſe Deſcriptions, which methought appear'd like ſo many fine Skies differently colour'd, and interſpers'd with Clouds, by the beſt Maſters in Land Skip. And I imagine it will not be

be an unacceptable Entertainment to the Reader, if I here preſent him with ſome few out of this Collection of *Morning-Pieces*.

The Morning is moſt frequently figur'd as a Goddeſs or divine Perſon, flying in the Air, unbarring the Gates of Light, and opening the Day. She is drawn by *Homer* in a Saffron Garment, and with Roſy Hands, (which is the Epithet he almoſt conſtantly beſtows on her) ſprinkling Light thro' the Earth. She ariſes out of the Waves of the Sea, leaves the Bed of *Tithon* her Lover, aſcends the Heavens, appears to Gods and to Men, and gives Notice of the Sun-Riſing. She is plac'd by this Father of the Poets ſometimes on a Throne of Gold; now in a Chariot drawn by ſwift Horſes, and bearing along with her the Day; and at other times ſhe is uſher'd in by the Star which is her Harbinger, and which gives the Signal of the Morning's Approach.

On this, as a Ground, the Poets following *Homer*, have run their Diviſions of Fancy: This will appear by the following Inſtances out of *Virgil*, which I ſhall preſent to the Reader in Mr. *Dryden*'s Tranſlation.

Aurora *now had left her Saffron Bed,*
And Beams of early Light the Heav'ns o'erſpread;

The Morn began from Ida *to diſplay*
Her Roſy Cheeks, and Phoſpor *led the Day.*

And now the roſy Morn began to riſe,
And wav'd her Saffron Streamer thro' the Skies.

Now roſe the ruddy Morn from Tithon's *Bed,*
And with the Dawn of Day the Skies o'erſpread;
Nor long the Sun his daily Courſe with-held,
But added Colours to the World reveal'd.

The Morn enſuing from the Mountain's Height
Had ſcarcely ſpread the Skies with roſy Light;
Th' Etherial Courſers, bounding from the Sea,
From out their flaming Noſtrils breath'd the Day.

I have not Room here to multiply Examples out of the ancient Poets, but ſhall ſhew how the ſame Images have been copy'd or diverſify'd by the Moderns. The following Deſcription is *Taſſo*'s, as it is very cloſely traced in the old Tranſlation of Mr *Fairfax*.

The purple Morning left her crimſon Bed,
And donn'd her Robes of pure Vermilion Hue;
Her Amber Locks ſhe crown'd with Roſes red,
In Eden's *flowry Gardens gather'd new.*

And our own *Spencer*, who excells in all Kinds of Imagery, following the ſame Originals, repreſents the Morning after the like Manner,

Now when the roſy finger'd Morning fair,
Weary of aged Tithon's *Saffron Bed,*
Had ſpread her purple Robes thro' dewy Air,
And the high Hills Titan *diſcovered;*
The royal Virgin ſhook off Drowſy-head,
And riſing forth out of her baſer Bower,
Look'd for her Knight------

-------The Day forth dawning from the Eaſt,
Night's humid Curtains from the Heav'ns withdrew,
And early calling forth both Man and Beaſt,
Commanded them their daily Works renew.

But of all Deſcriptions of the Morning as a Perſon, it is impoſſible to find a more Beautiful one than that of *Shakeſpear.*

Look where the Morn in Ruſſet Mantle clad
Walks o'er the Dew of yon high Eaſtern *Hill.*

The ſame Author has in another Place embelliſh'd his Subject thus:

---------- Look what Streaks
Do lace the ſevering Clouds in yonder Eaſt.
Night's Tapers are burnt out, and jocund Day
Stands tiptoe on the miſty Mountain Tops.

The two following Deſcriptions likewiſe by the ſame Hand are very poetical.

The Glow-Worm ſhews the Matin to be near
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual Fire.

The Wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle Day
Before the Wheels of Phœbus, *round about*
Dapples the Drowſie Eaſt with Spots of Grey.

In *Milton's Paradiſe loſt*, the Deſcriptions of the Morning are drawn with exquiſite Beauty, yet ſome of them retain (tho' in a Chriſtian Poem) a Mixture of the ſame Mythology.

Now Morn her roſy Steps in th' Eaſtern *Clime*
Advancing, ſow'd the Earth with Orient Pearl.
——————————— *The Morn,*
Wak'd by the circling Hours, with roſy Hand
Unbarr'd the Gates of Light———
——And now went forth the Morn,
Such as in higheſt Heav'n, array'd in Gold
Empyreal, from before her vaniſh'd Night
Shot thro' with Orient Beams———
——————*Mean while*
To reſalute the World with ſacred Light
Leucothoe *wak'd, and with freſh Dews embalm'd*
The Earth———
——Now ſacred Light began to dawn
In Eden *on the humid Flowers that breath'd*
Their Morning Incenſe, when all Things that breath
From th' Earth's high Altar ſend up ſilent Praiſe
To the Creator, and his Noſtrils fill
With grateful Smell————

In ſome of theſe Poetical Pictures which I have here ſet before the Reader, the Heav'ns only are ſhewn, and the firſt ſpringing of Light there. In others the Earth is taken into the Proſpect, with her Flowers wet with Dew, and her riſing Vapours. And ſometimes the Occupations of living Creatures proper to the Seaſon are repreſented, and afford a yet greater Diverſity of amuſing Images. Such is that admirable Deſcription in *Otway*'s *Orphan.*

Wiſh'd Morning's come, and now upon the Plains,
And diſtant Mountains where they feed their Flocks,
The happy Shepherds leave their homely Huts,
And with their Pipes proclaim the new born Day.

The

The lusty Swain comes with his well-fill'd Scrip
Of healthful Viands, which when Hunger calls,
With much Content and Appetite he eats,
To follow in the Field his daily Toil,
And dress the grateful Glebe that yields him Fruits.
The Beasts, that under the warm Hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak Night, are up,
And looking tow'rds the neighb'ring Pastures raise
Their Voice, and bid their fellow Brutes Good Morrow.
The cheerful Birds too on the Tops of Trees
Assemble all in Choirs, and with their Notes
Salute and welcome up the Rising Sun.

I shall conclude this Paper with a Remark, which I believe will be allow'd by all impartial Criticks, That whoever will take the Pains to look into the several Descriptions of this Kind, which may be found in the Words of ancient and modern Writers, will find that the *English* Poets have describ'd the *Morning* with at least as much Elegance of Fancy as any others have done, and with more Variety.

NUMBER XL.

Mille trahit varios adverſo ſole colores, Virg.

MONDAY, *February* 15. 1713.

SIR *Iſaac Newton*, as I have obſerv'd in a Diſcourſe upon another Subject, has by his great Sagacity and unwearied Application diſcover'd that the Light of the Sun is a Compoſition of Rays diſtinguiſh'd by their peculiar native Colours: He has found Means to unravel theſe lucid Threads, and has often preſented them to the Sight actually diſunited, as they are, in a great meaſure, ſeparated in the Rainbow; whence it appears, that Colours do not reſult from the various Modifications of Light reflected from the different Surfaces of viſible Objects, but that they are diſtinct Qualities originally inherent in the Beams of the Sun. Theſe Beams endow'd with different Colours flowing at once from that Luminary, loſe their Diſtinctions, and by their Complications form a ſhining Diffuſion of a whitiſh or yellowiſh Colour, as Sir *Iſaac* affirms, tho' it ſeems to me to have none. I do not remember that any Cauſe has been aſſign'd why theſe different Rays when united do not exert their

their peculiar native Properties, but conſpire to produce a colourleſs Maſs. The Reaſon of that Effect, I imagine, may be thus accounted for. Colours not being abſolute, but relative Qualities, receive their Denomination and Diſtinction, as they variouſly act upon the Organ of Sight and the Principle of Senſation; while every Impulſe thus made, diverſify'd by the different Motion of different Rays, produces a diſtinct Appearance. Suppoſe then that the peculiar Directions of that Motion, in which conſiſts their Power of exciting the Senſation of this or that Colour, is broken or ſuſpended, they muſt all appear to the Eye alike, that is, without Colour. Now 'tis evident that when the coincident Sun-beams flow down the Air, by mingling together, they muſt break, and vary the Motion of each other; and while they deſtroy that particular Direction, which is eſſentially requir'd to imprint on the Eye the Colour proper to each Kind of Rays, all muſt be untinctur'd and without Diſtinction.

If we contemplate the Nature of this luminous Body, produc'd by the Confluence of various Rays, we ſhall be ready to think that 'tis form'd of the fineſt and higheſt rectify'd Particles of Fire, attenuated to ſuch a Degree, that tho' it illuminates immenſe Regions of Sky and Air, yet were the thin Expanſion cloſely compacted, it would have no conſiderable Bulk or Weight; nor is the Velocity of this active Being leſs admirable, while in a Moment it darts its Beams thro' many thouſand Leagues of intervening Space.

The

The Matter that compoſes it, is ſo pure and ſubtile, that it approaches the neareſt to immaterial Creatures, and bears a great Similitude and Affinity to the Nature of thoſe Animal Spirits, which are the immediate Inſtruments of the Soul, when it exerts its Powers of Perception and Motion; and if ſpiritual Beings are not entirely incorporeal, but are wrapt in refin'd and Splendid Matter, as the *Platonick* Philoſophers and many of the firſt Chriſtian Fathers affirm'd, 'tis probable their Vehicles are compos'd of this pure and bright Subſtance; and if this be true, 'tis as likely that the human Soul, when it departs from the Body, takes with it for its Cloathing the Syſtem of Animal Spirits.

As this ſhining Mixture is in it ſelf moſt amiable and delightful, ſo when it is imbib'd, modify'd and reflected by Corporeal Beings, it bears along with it the Image of each Object ſtampt upon its Rays, by which thoſe Objects become viſible. To this the Fruits and Flowers of the Garden owe all their gay and lovely Colours, and the Fields their pleaſant Verdure. While this ſplendid Emanation deſcends from its exhauſtleſs Fountain, it brings to us the Portraits of diſtant Orbs, azure Skies and lofty Hills, with all their Woods, Flocks and Herds; and by the Mediation of its Luſtre, Springs, Rivers and Groves intermix'd with ſtately Buildings are tranſmitted to the Eye in delightful Land-skips.

Nor is the Effect of theſe luminous and active Particles leſs wonderful, while by another Property of Heat which attends them, the ſeminal Salts and genial Spirits, which ſleep in

in the Surface of the Earth, or float in the Boſom of the Waters, are awaken'd and cheriſh'd; whence it becomes the Parent of Animal Life by the Production of innumerable Inſects, as well as of vegetable Energy, by which it ſtocks the Encloſures and the Plains with an infinite Diverſity of Plants, Fruits and Flowers.

When we conſider Light as collected and embody'd in the Sun, as its Brightneſs dazzles the Eye, ſo its Swiftneſs and unlimited Diffuſion confounds the Underſtanding; and as the glorious Appearance of that radiant Orb is a lively Repreſentation of the Author's Power, at whoſe Call it ſtarted up out of Darkneſs into Being, ſo the conſtant Emanations from it that illuminate and enliven the World, expreſs a Reſemblance of his unlimited Goodneſs; and upon ſuch Reflections it is not improbable that the *Perſians*, and many other Nations eſpecially of the Eaſtern World, paid divine Adoration to this Illuſtrious Creature, which by the boundleſs Profuſion of its Treaſure is ſuch an indulgent Benefactor to Mankind. 'Tis certain, that of all viſible Beings this had the faireſt Pretence to their Worſhip; and therefore their Idolatry was more excuſable than that of the *Egyptians*, who ſow'd their Gardens with Vegetable Deities, and beſtow'd divine Honour on the moſt deſtructive Animals of their Country.

Light being the moſt beneficial and beautiful Being of the viſible World, it is no wonder it is us'd to expreſs all Kinds of Excellence of which we have no ſenſible Perception. While the Soul inhabits the Body, having for the moſt part been inur'd to receive its Ideas by the Miniſtry of the Senſes,

Senſes, it is always moſt pleas'd with thoſe Images which are tranſmitted to it by the ſame Conveyance; and therefore the Perfections of incorporeal Spirits are repreſented to the Mind by Metaphors deriv'd from ſenſible Objects.

When the ſacred Volumes expreſs the Felicity of a future State, ſometimes it is deſcrib'd as a Banquet of the richeſt Meats and moſt delicious Wines; ſometimes it is exhibited by all the Charms of Melody; and at other times a happy Immortality is ſhadow'd forth by the Poſſeſſion of Thrones and Diadems, and all the Magnificence which attends imperial Majeſty. But the moſt frequent Repreſentation of eternal Bliſs is borrow'd from Light or Splendor. The Seats of the Bleſſed are call'd the Regions of *Light*; and the beatifick Viſion is to behold the Almighty's Glory, who, when he manifeſted himſelf to *Moſes*, is ſaid to have made *his Glory paſs before him*. As he ſtiles himſelf *the Father of* LIGHTS, ſo when he would expreſs his tranſcendent Excellence and Majeſty, he deſcribes himſelf *cloath'd with* LIGHT *as with a Garment*. It is very evident that all theſe are figurative Expreſſions, ſince to ſay that the Supreme Being inhabits inacceſſible Light, or that he dwells in impenetrable Darkneſs, convey to the Mind the ſame Idea of his unſearchable Perfections.

It is further to be obſerv'd, that we do not only by the Metaphors deriv'd from *Light* and Splendor ſignify our Ideas of Renown, Alacrity, and the Favour of Princes; but we likewiſe expreſs by them all intellectual Perfections. A ſuperior Underſtanding is term'd clear and bright, and a defective one dark and cloudy; a great

great Genius has the Epithet of ſhining; beautiful Diction is call'd ſplendid, and eminent Vertue has the Appellation of illuſtrious.

I muſt here abruptly acquaint the Reader with what has happen'd in our *Fraternity* ſince the foregoing Eſſay was diſpatch'd to the Preſs. I proceeded in my Office as Secretary, to produce ſeveral Letters and looſe Minutes, as Materials for following Papers. Among other Particulars we have before us a Complaint exhibited in Form from the Abbeſs of the *Lay-Nunnery* againſt Mr. FREEMAN. The Siſterhood have attack'd him very ſeverely, as the ſuſpected Author of certain Suggeſtions in our Paper of *Friday* was Sev'night, and are angry that we pretend to have pry'd into the Secrets of their Order. In Anſwer to this, NED had drawn up a *Manifeſto*, in order to be publiſh'd next *Wedneſday*. But Sir EUSTACE LOCKER, at whoſe Pleaſure we began this Correſpondence with the Publick, made a Motion which we readily came into, That Mr. FREEMAN ſhould only ſend his *Manifeſto* under Cover to the Secretary of the *Lay-Nunnery*, and that for the preſent the Printing of our Eſſays be ſuſpended.

P. S. We have juſt now receiv'd News, that the Lady Abbeſs above-mention'd is marry'd; and that certain Difficulties ariſing among the Siſters about ſettling the next Seniority, the *Lay-Nunnery* is diſſolv'd.

FINIS.